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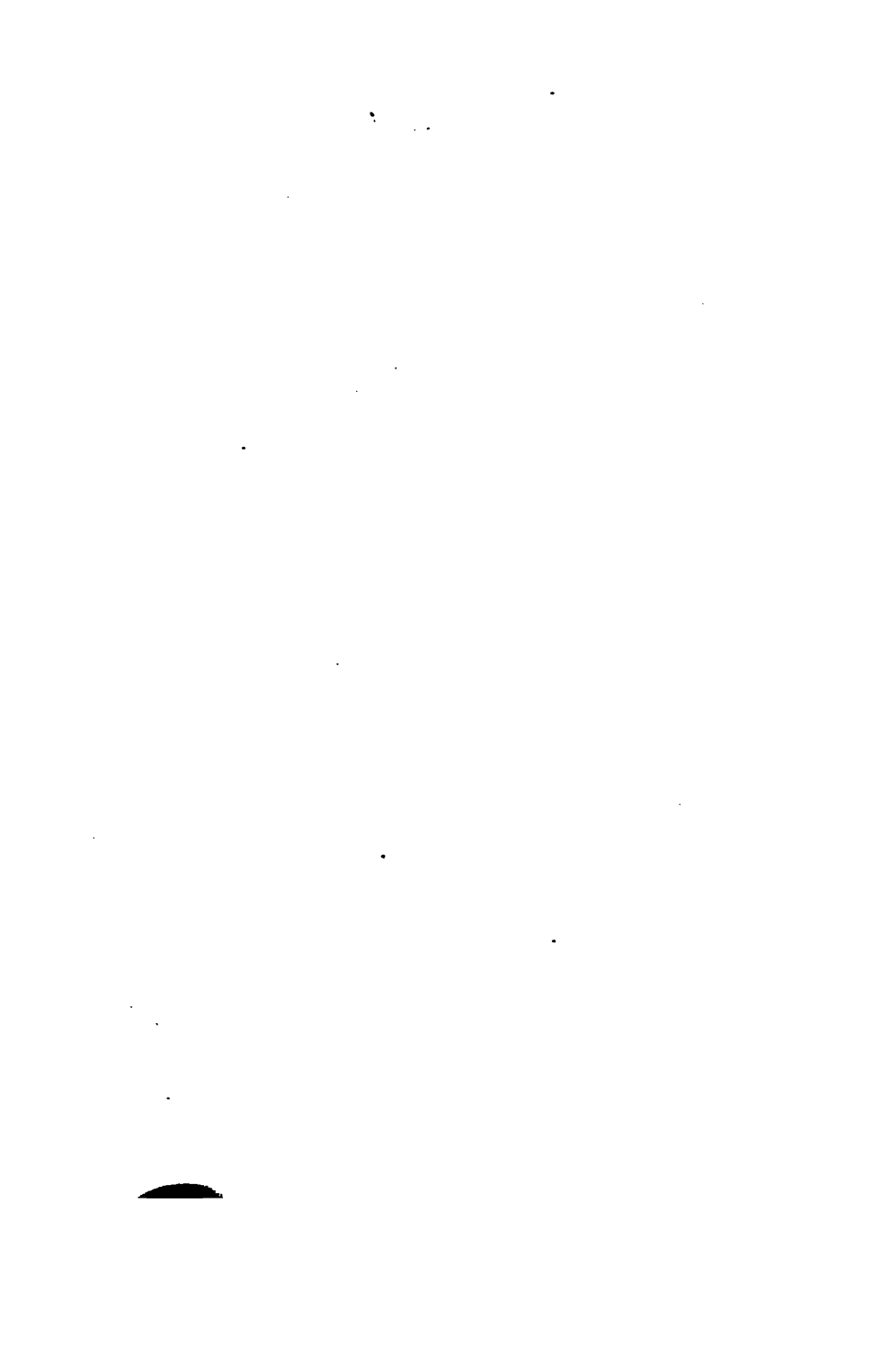
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THE

WARREN B. BROWN.

GRADED-SCHOOL

FIFTH READER

BY

T. W. HARVEY, A. M.,

AUTHOR OF ELEMENTARY GRAMMAR AND PRACTICAL
GRAMMAR OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY

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PREFACE.

MAY 5 1899

THE Fifth Reader of the Graded-School Series is intended for the highest classes in such schools.

The selections are mostly new, and are such as will serve for drill in all styles of reading. Some standard selections have been retained, simply because no reader of this grade can be considered complete without them. A reader which should be limited in the range of its selections to such as had not been previously used, would exclude the finest specimens in the English language.

The lessons of this reader are, we believe, of an unusually high moral and religious character; yet great care has been taken to omit every sentiment that might be offensive to the religious or political views of any citizen. The rights of *all* in our common schools have been carefully respected.

The illustrations have been drawn and engraved with unusual care, and it is hoped that they will do much to awaken interest.

This series of readers has been several years in preparation, and credit is due to Mr. Andrew Freese, Mr. John Hancock, Mr. N. K. Royse, and Mr. R. W. Stevenson, for advice and for assistance in their preparation.

Suggestions to Teachers.

1. The selections in this book have been arranged with reference to their supposed difficulty as elocutionary exercises; but the thoughtful teacher will choose such a selection as best illustrates the instruction intended or desirable to be given.

2. Review frequently the subjects treated of in the Introduction. In order that no subject may be neglected, make it a rule to pay special attention to some one subject each day.

3. Study each lesson carefully before assigning it, that you may be able to place clearly and definitely before the pupils the points which you wish them to study, and that you may also manifest a lively and inspiring interest in the preparation which you wish them to make.

4. The italicised words in the "Exercises" are those upon whose correct reading the meaning of the sentences in which they occur mainly depends. Practice these exercises before assigning them as lessons, and select other passages yourselves, underscoring important words.

5. When assigning a lesson, point out, and require the pupils to mark, such words as you may select for spelling, analysis, and definition. Pupils should be taught to define words from their use, to infer their meaning from the context. After they have written their own definitions, let them consult a dictionary to test their correctness.

6. Special attention should be given to the etymology of words, that pupils may know their derivation, and thus more

clearly ascertain their meaning and use. Attention should also be directed to the historical references, the figures of speech used, and the force of modifying elements. More generally, so direct the study of the pupils that they may grasp the thought and feel the sentiment to which they are to give expression in reading.

7. Require pupils quite frequently to make lists of words found in the reading lesson for the day, to indicate the sounds of the letters by the diacritical marks used in the table of elementary sounds, and to spell the words in the lists phonetically.

8. Make an analysis of each lesson, using as models the analyses of Lessons X and XXXIX. The questions propounded should be prepared with great care, be concise in expression and unmistakable in meaning. The answers given by pupils should be prompt, and expressed in good language. It is an excellent practice to require pupils to make analyses while studying their lessons.

9. Be careful not to neglect any style of composition. The number of lessons in prose and verse, during a term of school, should be nearly equal; but the poetic selections should be read with reference to the sense rather than to the rhythm. A "sing-song" or monotonous style of reading poetry should not be tolerated.

10. To encourage a spirit of inquiry among pupils, enlarge upon the topics suggested by the reading lessons.

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INTRODUCTION.

ELOCUTION.

ELOCUTION, as an art, is the accurate and graceful management of Voice, Countenance, and Gesture in the expression of thought and emotion.

ORAL READING is the expression by the voice of the sentiment of that which is read.

A good reader must have a clear, smooth, resonant voice, be able to control its modulations perfectly, and to articulate the elementary sounds of the language correctly and distinctly. He must also understand what he reads, and be able to utter all possible combinations of elementary sounds with ease and fluency.

BREATHING.

Ability to manage the breath is essential to good reading.

DIRECTIONS.—Stand or sit erect; place the hands on the hips, the fingers extending forward, the thumbs backward; throw the shoulders well back; inhale the breath slowly until the lungs are inflated; retain the breath a moment, and then breathe it out *steadily*. Let the chest rise and fall freely and natu-

rally. Do not let the slightest sound be heard either in inflating or exhausting the lungs.

Gradually increase the rapidity of breathing until the lungs can be inflated and exhausted almost instantly. Continue this exercise two or three minutes.

An exercise in breathing should precede each lesson in reading.

ARTICULATION.

ARTICULATION is the utterance of the elementary sounds of a language, and of their combinations in words.

To acquire a good articulation, attention must be paid to exercises upon elementary sounds and their combinations, and to the phonetic analysis of syllables and words.

AN ELEMENTARY SOUND is a simple, distinct sound made by the organs of speech.

PHONETIC ANALYSIS is the separation of syllables and words into the elementary sounds of which they are composed.

ELEMENTARY SOUNDS.

The Elementary Sounds of the English Language are divided into *Vocals*, *Subvocals*, and *Aspirates*.

VOCALS.

Vocals consist of pure tone. A *diphthong* is a union of two vocals, commencing with one and ending with the other. Vocals are the most prominent *elements of all words*. Let the teacher take care

that the pupil, in articulating them, observes the following directions:

1. Let the mouth be open, and the teeth, tongue, and palate in their proper position. 2. Pronounce one of the words in the CHART in a forcible, affirmative tone, several times in succession. 3. Drop the subvocal or aspirate sounds which precede or follow the vocal, and repeat the vocals alone.

The class may, at first, repeat the words and sounds in concert. Each pupil should then be required to articulate them separately.

CHART OF VOCAL SOUNDS.

Long Sounds.

A, ā,	as in	āte, lāte, māte, bāker, lābor, fāvor.
A, â,	"	âir, fâir, hâre, mâre, shâre.
A, ä,	"	äre, fär, ärk, dählia, härp, härsh.
A, ă,	"	ăfter, brănch, păs, plăster.
A, a,	"	all, fall, haul, call, walk.
E, ē,	"	ēve, wē, dēep, sēre, hēar, recēive.
E, ĕ,	"	ĕrr, ĕrst, ĕrmine, prefĕr.
I, ī,	"	īre, time, tīde, combine, file, wīte.
O, ō,	"	ōver, nō, tōld, vōte, contrōl, mōde.
Oo, ōō,	"	dōom, cōōl, blōōm, mōōn, grōōm.
U, ū,	"	ūse, ūnit, mūsic, refūse, involūte.
U, û,	"	ûrn, ûrge, brûn, fûr.
U, u,	when preceded by r,	as in rûle, frugal, true, ruby.

Short Sounds.

A, ă,	as in	căt, ăt, măn, ănd, nătural.
E, ĕ,	"	ĕlk, rĕnt, dĕnse, wĕn, flĕd.
I, ĭ,	"	ĭnk, wĭt, dĭn, whĭm, trĭvial.
O, ɔ,	"	ɔn, dɔt, rɔb, mɔral, resɔlve.
U, ŭ,	"	ŭs, ŭgly, bŭt, mŭg, hŭsky.
Oo, oo,	"	gɔod, bɔok, cɔoper, fɔot, hɔok.

Diphthongs.

Oi, oi, as in oil, coin, choice, quoit.

Ou, ou, " bound, proud, out, rouse, cow.

SUBVOCALS.

SUBVOCALS are those sounds in which the vocalized breath is more or less obstructed. The Correlatives of subvocals are the light, aspirate sounds with which some of them end. In articulating subvocals, observe the following directions :

1. Pronounce distinctly and forcibly, several times in succession, words in which they occur as final elements. 2. Drop the other sounds, and repeat the subvocals alone.

Repeat the words and elements, at first, in concert ; then separately.

CHART OF SUBVOCAL SOUNDS.

Subvocals with Correlatives.

B, b, as in *ëbb*, *rüb*, *bäbe*, *tübe*, *röbe*.

D, d, " *ädd*, *bëd*, *röd*, *büd*.

G, g, " *näg*, *rīg*, *fög*, *bëg*, *rüg*.

J, j, " *jüdge*, *nüdge*, *lëdge*, *grüdge*.

V, v, " *räve*, *gïve*, *röve*, *glove*.

Th, th, " *bënëath*, *brëathe*, *with*, *thïne*.

Z, z, " *räze*, *size*, *løse*, *röse*, *üse*.

Zh, zh, " *mëasure*, *äzure*, *lëisure*.

Subvocals with no Correlatives.

N, n, as in *măn*, *sôn*, *fïn*, *rün*.

M, m, " *nāme*, *hōme*, *grīm*, *flūme*.

Ng, ng, " *săng*, *flīng*, *wrōng*, *rūng*.

L, l,	as in	fəll, mīll, rōll, gūll.
R, r,	"	fār, sīr, sōar, slūr.
R, r,	"	rēar, drūm, rōam, rīll.
W, w,	"	weār, wōōf, wīle, wīsh, wīll.
Y, y,	"	yēar, yēs, you, yeōmān.

ASPIRATES.

ASPIRATES consist of breath only, modified by the vocal organs. In articulating them, observe the following directions :

1. Pronounce, several times in succession, words in which aspirate sounds occur as initial or final elements. 2. Drop the other sounds, and repeat the aspirates alone.

Repeat the words and elements, at first, in concert; then separately.

CHART OF ASPIRATE SOUNDS.

F, f,	as in	līfe, quáff, skíff, scōff, rűff.
H, h,	"	hāy, hīve, hōpe, hūmīd.
K, k,	"	rāke, bōōk, rīck, mūck, rōck.
P, p,	"	rāp, līp, hōp, ūp, gāllōp.
S, s,	"	māss, kīss, lōss, fűss.
T, t,	"	āt, flīt, mōte, lūte, sūbmīt.
Sh, sh,	"	rāsh, wīsh, bōsh, mūsh, shōre.
Ch, ch,	"	mātch, rīch, rōach, mūch.
Th, th,	"	thānk, lōth, thrōne, rŭth, wrōth.
Wh, wh,	"	whāle, whāt, whīp, whŷ, whīmper.

SUBSTITUTES.

The following table contains those characters which are used as substitutes to represent sounds *ordinarily* represented by other characters:

A, a,	for o,	as in	wān, whāt, wālnut, wāllow.
E, e,	" a,	"	fēint, ēight, thēy, tētē.
I, i,	" e,	"	marīne, polīce, pīque.
I, i,	" e,	"	sīr, īrksome, fīrm, thīrsty.
O, o,	" u,	"	sōn, dōne, bōmbard, wōn, shōve.
O, o,	" oo,	"	tō, cānge, shōe, mōve.
O, o,	" oo,	"	shōuld, wōlf, bōsom.
O, o,	" a,	"	cōrd, fōrk, fōrm, stōrm.
U, u,	" oo,	"	pūll, pūsh, fūll, būlrūsh.
Y, y,	" i,	"	fīy, relȳ, tȳpe, stȳle, rȳe.
Y, y,	" i,	"	tȳmbal, tȳpical, lȳric, pȳx.
C, c,	" s,	"	īncite, exċept, mercȳ, deċeive.
Č, e,	" k,	"	cār, cōrn, cūr, sūccēed, elēar.
Ch, ch,	" sh,	"	māchīne, chāise.
G, g,	" j,	"	ġerm, ōblīge, ěffīgy, wāge, sūggest.
S, s,	" z,	"	as, rīse, clōge, mūse, prīsm.
N, n,	" ng,	"	īnk, lȳnx, fīnger, ūnction.
X, x,	" gs,	"	exāmine, exīst, auxīliary.
Ph, ph,	" f,	"	grāphic, sōphist, phīlōsophȳ.
Qu, qu,	" kw,	"	quāff, quēer, quōte, īnquīre.

EXERCISES ON LONG SOUNDS.

A as in ate.

1. The dāy grows lāte.
2. Mȳ voice dīssuādes.
3. When thou hast slāin ten thousand, slāy nō mōre.
4. Frōm yōnder plāce I cāme.
5. It māy bē worse if wē delāy a mōment.
6. Tāke up the song where they brōke off the strāin.

E as in me.

1. Nō other plēa have wē.
2. Nō sound our ēar can rēach.
3. Wherefōre cēase yē, then?
4. His līfe was a sēriēs of hēroic dēeds.
5. Swēet land of liberty, of thēe I sing.

I as in mite.

1. Time and tide wait for no man.
2. Be kind to thine enemy.
3. Higher still, and higher.
4. How I soar among the pines.
5. The fireside is the shrine of love.

O as in mote.

1. Nō mōre is there a peaceful hōme for me.
2. The rōar of the rōaming beasts was heard.
3. Better than gōld is the water cōld.
4. That chōkes a fellōw; but nō matter.
5. This ōld cōat smells of tōbaccō.

U as in mute.

1. Use and not abūse your opportūnities.
2. Jūne, sweet Jūne, the month of flowers.
3. He was greatly amūsed.
4. The sky is blūe.
5. He tūned his harp.

A as in fare.

1. He dāre not touch a hāir of Cataline.
2. She sat upon the stāirs, and wept.
3. The fāir hands were brown and bāre.
4. Prāyer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native āir.

A as in far.

1. They āre ārming themselves.
2. Fāther in heaven, I give you my hēart.
3. No hārm can befall thee.
4. The ārk rested on Ararat.
5. We heard hārsh jārring discords.

A as in branch.

1. On with the dânce.
2. The pâstor âsked for Heaven's blessing.
3. His clâss recites this âfternoon.
4. The olive brâñch of peace he brings.
5. He left the câsk for me.

A as in all.

1. Cáll him learned!
2. The day was wârm.
3. Fáll not into temptation âlso.
4. All wâlked upon the máll.
5. May no mishap befáll thee.

E as in err.

1. Sîr, he is neither just nor mērciful.
2. We can stand as firm as they.
3. Do you prefēr vice to vîrtue?
4. Live not for time, but for etērnity.
5. This is the last of ēarth.

Oo as in doom.

1. Rōōm for the leper! rōōm!
2. Can you tell me whp he is?
3. Behold, the bridegrōōm cometh.
4. Chōōse between the twq.

U as in urn.

1. The ūrn was on the table.
2. There is no ūrgent need of haste.
3. Bŭrned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire.
4. The vessel's sails were fŭrled.

U as-in rule.

1. Rŭin seize thee, rŭthless king!
2. Trŭth crushed to earth will rise again.
3. I have the rheŭmatism, thank you.
4. 'Tis trŭe, he is stern and crŭel.

EXERCISES ON SHORT SOUNDS.

A as in mat.

1. Fränk änd mǎnly was his ǎnswer.
2. Hǎth not a Jew hǎnds?
3. Thăt will not sǎtisfy them.
4. The bǎttle is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilǎnt,
the ǎctive, the brave.

E as in met.

1. Providēnce wishes us all to be blēst.
2. Dēath fēlt he could not quēnch the heart
Thăt lived for other's good.
3. Good friēnds, lēt me bēg of you, do n't run in dēbt.
4. Wēll, wēll! come agǎin in Lēnt.

I as in tin.

1. Every tīnkle on the shīngles has an echo īn the heart.
2. You all dīd love hīm once, not wīthout cause.
3. Is hīs great heart still? Aha! līft up hīs head.
4. Why thīs dīscordant dīn?

O as in lot.

1. She's ōn the rōck, with a terrible shōck.
2. Whāt can man nōt accōmplish.
3. Stōp! you shall nōt crōss my path.
4. Stand thou, when I cōmmand.

U as in hut.

1. It thūnders! sōns of dūst, in reverence bow.
2. Day ūnto day ūttereth speech.
3. She was a wōnder, and nōthing else.
4. Kiss him ōnce for sōmebody's sake.

Oo as in book.

1. He lōōks quite through the deeds of men.
2. She sat in a retired nōōk reading a bōōk.
3. He traveled on fōōt from Hōōkset.
4. She covered her head with a hōōd.

EXERCISES ON THE DIPHTHONGS.

Oi as in toil.

1. Their joy all joy exceeds.
2. O sailor boy! sailor boy! peace to thy soul.
3. Will they go toiling up ambition's summit?
4. My voice is still for war.

Ou as in out.

1. Rouse, ye Romans! Rouse, ye slaves!
2. I found him on the mountain.
3. And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
4. Now we will gather cowslips.

FAULTS TO BE REMEDIED.

1. Suppression of the vocal sounds in unaccented syllables.

EXAMPLES.

CORRECT.	INCORRECT.	CORRECT.	INCORRECT.
Hīs'to-ry.	his't'ry.	mo'tion.	mo'sh'n.
oc-cul-ta'tion.	oc'l-ta'tion.	sin'gu-lar.	sin'g'lar.
fa'tal.	fa't'l.	sep'a-rate.	sep'rate.
des'ti-ny.	des't'ny.	in-clem'ent.	in-clem'nt.
col'o-ny.	col'ny.	foun'tain.	foun't'n.

2. Suppression of subvocal and aspirate sounds.

EXAMPLES.

CORRECT.	INCORRECT.	CORRECT.	INCORRECT.
Friends.	frien's.	and.	an' or 'n'.
cor'ner.	co'-ner.	horse.	'orse.
soft'ly.	sof'-ly.	warm.	wa'm.
har'vest.	har-ves'.	mind'ful.	min'ful.
of.	o'.	act.	ac'.

EXERCISES.

1. There is a fountain near my friend's house.
2. Little Jack Horner sat in a corner.
3. We separated during the storm.
4. What is man, that thou art mindful of him?
5. Give me a thousand dollars.
6. Facts are stubborn things.
7. The horse will do no harm.
8. If you find any wasp's nests, inform me.
9. Tread softly; make no noise.
10. His assistants obey his commands.
11. The history of that colony is very interesting.
12. My intention is to graduate from a university.
13. And the evening and the morning were the first day.
14. He cultivated three fields of corn.
15. Wild beasts roamed through the forest.

3. Incorrect articulation of vocal sounds.

EXAMPLES.

CORRECT.	INCORRECT.	CORRECT.	INCORRECT.
Im-mor'tal.	im-mor'tul.	sen'si-ble.	sen/sub-ble.
gov'ern-ment.	gov-ern-munt.	mon'o-dy.	mon'er-dy.
cläss.	cläss.	spec'u-late.	spec'er-late.
al'ways.	al'wus.	fel'low-ship.	fel'ler-ship.
fear'less.	fear-liss.	for-get'ful.	for-git'ful.

EXERCISES.

1. The divisibility of matter is wonderful.
2. Three classes recite in the afternoon.

3. He gave a popular lecture on the solar system.
4. There are ten bushels of potatoes in the cellar.
5. He stated that doctrine again and again.
6. He has ruined his constitution by dissipation.
7. Be fearless always; rash, never.
8. Why are you so exceedingly forgetful?
9. Shut the door and come to the hearth.
10. They were suffocated by the impetuosity of the wind.

4. Omission and addition of syllables.

EXAMPLES.

CORRECT.	INCORRECT.	CORRECT.	INCORRECT.
Hon'or-a-ry.	hon'er-ry.	mis'er-a-ble.	mis'er-ble.
tol'er-a-ble.	tol'er-ble.	moun'tain-ous.	moun-tain'i-ous.
elm.	el'um.	for'mi-da-ble.	form'da-ble.
spe'cial-ty.	spi-ci-al'i-ty.	nec'es-sa-ry.	nec'ess-ry.

EXERCISES.

1. He is an honorary member of our society.
 2. The elm tree makes a tolerable shade.
 3. He intends to make a specialty of botany.
 4. He was beloved by his contemporaries.
 5. What a venerable look he has!
 6. The inscription was undecipherable.
 7. She played an accompaniment on the piano.
5. Blending the end of one word with the beginning of the next.

EXAMPLES.

1. I sol dim a bushe lof wheat.
2. Tell me no tin mournful numbers,
Li fis bu ta nemptyd ream.
3. Thy voice sound slike a prophet sword.
4. I tol dher to sen dme those book sof mine.
5. He wen tout of the chur cha teigh to 'clock.

EXERCISES.

1. Fierce as a whirlwind up the walls he flies.
2. Gently, Lord, O gently lead us.
3. A lord and a lady went up at full sail,
When a bee chanced to light on the opposite scale.
4. Wide o'er the field a waste of ruin laid.
5. The soldiers swiftly formed in battle array.
6. Red and deep a hundred veins burst out at every throe.
7. Oh, had we some bright little isle of our own,
In a blue summer ocean far off and alone.

INFLECTION. /

INFLECTION is an *upward* or *downward* slide of the voice.

The *rising* inflection is an upward slide of the voice, and is marked by the acute accent ('); as,

Does it rain?

The *falling* inflection is a downward slide of the voice, and is marked by the grave accent (`); as,

When will he come'?

The *circumflex* is a union of the two slides on the same syllable. It is marked thus (˘), when the voice commences with the falling and ends with the rising inflection; and thus (ˆ), when the order is reversed; as,

Man never ˘is, but always to ˆbe, blest.

The *monotone* is the utterance of successive syllables in one unvaried key, and is marked thus (-); as,

Roll on thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll.

RULES FOR INFLECTION.

REMARK.—The following rules may or may not be committed to memory, at the option of the teacher. Particular attention, however, should be paid to the examples. The pupil should be required to give the inflections indicated correctly and naturally.

FALLING INFLECTION.

RULE I.—Sentences and parts of sentences making complete sense, require the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Blow[\], bugle , blow[\], set the wild echoes flying[\];
Blow[\], bugle ; answer echoes , dying[\], dying[\], dying[\].
2. Still Van bounded on[\]; the horse was stung with fright[\];
the sand shook with shocks of sound[\]; he stood in his stirrup,
and strained his sight along the shore[\]; the wind of the advancing tide blew in his uncovered hair[\].
3. Harness me down with your iron bands[\];
Be sure of your curb and rein[\].

EXCEPTION 1. The last member but one of a compound sentence sometimes requires the *rising inflection*; as,

1. As the summons hurried to the South, it was one day at New York[\]; in one more, at Philadelphia[\]; the next, it lighted a watchfire at Baltimore[\]; -thence it waked an answer at Annapolis[\].
2. They have forgotten their distresses[\]; every sorrow is hushed[\], and every pang extinguished[\].

EXCEPTION 2. Emphasis sometimes reverses this rule, and requires the *rising inflection*; as,

1. Presumptuous man! the gods[\] take care of Cato[\].
2. No one is willing to be thought a fool[\].
3. I would like to climb to the top of that tree[\].

RULE II. Emphatic expressions generally require the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Silence\, base rebel\! no replying\!
2. Dead\—for want of a crust\.
3. Clang\, clang\! the massive anvils ring\.
4. Poor\, hot\, tired\ little flowers\—how thirsty\ they look.
5. Mr. Tiffany\! Mr. Tiffany\! nothing is more positively vulgarian\, more unaristocratic\, than any allusion to the past\.
6. Charge\, Chester\, charge\! on\, Stanley\, on\!
7. Were I an American, as I am an Englishman, while a single foreign troop\ remained in my country, I would never\ lay down my arms\—never\! never\! never\!

RULE III. Interrogative sentences and parts of sentences which can not be answered by *yes* or *no*, require the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. How long have I to wait\?
2. No\, I think not\; why should\ I?
3. Where are the dear friends of my youth\?
4. What can you\ do, poor things?
5. Sebastian, who occupies the studio at night\?
6. What is a Roman\ that is Cæsar's foe\?

EXCEPTION.—Questions which can not be answered by *yes* or *no*, when emphatic or repeated, require the *rising inflection*.

EXAMPLES.

1. Where is he? At home. Where is he? At home\, sir\.
2. When did you see him last?
3. Whose house is that? My uncle's\, Whose'?
4. How many came with you? Five\, How many'?
5. Which of the two men is your brother? The taller\, Which'?

RISING INFLECTION.

RULE IV.—The rising inflection is generally used where the sense is dependent or incomplete.

EXAMPLES.

1. One morning', earlier than the usual time of rising', the steward awakened us' with the news that icebergs were close at hand.
2. Jaffar', the Barmecede', the good vizier',
The poor man's hope', the friend without a peer',
Jaffar' was dead.
3. The child-world', in this quarter', is in an active state of unrest'.
4. A youngster at school', more sedate than the rest',
Had once his integrity put to the test.
5. The hills' and the valleys' are sand', sand', still sand', and only sand', and sand', and sand again'.
6. The noble stag was pausing now',
Upon the mountain's southern brow',
Where broad extended', far beneath',
The varied realms' of fair Monteith'.

REMARK.—The names of persons or things addressed, when not used emphatically, require the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Good morning, Captain Kempthorn'.
2. Thou', Silver Beard', hast spoken well'.
3. Say, brothers of the dusky brow',
What are your strong arms forging now'?
4. My pretty boy', has your father a grindstone'?
5. Ye rocks' and crags', I'm with you once again'.

EXCEPTION 1.—The names of persons addressed, when used emphatically, or at the beginning of a formal speech, require the *falling inflection*.

EXAMPLES.

1. Oh, my darlings', I have forgotten your pretty flowers.
2. Mr. President', I rise to call your attention, etc.
3. Romans, countrymen, and lovers', hear me for my cause.
4. Conscript Fathers', I do not rise to waste the night in words'.

EXCEPTION 2.—Relative emphasis often reverses Rules I and IV.

EXAMPLES.

1. This is new': it was not so fifty years ago'.
2. We live in deeds', not years'; in thoughts', not breaths';
In feelings', not in figures on a dial'.
3. He is a philologist', not a philosopher'.

RULE V.—Negative sentences and parts of sentences usually require the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. You need not speak so loud'.
2. You are not going to cross the sands now'.
3. 'T is nothing'; a private or two now and then
Will not count in the tale of the battle'.
4. They are not fighting': do not disturb them': this man is not expiring with agony': that man is not dead': they are only pausing'.

EXCEPTION 1.—General truths and commands usually require the *falling inflection*.

EXAMPLES.

1. Maintain no ill opinions'.
2. Thou shalt not kill'.
3. Matters are not so far gone with me as I thought'.
4. The view from that hill is not very extensive'.

EXCEPTION 2.—Emphasis often reverses this rule, and requires the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. No', I do n't' sail to-day.
2. I will not listen' to them.

RULE VI.—Interrogative sentences which can be answered by *yes* or *no*, generally require the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Hast thou perceived the breadth of the earth'?
2. I pray you, do you speak officially'?
3. Say, shall they feel the vessel reel',
When to the battery's deadly peel'
The crashing broadside makes reply'?

REMARK 1.—When questions that can be answered by *yes* or *no* are repeated emphatically, they require the *falling inflection*.

EXAMPLES.

1. Will you assist' me? Will you assist' me?
2. Are you deaf'? What? Are you deaf'?

REMARK 2.—When a sentence or part of a sentence is repeated as a kind of interrogative exclamation, it requires the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. I am charged with being an emissary of France. An emissary of France'!—and for what end'?
2. *Butler*. Pray did you call'?
- Kemphorn*. Call'? Yes, I called the Swallow.
3. Clean through me'!—a ball or two clean through me'!

RISING AND FALLING INFLECTIONS.

RULE VII.—Those words and parts of sentences which express contrast or antithesis, require opposite inflections.

EXAMPLES.

1. Though poor', luxurious'; though submissive', vain'.
2. It is sown a natural' body; it is raised a spiritual' body.
3. By honor' and dishonor'; by evil report' and good report'; as deceivers' and yet true'; as unknown' and yet well' known.
4. Wit is abrupt', darting', scornful', and tosses its analogies in your face'; humor is slow' and shy', insinuating its fun into your heart'.
5. Sink' or swim', live' or die', survive' or perish', I give my hand and heart to this vote.

REMARK 1.—The more emphatic word or part of a sentence generally requires the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. He deserves punishment' rather than commiseration'.
2. I prefer honor' to fame'.
3. A countenance more in sorrow' than anger'.

REMARK 2.—When the antithesis is between negation and affirmation, the former usually has the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. I did not say a better' soldier, but an elder'.
2. We want men', not money'.
3. He did not obey', but consented'.
4. You were paid to fight' against Philip, not to rail' at him.

SERIES.

A **SERIES** is a number of particulars following one another in the same grammatical construction.

A *commencing series* is one which commences a sentence or a clause; as, *Faith, hope, love, and joy*, are the fruits of the Spirit.

A *concluding series* is one which concludes a sentence or a clause; as, The fruits of the Spirit are *faith, hope, love, and joy*.

RULE VIII.—All the particulars of a commencing series, when not emphatic, require the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Apples', pears', peaches', and plums', are very plentiful.
2. Care', resentment', angry words',
And unavailing sorrow',
Come far too soon, if come they must,
To-morrow, friend, to-morrow.
3. To advise the ignorant', to relieve the needy', and to comfort the afflicted', are duties that fall in our way almost every day of our lives.

EXCEPTION 1.—When the particulars of a commencing series are emphatic, they usually require the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. War', famine', pestilence', storm', and fire', besiege mankind.
2. Diligence', courage', energy', enthusiasm', are required in this enterprise.

EXCEPTION 2.—In a series forming a climax, all the particulars except the last usually require the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. The knowledge', power', wisdom', and goodness' of God *must all be* unbounded.

2. The presidents', kings', governors', statesmen', philosophers', ministers', teachers', men of the future', all' are boys now.

3. Days', months', years', and ages' shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll.

RULE IX.—All the particulars of a concluding series when at all emphatic usually require the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. Idleness ever despaireth', bewaileth'.
2. A cheerful temper will lighten sickness', poverty', and affliction'.
3. Ring out the want', the care', the sin',
The faithless coldness' of the times.
4. It is hallowed by its humble purpose of utility', by its freedom from artifice', by its perfect submission to the care of nature and chance', by its beauty without adornment'.

REMARK.—When the particulars of a concluding series are not at all emphatic, all except the last require the rising inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. The principal productions are wheat', rye', oats', corn', and barley'.
2. I despise him for his pride', his vanity', and his self-conceit'.

GENERAL REMARK ON SERIES.—Rules VIII and IX state the general practice of readers and speakers in the delivery of a commencing or a concluding series. The following rules are given by some authors:

- I. All the particulars of a commencing series, except the last, require the falling inflection.

EXAMPLES.

1. The poor', the aged', the sick', and the wounded', were left to perish.

2. His adventures\, his toils\, his sufferings\, his privations\, and his hairbreadth escapes\, are all indelibly imprinted on his mind.

II. All the particulars of a *concluding series*, except the last but one, require the *falling inflection*.

EXAMPLES.

1. Mankind are besieged_by war\, famine\, and pestilence\.
2. Charity is not puffed up\, doth not behave itself unseemly\, is not easily provoked\, thinketh no evil\, rejoiceth in the truth\, beareth\ all things, believeth\ all things, hopeth\ all things, endureth\ all things.
3. I protest against this measure as cruel\, oppressive\, tyrannous\, and vindictive\.

PARENTHESIS.

RULE X.—A parenthesis should be read more rapidly, and in a lower tone than the rest of the sentence, and should terminate with the same inflection that next precedes it.

EXAMPLES.

1. My gun was on my arm' (as it always is in that district'), but I let the stoat kill the rabbit.
2. She had managed this matter so well' (oh, she was the most artful of women'!) that my father's heart was gone before I suspected it was in danger.
3. The children' (two boys and two girls) were all under the age of twelve.
4. Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble minds)
To scorn delights and live laborious days.

REMARK.—When a parenthesis is emphatic, very long and complicated, or not connected with the main subject, the *same rules govern the inflections* as in other cases.

EXAMPLES.

1. I had letters from him' (here I felt in my pockets') that exactly spoke the king's mind'.

2. If you, Æschines, in particular, were persuaded (and it was no particular affection for me that prompted you to give up the hopes, the appliances, the honors, which attended the course I then advised, but the superior force of truth, and your utter inability to point any course more eligible'), if this was the case, I say, is it not highly cruel and unjust to arraign these measures now, when you could not then propose a better?

CIRCUMFLEX.

RULE XI.—The circumflex is used to express irony, sarcasm, hypothesis, or contrast.

EXAMPLES.

1. Perhaps they'll think of me.
2. At peace! Zounds, he would never go to war.
3. You do not know him, as we do.
4. Those are good rules and golden for a landlord.
5. Oh, but he paused upon the brink.
6. No doubt ye are the people, and wisdom will die with you.
7. They follow an adventurer whom they fear; we serve a monarch whom we love.

MONOTONE.

RULE XII.—The use of the monotone is chiefly confined to grave and solemn subjects.

EXAMPLES.

1. Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh up like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.

2. How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marbled heads,
To bear aloft its arched and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
Looking tranquillity! It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight; the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.
3. All flesh is grass, and all its glory fades
Like the fair flower disheveled in the wind.
4. Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth.

EMPHASIS.

EMPHASIS is a special stress of voice upon one or more words of a sentence, to give them the prominence and importance the author intends.

REMARK.—The object of emphasis is to attract particular attention to the word or phrase upon which it is placed, thus indicating that the idea intended to be conveyed depends very much upon that word or phrase. This is sometimes accomplished by an unusual lowering of the voice, even to a whisper, but most frequently by an increased stress laid upon the word or phrase to be emphasized.

Emphasis is either *absolute* or *relative*.

ABSOLUTE EMPHASIS.

When the emphasis is independent of any contrast or comparison with other words or ideas, it is called *absolute emphasis*.

EXAMPLES.

1. **Be ye men**
 And suffer such dishonor? *men*, and wash not
 The stain away in *blood*?

2. A brother's and a sister's love was much.
I know a brother's is.
3. We're all—all here.
4. There was some *mistake* about that order.
5. *Hamlet*. Saw *who*?
Horatio. The king, your father.
Hamlet. The king, my father?
6. *Silence*, base rebel!—no *replying*.
7. If you are *men*, follow me! *Strike down* yon guard, and gain the *mountain passes*

RELATIVE EMPHASIS.

Where there is antithesis, either expressed or implied, the emphasis is called relative.

EXERCISES.

1. A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.
2. Would you, brother? No, you would not.
If you would, not I.
3. Just men only are free; the rest are slaves.
4. A false balance is abomination to the Lord; but a just weight is his delight.
5. Heaven defend us from the friend
Who comes, but never goes.
6. Wit laughs at things; humor laughs with them.
7. A friend can not be known in prosperity: an enemy can not be hidden in adversity.

REMARK.—Sometimes the antithesis is implied.

EXAMPLES.

1. A complete man should need no auxiliaries to his personal presence.
2. My business is with Cato.
3. A style like this becomes a conqueror.
4. Mr. Tiffany, such vulgar remarks are only suitable to the counting-house.

EMPHASIS AND ACCENT.

Contrasted words are sometimes emphasized by changing the accent, or by accenting the syllable in which they differ.

EXAMPLES.

1. That is a *complex*, not a *compound* sentence.
2. Learn to *unlearn* what you have learned *amiss*.
3. I said "*material*," not "*immaterial*."
4. Some are *honest*, and some *dishonest*.
5. What is the difference between *approbation* and *reprobation*.
6. I attend school *regularly*, not *irregularly*.

EMPHASIS AND INFLECTION.

Emphasis sometimes changes the inflection from the rising to the falling, and from the falling to the rising.

EXAMPLES.

1. You do not *know'* him, my lord, as *we'* do.
2. If you have no regard for your *character'*, you ought to have some regard for your *interest'*.
3. Three thousand ducats'; 't is a good', round' *sum'*.
4. It is useless to expatiate upon the beauties of nature to one who is *blind'*.

EMPHATIC PHRASE.

Each word of a phrase, and the parts of a compound word, are sometimes independently emphasized.

EXAMPLES.

1. Heaven and earth will witness,
*If—Rome—must—fall—*that we are innocent.

2. *But—see!*—the enemy retire.
3. Just keep this wholesome truth in mind,
 'Tis—better—late—than—never.
4. Lord Angus, *thou—hast—lied.*
5. Shall I compare myself with this *half—year—captain?*

EMPHATIC PAUSE.

An emphatic pause is a pause made before or after, and sometimes both before and after, an emphatic word or phrase. The pause *before* the word or phrase awakens curiosity and excites expectation; the pause *after* the word or phrase gives the reader or hearer time to fix the thought in his memory.

EXAMPLES.

1. He takes the strangest—*liberties—*
 But never takes—*his leave.*
2. We bless, we bless—*the plow.*
3. *There—*in his dark, carved, oaken chair
 Old Rudiger sat—*dead!*
4. Hath a *dog—*money? Is it possible—
 A *cur—*can lend *three—thousand—ducats?*
5. *Mirth—*is like a flash of lightning, that glitters for a moment; *cheerfulness—*keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind.
6. *Some—*place the bliss in action; *some—*in ease;
 *Those—*call it pleasure, and contentment—*these.*

PITCH AND COMPASS.

The key-note, or governing note, of the voice is that upon which it most frequently dwells, and to which it usually returns when wearied. This is called the *natural pitch* of the voice.

The range of voice above and below this note is called its *compass*.

In reading or speaking, the voice should rise above or fall below this pitch, to avoid monotony, but always with reference to the *sense* of that which is read or spoken.

To secure the proper *natural pitch*, and the greatest *compass*, the reader or speaker should choose that pitch above and below which he may have the most room for variation.

DIRECTIONS FOR PRACTICE.—Select a short sentence; repeat it, several times in succession, in as low a key as the voice can sound naturally; then rise one note higher, and practice on that; then another; and so on, until the highest pitch of the voice has been reached. Next, reverse the process, until the lowest pitch has been reached.

EXAMPLES IN PITCH.

High Pitch.

1. "Fôrward\, the Light Brigāde\!
Chārgē fôr the gūns\!" hē said\.
2. A hōrse\ a hōrse\! mŷ kīngdóm\ fôr a hōrse\!
3. Rouse\, yē Rōmāns\! Rouse\, yē slāves\!
4. "Chārgē\! Chēstēr\, chārgē\! On\! Stānlēy\, ōn\!"
Wēre the lāst words of Mārmīōn\.
5. On\, tō the Fōrūm\! Bēār the bōdŷ hēnce, hīgh īn the
pūblic vīew, thrōugh āll the strēets\! On\, Rōmāns\, ōn\! The
fool shāll sēt you frēe\!
6. Strike\, tīll the lāst ārmed fōe ēxpīres\!
Strike\, fōr your āltars ānd your fīres\!
Strike\, fōr the grēen grāves ōf your sīres\!
Gōd\ ānd your nātīve lānd\!
7. It īs īn vāīn tō ēxtēnūāte the mātter\. Gēntlēmen māy
crŷ pēace\! pēace\! bŷt thēre īs nō\ pēace! The nēxt gāle
thāt swēeps frōm the Nōrth wīll brīng tō our ēars the clāsh
ōf rēsondīng ārms\! Our brēthrēn āre ālrēādŷ īn the fīeld\.
Whŷ stānd wē hēre īdle\?

Middle Pitch.

1. My heart leaps up when I behold

A rainbow in the sky:

Sō wæs it when my life begān;

Sō is it now I am a mǣn;

Sō be it when I shall grow old,

Or let me die.

2. Mǣn mǣ sēe ānð hēar', ānð rēad ānð lēarn', whætēvēr hē plēases', ānð ās mūch' ās hē plēases'; bût hē will nēver knōw āny thīng ēxcēpt thāt whīch hē hās thōught ōver—thāt whīch, bȳ thīnkīng', hē hās mǣde the prōpērtȳ ōf hīs mīnd'. Mǣn, bȳ thīnkīng' ōnly', bēcōmes a trȳe mǣn. Tāke āwāy thōught frōm mǣn's life, ānð whæt rēmāins'?

3. Bēttēr tȳ wēave in the wēb ōf life

A bright ānð gōldēn fīllīng',

And tȳ dȳ Gōd's will with a rēadȳ hēart',

And hānds thāt āre prōmpt ānð wīllīng',

Thān tȳ snāp the dēlicāte, mīnūte thrēads

Of our cūrlōus līves āsūnder',

And thēn blāme hēaven fōr tāngled ēnds',

And sīt ānð grīēve ānð wōnder'.

Low Pitch.

1. The cūrfew tōlls the knēll ōf pārtīng dāy',

The lōwīng hērd wīnds slōwly ō'er the lēa',

The plowmān hōmewārd plōds hīs wēarȳ wāy',

And lēaves the world tȳ dārknēss' ānð tȳ mō'.

2. Of ōld hāst thou lāid the foundātion ōf the ēarth': ānð the hēavens āre the work ōf thȳ hānds'. They shāl pērish, bût thou shālt ēndūre': yēā, āll ōf thēm shāl wāx ōld, līke a gārmēnt'; ās a vēstūre shālt thou chānge thēm', ānð they shāl bē chānged': bût thou ārt the sāme; ānð thȳ yēars shāl hāve nō ēnd'.

3. Night', sāble gōddēss'! frōm hēr ēbōn thrōne',

In rāyless mājestȳ, now strētches fōrth

Hēr lēaden scēpter ō'er a slūmbēring world'.

Silēnce hōw dēad'! ānð dārknēss hōw prōfound'!

Nōr ēye nōr līstēning ēar ān ōbjēct fīnds'.

Crēātion slēeps'. 'Tis ās the gēnērāl pūlse

Of life stōōd stīll', ānð nātūre mǣde a pāuge—

An āwful' pāuge, prōphētīc ōf hēr ēnd'.

QUANTITY.

QUANTITY, in reading and speaking, means the length of time occupied in uttering a syllable or a word. It may be classified as *Long*, *Medium*, and *Short*.

DIRECTION FOR PRACTICE IN MEDIUM AND LONG QUANTITY.—Select some word of one syllable ending with a long vocal or a subvocal sound; pronounce it many times in succession, increasing the quantity at each repetition, until you can dwell upon it any desired length of time, without drawling, and in a natural tone.

EXAMPLES IN QUANTITY.

Long Quantity.

1. O Lórd', our Lórd', how êxcëllënt I₂ thy nāme in æll the êarth'! whô hæst sêt thy glôry äbôve the hêavens'. Whên I cōsider thy hêavens', the work ôf thy fingers'; the mōon änd the stärs whích thou hæst ôrdäined'; whät I₂ mæn', thät thou ärt mīndfûl ôf hīm? änd the sôn ôf mæn', thät thou vīgītëst' hīm? Fôr thou hæst mæde hīm a little lôwer thän the ängëls', änd hæst crowned hīm with glôry' änd hōnor'. Thou mædest hīm tō hæve dōminion ôver the works ôf thy händs'; thou hæst pût æll' thīngs ünder hīs fêet'. O Lórd, our Lórd, how êxcëllënt I₂ thy nāme in æll the êarth.

2. The ský I₂ chānged'!—änd sūch a chānge'! O nīght',
And stōrm', änd dārkness', yē äre wōndrous strōng',
Yët lôvely in yōur strēngth', ä₂ is the light
Of a dārk eye in wōmæn'! Fär älōng,
Frōm pëak tō pëak', the rättlīng crägs amōng',
Lëaps the live thūnder!

3. The dāy I₂ cōld', änd dārk', änd drëary';
It räins', änd the wīnd I₂ nēver wëary';
The vine still clīngs tō the mōldëring wäll',
Büt ät ëvery gūst the dëad lëaves fäll',
And the dāys äre dārk änd drëary'.

Medium Quantity.

1. O, a wonderful strēam is the river of Time',
 As it rŭns through the rēalm of tēars',
 With a faultless rhŷthm' and a mŭsical rhŷme',
 And a boundless swēep', and a sŭrge sŭblime',
 As it blēnds with the ocean of yēars'.
2. One Christmās gift', dēar friēnds', I crāve',
 Which', still rētaining', you cān gīve':
 And if you gīve nōt thāt' tō mē',
 Your prēsents all will worthless bē':
 Gīve mē your lōve'.
3. It is a plēasing sight', of a Sŭndāy mōrning', whēn the
 bēll is sēnding its sōber mēlōdy acrōss the quiet fiēlds', tō
 bēhold the cōuntry fōlk', in thēir bēst finērŷ', and with ruddy
 fāces and mōdest chēerfulness', thrōnging trānquilly ālong the
 grēen lānes tō chŭrch'; bŭt it is still mōre plēasing tō sēe
 thēm in the ēvenings', gāthēring ābout thēir cōttāge dōōrs',
 and āppēaring tō ēxŭlt in the hŭmble cōmfōrts and ēmbellish-
 ments whīch thēir ōwn hands have sprēad āround thēm'.

Short Quantity.

1. Call the wātch'! Call the wātch'!
2. Quick'! ōr hē fāints'! stand with the cōrdial nēar'!
 Now, bēnd hīm tō the rack'!
3. Quick'! man the life-bōat'! sēe yōn bārk',
 That drives bēfōre the blāst'!
 Thēre's a rōck āhēad', the fōg is dārk',
 And the stōrm cōmes thīck and fāst'.
 Can hŭman power', in sŭch ān hour',
 Avērt the dōōm that's ō'er' hēr?
 Hēr māinmāst's gōne', bŭt shē still drives ōn
 Tō the fātāl rēef bēfōre hēr'.
 The life-bōat'! Man the life-bōat'!
4. *Macbeth.* Didst thou nōt hēar a noise'?
 Lady Macbeth. I hēard the owl scrēam', and the crīckēts
 crŷ'. Did nōt you spēak'?
 Macbeth. Whēn'?
 Lady Macbeth. Now'.
 Macbeth. As I dēscēnded'?
 Lady Macbeth. Ay'.

Macbeth. Who lies i' the sēcond chāmbēr'?

Lady Macbeth. Donalbain'.

MOVEMENT.

MOVEMENT is the rapidity with which the voice moves in speech. It includes quantity and stops, or pauses, and varies with the nature of the thought or sentiment expressed in the passage to be read. Usually, a passage in short quantity requires rapid movement, and a passage in long quantity, slow movement.

The kinds of movement may be denominated *Slow*, *Moderate*, and *Quick*.

EXERCISES IN MOVEMENT.

Slow Movement.

1. And now fārewēll'! 'Tis hārd tō gīve thēe ūp',
 With dēath', sō like a gēntle slūmber', ōn' thēe';
 And thy dārk sīn'! ōh, I cōuld drīnk the cūp',
 If, frōm thīs wōe, its bītterness had wōn' thēe.
 Māy Gōd have cāllēd thēe, like a wānderer, hōme',
 Mý ērring Absalōm'!
2. Nōt a sound'! nōt a brēath'!
 All is stīll ag death'!
3. O Lōrd'! have mērcy ūpōn ūs', mīserable ōffēnders'!
 Spāre thou thōse', O Gōd'! whō cōfess thēir fāults accōrdīng
 tō thy prōmises', dēclāred ūntō mankind In Chrīst Jēsūs our
 Lōrd'; and grānt', oh, mōst mērcifūl Fāther', fōr hīs' sākē,
 that wē māy hēreafter live a gōdly', rīghteous', and sōber lifē',
 tō the glōry ōf thy hōly nāme'.

Moderate Movement.

1. I've wāndered tō the vīllāge', Tōm',
 I've sat bēnēath the trēe',
 Upōn the vīllāge plāy-ground',
 That sheltered yōu and mē';

Būt nōne wēre left tō grēet' mē, Tōm',
 And few wēre left tō knōw',
 Whō plāyed with ūs ūpōn the grēen',
 Jūst fōrty yēars agō'.

2. Let the one hūndred mīllions whīch', at nō very dīstant dāy', will swārm our cīties and fill ūp our grēat intērior', rēmāin in Ignōrance', and nōthing shōrt ōf an Iron despōtism' will sūffice tō gōvern the nātion', tō recōncile its vāst and cōnflicting Interests', cōntrōl its elements ōf agitātion', and hōld back its fiery and headlong energies from dīsmemberment' and rūin'.

Quick Movement.

1. Awāke'! awāke'! Rīng the alārm' bell! Mūrder'! trēason'! trēason'!

2. Give it tō them'; drive them frōm thēir yārd's, boy's; scatter them with yōur grāpe'; unrēeve thēir rigging'!

3. One tōuch tō hēr hand', and one word in hēr ēar',
 When they rēached the hāl dōor', and the chārger stōōd nēar';

Sō light tō the crōp the fāir lādy hē swūng',

Sō light tō the saddle bēfōre hēr hē sprūng'!

"Shē īs wōn'! wē are gōne', ōver bank', bush', and scaur';
 They'll have flēet stēeds that fōllow!" quoth young Loch-invar'.

4. Bēgone'! yōu vīle', Insōlent dōg', or I'll cōme down and gīve yōu a wārmīng' that shall sērve yōu rīght'.

READING VERSE.

Poetic Pauses.

The *final pause* is a slight pause at the end of each line, even when the sense does not require it.

The *cæsura* is a pause at or near the middle of every line. It is marked thus (||) in the examples given.

There are sometimes two additional pauses in each line, called *demi-cæsuras*. They are marked thus (|) in the examples given.

The cæsura and demi-cæsura should never be so placed as to injure the sense of the passage.

There should be a marked accent upon the long syllable next preceding the cæsura, and a slighter one upon the next before each of the demi-cæsuras.

These pauses should not be made too prominent, as they tend to lead to a sing-song style of reading.

EXAMPLES.

1. There is a land || of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven || o'er all the world beside.
2. Was it the chime || of a tiny bell,
That came so sweet || to my dreaming ear?
3. Ring out the old, || ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, || across the snow;
The year is going, || let him go;
Ring out the false, || ring in the true.
4. You speak | very fine, || and you look | very grave,
But apples | we want, || and apples | we'll have;
If you | will go with us, || we'll give you | a share;
If not, | you shall have || neither apple | nor pear.
5. Lives | through all life, || extends | through all extent,
Spreads | undivided, || operates | unspent.

INFLECTIONS.

In reading verse, the inflections should be used as if the thought or sentiment were expressed in prose. The rhyme must be indicated by a very light emphasis placed upon the rhyming words, and the rhythm by a measured, melodious flow of sound.

EXAMPLES.

1. Merrily swinging on briar and weed',
Near to the nest of his little dame',
Over the mountain-side or mead',
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name'.

2. Home from his journey', Farmer John
 Arrived this morning', safe and sound';
 His black coat off', and his old clothes on',
 " Now I'm myself'," said Farmer John'.
3. " Bring me this man'," the caliph cried': the man
 Was brought', was gazed' upon. The mutes began
 To bind his arms'. " Welcome', brave cords'!" cried he,
 From bonds far worse Jaffar delivered me';
 From wants', from shames', from loveless household fears';
 Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears';
 Restored' me, loved' me, put me on a par
 With his great self'.
4. Learn to speak slow'; all other graces
 Will follow in their proper places';
 And while thus slowly onward you proceed',
 Study the meaning' of whate'er you read'.

ACCENT AND EMPHASIS.

In reading verse, every syllable must have the same accent, and every word the same emphasis as in prose. Whenever rhythm and melody lead to an incorrect accent or emphasis, they must be disregarded. The defects of the poet must not be remedied by the reader, at the expense of sense and the established usages of accent and quantity.

In the following examples, the words and syllables which are defective in rhyme or rhythm are in italics.

EXAMPLES.

1. False eloquence, like *the* prismatic *glass*,
 Its fairy colors spread on every *place*.
2. Eye nature's walks, shoot folly *as* it flies,
 And catch the living manners *as* they rise.
3. Dead *to* the world, alive to me,
 Though months and years have passed.
 In *a* lone hour, his sigh to me

Comes *like* the hum of some wild bee,
And *then* his form, and face to see
As *when* I saw him last.

4. As *from* the face of heaven the shattered clouds
Tumultuous rove, the interminable sky
Sublimer swells, and o'er the world expands
A purer azure.
5. Their praise is still, "the style is *excellent*,"
The sense they humbly take upon content.



LESSONS IN READING.

I.—THE MORNING WALK.

I CAN not tell how it is that you are able to judge of people by their appearance," said Robert Mander to his father, with whom he was walking along the street. "You can always tell me something about every one that we meet."

2. "I suppose," replied Mr. Mander, "it is because I have learned to look upon people with the eyes of my mind as well as with my natural eyes. A habit of observation and reflection enables us to see and to know many things of which we should otherwise be ignorant. Now, what do you know about the man who is walking a little way before us?"

3. Robert looked, and saw a small, spare man in black, walking a few yards in advance of them, and said: "Nothing at all, except that he is dressed in black."

4. "Nothing at all!" exclaimed his father. "Why, I never saw him before, and I know a great deal about him. His threadbare clothes tell me that he is probably poor; his clean brushed coat and well blacked shoes convince me of his care and neatness; and the piece of crape around his hat assures me that he has lost a relative by

death. You see, then, that I have good reasons for believing that he is poor, yet neat and careful, and that he has been in affliction." "I should not have learned so much in a week," said Robert.

5. They followed the poor man for a short time, when Mr. Mander asked his son whether he had found out any thing else about him. "No, sir, I have not," replied Robert. "That is very strange," said his father. "Did you not see how pleasantly he spoke when the baker pushed against him with his basket? Now, that is proof that he is good-tempered. If he were not so, he would have been angry.

6. "Then, did you not see how carefully he picked up the little child that had fallen on the sidewalk? There can be no doubt of his kindness. And when he stopped at the book-stall, I glanced over his shoulder and saw that he was looking into a religious book. So I have no doubt of his being a good-humored, kind-hearted, and, I hope, a serious man."

7. Mr. Mander and his son still followed the stranger. After a time, Robert was again asked whether he had made any discoveries. As before, he replied that he had not.

8. "Surely, Robert," said Mr. Mander, "you are not making the best use of your eyes; for I have seen in the poor man several additional good qualities. In passing by the alms-house, he dropped a piece of money into the lap of the blind woman who was knitting at the door: he must be charitable. He gave way to the butcher who has just gone by with a loaded tray: he must be humble and considerate. He bowed to the gentleman on

horseback in a manner that convinces me that he has been well brought up. Therefore, I have little doubt of his being charitable and well-bred, and believe that he is neither proud nor selfish.

"Thus, you see, from our morning's experience, the importance of cultivating habits of accurate observation."

EXERCISES IN EMPHASIS.

1. *You are able to judge of people by their appearance.*
2. *I look upon people with the eyes of my mind.*
3. "*Nothing at all!*" exclaimed his father.
4. His *threadbare clothes* tell me that he is probably *poor*.
5. "*That is very strange,*" said his father.
6. If he were *not so*, he would have been *angry*.
7. You are not making the *best use* of your *eyes*.
8. He must be *humble* and *considerate*.

II.—THE RIVER.

RIVER! river! little river!
 Bright you sparkle on your way,
 O'er the yellow pebbles dancing,
 Through the flowers and foliage glancing,
 Like a child at play.

2. River! river! swelling river!
 On you rush o'er rough and smooth—
 Louder, faster, brawling, leaping,
 Over rocks, by rose-banks sweeping,
 Like impetuous youth.

3. River! river! brimming river!
 Broad, and deep, and still as Time,

Seeming still, yet still in motion,
Tending onward to the ocean,
Just like mortal prime.

4. River! river! rapid river!
Swifter now you slip away;
Swift and silent as an arrow,
Through a channel dark and narrow,
Like life's closing day.

5. River! river! headlong river!
Down you dash into the sea;
Sea, that line hath never sounded,
Sea, that bark hath never rounded,
Like eternity.

III.—WHO IS THE BRAVEST?

A battle was fought, October 25, 1854, at Balāklā'vā, on the Crimē'a, between the English, French, and Turkish troops on one side, and the Russians on the other. For a stirring description of the famous cavalry charge during this battle, see Tennyson's martial ode, "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

THE last stroke of twelve had struck. Long before its tones had died away, the school-house doors flew open, and out burst the happy boys, all talking at once. Not a moment was lost in getting to play. Jackets were taken off; balls were thrown and caught by the larger boys; and the smaller ones retired into corners of the play-ground with marbles, as better suited to their age.

2. Two only of that merry crew stood apart from

the rest, and shook their heads when called upon to join in the games.

"Let us go at once, Harry," said Charles, turning off to the gate. "The longer we stay, the harder it will be; and we promised Willie, you know. Poor Will! he is sure to be looking out for us."

3. Yes, indeed, Willie was looking out. They found him in the garden on a couch, under a large, shady tree. The two boys threw themselves down on the grass by his side, and asked if he was better.

"No," answered Willie.

4. "Yet you never look dull and miserable," said Charles. "You always have a pleasant word for us."

"I ought to have," said Willie, "when you give up your games to come and see me." It was all the thanks he gave his two friends, and it was all they needed. Boys are shy of speaking their feelings, but they understand each other.

5. "When we were reading about the Spartans this morning," said Harry, "I thought of you, Willie. I thought you would have made a first-rate Spartan."

"Did Mr. Belford tell you any good stories about brave people?" asked Willie.

"Yes, capital ones; and a great deal about different kinds of courage—but I remember the stories best."

"Tell me some of them."

6. "Well, there was one—which, I dare say, you know—about Napoleon calling a soldier out of the ranks to write a letter for him. He rested the paper on a wall, and, just when he had done, there came a cannon-ball close by and battered down some of the wall, covering them with dust. The soldier merely

shook the dust off his paper, and said, 'That will serve to dry the ink, sire.' The emperor took notice of him after that, and he became a great general before long."

7. "Did he tell you any thing about the charge at Balaklava?" asked Willie.

"Oh, yes," said Harry, "and he made it as plain as possible. There was a valley, a long valley—let us make it in this flower-bed. Now, look here, Willie: this is the valley, and the Russians have possession of all these hills, and they have cannon on them, and the English army is at this end. Well, they get an order, six hundred of the light cavalry"—

8. "There was some mistake about that order," said Charles.

"Well, mistake or no mistake," said Harry, "they never stopped to ask. The order was to ride up this valley and stop the firing."

"Spike the cannon," said Charles.

9. "So they dashed off at once, straight through the iron hail. The whole six hundred, horses and men—not one coward—cut through a Russian regiment, and as many as were alive cut their way back again. And they did their work: they stopped the cannon; but not one-half of them returned."

10. "Did you hear any more about the Crimea?" asked Willie.

"Oh, yes, of the other sort of courage—the courage of endurance, the patient suffering in the trenches," said Charles. It was enough to make your heart ache. Wasn't it, Harry?"

Harry shook his head. "We won't tell Willie *about that*, Charles. It is n't good for him."

11. "Yes it is, Harry," said Willie. "It makes me more patient. I lie awake nights and think of things of that sort, and I feel as if these men were brothers. Then I can bear pain better. They suffered for something—to gain some good. I only suffer for myself. There's the difference."

12. "Ah! but Mr. Belford talked about that, too," said Charles. "The most beautiful story he told was about that. Patient suffering when no one is by to praise us—when we can't see the good of it—he said that is the highest courage of all."

"Did he, though?" said Willie, with a bright look in his eyes. "What was the story?"

13. "About a ship, full of troops, sent to India at the time of the Crimean war. The ship sprung a leak, and they worked hard, but could n't save her. There were boats for a very few only; so the captain and officers called up the soldiers and the crew. 'Put the women and children into the boats,' said the captain; and they put them in. Then they formed on the deck, man to man, shoulder to shoulder, calm and quiet as if they were on parade, and down they went, ship and all, into the sea, without a cry."

14. Willie brushed his hand across his eyes, and Harry sprang to his feet, leaped into the air, and shouted "Hurra" half a dozen times before he felt fit to join in the talk again.

At this moment the church clock struck one.

"Come, Harry, we must go," said Charles, rising.

15. The two boys, sorrowful to leave Willie lying there, shook hands with him in silence, went to the gate, then turned back with one accord and shook hands with him again. Willie knew what they

meant as well as if they had spoken volumes; and if a quiet tear stole down his pale cheek when they were gone, his courage waxed stronger as he thought how well they loved him, and how brave they thought him.

EXERCISES IN EMPHASIS.

1. *Out burst the happy boys, all talking at once.*
2. *The longer we stay, the harder it is.*
3. *That will serve to dry the ink, sire.*
4. *There was a long valley—let us make it in this flower-bed.*
5. *Well, mistake or no mistake, they never stopped to ask.*
6. *We won't tell Willie about that, Charles.*
7. *They suffered for something—to gain some good.*
8. *I only suffer for myself. There's the difference.*

IV.—MONTEREY.

In September, 1846, the American army, under General Taylor, besieged the strongly fortified city of Monterey, Mexico. After a battle lasting four days, in which each army was decimated, the city was captured.

WE were not many—we who stood
 Before the iron sleet that day;
 Yet many a gallant spirit would
 Give half his years, if he but could
 Have been with us at Monterey.

2. Now here, now there, the shot it hailed
 In deadly drifts of fiery spray;
 Yet not a single soldier quailed
 When wounded comrades round them wailed
 Their dying shouts at Monterey.

3. And on, still on, our columns kept,
Through walls of flame its withering way;
Where fell the dead, the living stept,
Still charging on the guns that swept
The slippery streets of Monterey.
4. The foe himself recoiled aghast
When, striking where he strongest lay,
We swooped his flanking batteries past,
And, braving full their murderous blast,
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.
5. Our banners on those turrets wave,
And there our evening bugles play,
Where orange boughs above their grave,
Keep green the memory of the brave
Who fought and fell at Monterey.
6. We were not many—we who pressed
Beside the brave who fell that day;
But who of us hath not confessed
He'd rather share their warrior rest
Than not have been at Monterey?

Charles F. Hoffman.

V.—THE CATTLE TRAIN.

I LATELY made a journey, and one of the most bright and pleasant things I saw in the course of it, was a glimpse of two little sisters, who might truly be called Sisters of Charity. One day, as we stopped for about twenty minutes at a station, I amused myself with looking out of the window at a pretty

water-fall which came tumbling over the rocks, and spread into a wide pool that flowed up quite to the railway.

2. Close by stood a cattle train, and the mournful sounds that came from it touched my heart. Full in the hot sun stood the cars, and every crevice between the bars across the door-ways was filled with noses, sniffing eagerly at the sultry gusts that blew by, with now and then a fresher breath from the pool that lay dimpling before them. How they must have suffered, in sight of water, with the cool dash of the fall tantalizing them, and not a drop to moisten their parched mouths.

3. The cows lowed dismally, and the sheep tumbled over one another in their frantic attempts to reach the blessed air, bleating painfully all the while. I was tempted to get out to see what I could do for them; but it was nearly time for the train to move on again. While I hesitated, two little girls appeared, and did the kind deed much better than I could have done it. I could not hear what they said; but their friendly faces grew quite beautiful to me, with a loveliness that shabby old hats and gowns and bare feet could not spoil.

4. They worked away most heartily. One pulled off her apron, spread it on the grass, and emptying the berries from her pail upon it, ran to the pool and returned with it dripping, to hold it up to the suffering sheep. They stretched their hot tongues gratefully to meet it, and lapped the precious water with an eagerness that made the little barefoot's task a hard one. But to and fro she ran, never tired, though the small pail was soon emptied.

5. The other little girl meantime pulled great

handfuls of clover and grass for the cows, and, having no pail, she filled the dish, which had contained her berries, with water to throw over the poor dusty noses appealing to her through the bars. I wish I could have told those tender-hearted children how beautiful their compassion made that hot, noisy place, and what a sweet picture I took away with me of those two little Sisters of Charity.

6. May the day soon come that will enable us to enjoy the comfort of our luxurious palace cars, without remembering that on the same road are multitudes of helpless creatures whom God has committed to our care, exhausted with fatigue, tortured with hunger, agonized with thirst, and whose fevered flesh is soon to be consumed as food, bearing the seeds of disease into many a home.

EXERCISES IN EMPHASIS.

1. Full in the *hot sun* stood the cars.
2. How they must have *suffered*.
3. I could not hear *what* they said.
4. They worked away *most heartily*.
5. They stretched their *hot tongues* gratefully to meet it.

VI.—SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

INTO a ward of the whitewash'd halls,
Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
Somebody's darling was borne one day—
Somebody's darling, so young and so brave,
Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,

Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

2. Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair, young brow,
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from his beautiful, blue-veined brow,
Brush all the wandering waves of gold,
Cross his hands on his bosom now,
Somebody's darling is still and cold.
3. Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer soft and low ;
One bright curl from its fair mates take,
They were somebody's pride, you know :
Somebody's hand has rested there ;
Was it a mother's, soft and white ?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in the waves of light ?
4. God knows best ; he has somebody's love ;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there ;
Somebody wafted his name above
Night and morn on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he march'd away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand ;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.
5. Somebody's waiting and watching for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart ;
And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling, child-like lips apart.

Tenderly bury the fair, young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
"Somebody's darling slumbers here."

VII.—A SKATER PURSUED BY WOLVES.

I HAD gone up the river nearly two miles, when, coming to a little stream which empties into the larger, I turned into it to explore its course. Fir and hemlock of a century's growth met overhead, and formed an archway radiant with frost-work. All was dark within; but I was young and fearless, and as I peered into the unbroken forest that reared itself on the borders of the stream, I laughed with very joyousness. My wild hurra rang through the silent woods, and I stood listening to the echo that reverberated again and again, until all was hushed.

2. Suddenly a sound arose; it seemed to me to come from beneath the ice; it was low and tremulous at first, but it ended in one long, wild yell. I was appalled. Never before had such a noise met my ears. Presently I heard the brush-wood on shore crash, as though from the tread of some animal—the blood rushed to my forehead, my energies returned, and I looked around me for some means of escape.

3. The moon shone through the opening at the mouth of the creek by which I had entered the forest, and, considering this the best means of escape, I darted toward it like an arrow. It was hardly a hundred yards distant, and the swallow could scarcely have excelled me in fleetness; yet, as I

turned my head to the shore, I could see two dark objects dashing through the brushwood, at a pace nearly double my own in speed. By their great speed, and the short yells which they occasionally gave, I knew at once that these were the much dreaded gray wolves.

4. I had never met with these animals; but from the description given of them, I had little pleasure in making their acquaintance. With their long gallop they pursue their prey, never straying from the track of their victim; and, though perhaps the wearied hunter thinks that he has at last outstripped them, he finds that they have but waited for the evening to seize their prey.

5. The bushes that skirted the shore flew past with the velocity of lightning almost, as I dashed on in my flight to pass the narrow opening. The outlet was nearly gained—a few seconds more and I would be comparatively safe; but in a moment my pursuers appeared on the bank above me, which here rose to the height of ten feet. There was no time for thought—I bent my head and dashed madly forward. The wolves sprang, but, miscalculating my speed, fell behind, while their intended prey glided out upon the river.

6. Nature turned me toward home. The light flashes of snow spun from the iron of my skates, and I was some distance from my pursuers, when their fierce howl told me I was still their fugitive. I did not look back; I did not feel afraid, or sorry, or glad; one thought of home, of the bright faces awaiting my return, and of their tears if they never should see me, and then all the energies of body and *mind* were exerted for escape.

7. I was perfectly at home on the ice. Many were the days that I had spent on my good skates, never thinking that they would thus prove my only means of safety. Every half minute a furious yelp from my fierce attendants made me but too certain that they were in close pursuit. Nearer and nearer they came. At last I heard their feet pattering on the ice—I even felt their very breath, and heard their snuffing scent! Every nerve and muscle in my frame was stretched to the utmost tension.

8. The trees along the shore seemed to dance in an uncertain light, and my brain turned with my own breathless speed; yet still my pursuers seemed to hiss forth their breath with a sound truly horrible, when an involuntary movement on my part turned me out of my course. The wolves, close behind, unable to stop, and as unable to turn on the smooth ice, slipped and fell, still going on far ahead.

9. Their tongues were lolling out, their white tusks were gleaming from their bloody mouths; their dark, shaggy breasts were flecked with foam; and as they passed me their eyes glared, and they howled with fury. The thought flashed on my mind that by this means I could avoid them—namely, by turning aside whenever they came too near; for, by the formation of their feet, they are unable to run on ice except in a straight line.

10. I immediately acted upon this plan. The wolves, having regained their feet, sprang directly toward me. The race was renewed for twenty yards up the stream; they were already close on my back, when I glided round and dashed directly past them. A fierce yell greeted my evolution, and the wolves, slipping on their haunches, presented



a perfect picture of helplessness and baffled rage. Thus I gained nearly a hundred yards at each turning. This was repeated two or three times, the animals becoming every moment more excited and baffled.

11. At one time, my turning being delayed too long, my pursuers came so near that they threw their white foam over my dress as they sprang to seize me, and their teeth clashed together like the spring of a fox-trap. Had my skates failed for one instant—had I tripped on a stick, or had my foot been caught in a fissure of the ice, the story I am now telling would never have been told.

12. But I soon came opposite the house, and my hounds—I knew their deep voices—roused by the noise, bayed furiously from their kennels. I heard their chains rattle—how I wished they would break them! then I should have protectors to match the fiercest denizens of the forest. The wolves stopped

in their mad career, and after a few moments turned and fled. I watched them till their forms disappeared over a neighboring hill; then, taking off my skates, I wended my way to the house, with feelings which may be better imagined than described.

Whitehead.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

1. My wild *hurra* rang through the *silent woods*.
2. Suddenly a *sound* arose; it was *low* and *tremulous* at first, but it ended in one *long, wild yell*.
3. There was no *time* for *thought*.
4. I did not feel *afraid*, or *sorry*, or *glad*.
5. I even felt their very *breath*, and heard their *snuffing scent*.
6. Their *white tusks* were gleaming from their *bloody mouths*.
7. Their *teeth* clashed together like the spring of a *fox-trap*.

VIII.—SONG OF STEAM.

HARNESS me down with your iron bands;
 Be sure of your curb and rein:
 For I scorn the power of your puny hands,
 As the tempest scorns the chain.
 How I laughed as I lay concealed from sight
 For many a countless hour,
 At the childish boast of human might,
 And the pride of human power.

2. When I saw an army upon the land,
 A navy upon the seas,
 Creeping along, a snail-like band,
 Or waiting the wayward breeze;

When I marked the peasant faintly reel
With the toil which he daily bore,
As he feebly turned the tardy wheel,
Or tugged at the weary oar ;

3. When I measured the panting courser's speed,
The flight of the courier dove,
As they bore the law a king decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love ;
I could not but think how the world would feel,
As these were outstripped afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
Or chained to the flying car.

4. Ha ! ha ! ha ! they found me at last ;
They invited me forth at length ;
And I rushed to my throne with a thunder-blast,
And laughed in my iron strength.
Oh ! then ye saw a wondrous change
O'er earth and the ocean wide,
Where now my fiery armies range,
Nor wait for wind or tide.

5. Hurra ! hurra ! the waters o'er
The mountain's steep decline ;
Time—space—have yielded to my power ;
The world ! the world is mine !
The rivers the sun hath earliest blest,
Or those where his beams decline ;
The giant streams of the queenly West,
Or the orient floods divine.

6. The ocean pales where'er I sweep,
To hear my strength rejoice,

And the monsters of the briny deep
Cower, trembling, at my voice.
I carry the wealth and the lord of earth,
The thoughts of his godlike mind;
The wind lags after my flying forth,
The lightning is left behind.

7. In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine,
My tireless arm doth play,
Where the rocks never saw the sun decline,
Or the dawn of the glorious day.
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
From the hidden cave below,
And I make the fountain's granite cup
With a crystal gush o'erflow.

8. I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
In all the shops of trade;
I hammer the ore and turn the wheel
Where my arms of strength are made;
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint;
I carry, I spin, I weave;
And all my doings I put into print,
On every Saturday eve.

9. I've no muscle to weary, no breast to decay,
No bones to be "laid on the shelf,"
And soon I intend you may "go and play,"
While I manage this world myself.
But harness me down with your iron bands;
Be sure of your curb and rein:
For I scorn the power of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain.

G. W. Cutter.

IX.—ICEBERGS.

ONE morning, earlier than the usual time of rising, the steward awakened us with the news that icebergs were close at hand. This was charming intelligence, for so late in the season as August they were but rarely met with. We were all soon on deck, and for a worthy object.

2. An iceberg was in sight—a grand fellow, with two great domes, each as large as that of St. Paul's. The lower part was like frosted silver. Where the heat of the sun had melted the surface, and it had frozen again, in its gradual decay it had assumed all sorts of angular and fantastic shapes, reflecting from its green, transparent mass, thousands of prismatic colors; while below the gentle swell dallied with its cliff-like sides.

3. The action of the waves had worn away a great portion of the base, just over the water, into deep nooks and caves, destroying the balance of the mass. While we were passing, the crisis of this process chanced to arrive.

4. The huge white mass tottered for a moment, then fell into the calm sea with a sound like the roar of a thousand cannon; the spray rose to a great height into the air, and large waves rolled round, spreading their wide circles over the ocean, each ring diminishing in height till at length they all sank to rest. When the spray had fallen again, the glittering domes had vanished, and a long, low island of rough snow and ice lay on the surface of the water.

5. There is something impressive and dismal in the fate of these cold and lonely wanderers of the deep. They break loose, by some great effort of

nature, from the shores and rivers of the unknown regions of the north, where, for centuries, perhaps, they have been accumulating, and commence their dreary voyage, which has no end but annihilation.

6. For years they may wander in the Polar Sea, till some strong gale or current bears them past its southern limits; then they float past the desolate coasts of Labrador and Newfoundland. The summer sun makes sad havoc of their strength, melting their lofty heights; but each night's frost binds up what is left, and still on, on, glides the great mass, slowly, solemnly.

7. You can not perceive that it stirs, the greatest storm does not rock it, the keenest eye can not discover a motion; but day by day, moment by moment, it passes to the south, where it wastes away, and vanishes at last.

8. They are most numerous in June and July, and there is often much danger from their neighborhood in dark, moonless nights; but the thermometer, if consulted, will always indicate their approach. It fell eight degrees when we neared the iceberg which I have described, and the cold was sensibly felt.

E. Warburton.

EXERCISES IN DEFINITION.

1. The *steward* awakened us with the news that *icebergs* were close at hand.
2. An iceberg was in sight—a *grand fellow*, with two *great domes*.
3. The huge, white mass, *tottered* for a moment.
4. Still on, on, *glides* the great mass, *slowly*, *solemnly*.
5. You can not *perceive* that it *stirs*.



X.—PASSING THE ICEBERGS.

O'din was the chief god in the mythology of the Northmen. Sir John Franklin was a celebrated English naval officer and arctic explorer. In 1845, he sailed with two vessels to discover the North-west passage. His vessels were last seen in July of that year. In the course of the next eleven years more than twenty expeditions were sent to search for the missing crews. In 1859, traces of them were discovered: Franklin and all his men had been dead many years.

A FEARLESS shape of brave device,
Our vessel drives through mist and rain,
Between the floating fleets of ice—
The navies of the northern main.

2. These arctic ventures, blindly hurled,
The proofs of Nature's olden force,
Like fragments of a crystal world,
Long shattered from its skyey course.
3. These are the buccaneers that fright
The middle sea with dream of wrecks,

And freeze the south winds in their flight,
And chain the Gulf-stream to their decks.

4. At every dragon prow and helm
 There stands some viking as of yore;
Grim heroes from the boreal realm
 Where Odin rules the spectral shore.
5. And oft beneath the sun or moon
 Their swift and eager falchions glow,
While, like a storm-vexed wind, the rune
 Comes chafing through some beard of snow.
6. And when the far North flashes up
 With fires of mingled red and gold,
They know that many a blazing cup
 Is brimming to the absent bold.
7. Up signal there, and let us hail
 Yon looming phantom as we pass!
Note all her fashion, hull, and sail,
 Within the compass of your glass.
8. See at her mast the steadfast glow
 Of that one star of Odin's throne;
Up with our flag, and let us show
 The Constellation on our own.
9. And speak her well; for she might say,
 If from her heart the words could flow,
Great news from some far frozen bay,
 Or the remotest Esquimaux;
10. Might tell of channels yet untold,
 That sweep the pole from sea to sea;
Of lands which God designs to hold
 A mighty people yet to be.

11. Of wonders which alone prevail,
Where day and darkness dimly meet;
Of all which spreads the arctic sail;
Of Franklin and his venturous fleet;
12. How, haply, at some glorious goal
His anchor holds—his sails are furled;
That Fame has named him on her scroll,
“Columbus of the Polar World.”
13. Or how his plowing barks wedge on
Through splintering fields with battered shares,
Lit only by that spectral dawn,
The mask that mocking darkness wears;
14. Or how, o’er embers black and few,
The last of shivered masts and spars,
He sits among his frozen crew
In council with the norland stars.
15. No answer—but the swollen flow
Of ocean heaving long and vast;—
An argosy of ice and snow,
The voiceless North swings proudly past.

ANALYSIS.

1. What is meant by the phrase, “the navies of the northern main?” 2. What is the “middle sea?” 3. Give the substance of the third verse. 4. Who were the vikings? 5. What is meant by “boreal realm?” 6. Who was Odin? 7. What is meant by the expression, “The far North flashes up?” etc. 8. State what messages the phantom might bring. 9. Who is called the “Columbus of the Polar World?” 10. What has since been discovered concerning Franklin and his crews?

XI.—TOM PINCH'S JOURNEY.

IT was a charming evening, mild and bright. The four grays skimmed along, as if they liked it quite as well as Tom did; the bugle was in as high spirits as the grays; the coachman chimed in sometimes with his voice; the wheels hummed cheerfully in unison; the brass-work on the harness was an orchestra of little bells; and thus as they went clinking, jingling, rattling smoothly on, the whole concern, from the buckles of the leaders' coupling-reins to the handle of the hind boot, was one great instrument of music.

2. Yoho! past hedges, gates, and trees; past cottages and barns, and people going home from work. Yoho! past donkey chaises drawn aside into the ditch, and empty carts with rampant horses, whipped up at a bound upon the little water-course, and held by struggling carters close to the five-barred gate until the coach had passed the narrow turning in the road. Yoho! by churches dropped down by themselves in quiet nooks, with rustic burial grounds about them, where the graves are green, and daisies sleep—for it is evening—on the bosom of the dead.

3. Yoho! past streams, in which the cattle cool their feet, and where the rushes grow; past paddock-fences, farms, and rick-yards; past last year's stacks, cut slice by slice away, and showing, in the waning light, like ruined gables, old and brown. Yoho! down the pebbly dip, and through the merry water-splash, and up at a canter to the level road again. Yoho! Yoho!

4. Yoho! among the gathering shades, making of no account the reflections of the trees, but scamper-

ing on through light and darkness, all the same, as if the light of London fifty miles away were quite enough to travel by, and some to spare. Now, with a clattering of hoofs and striking out of fiery sparks, across the old stone bridge, and down again into the shadowy road, and through the open gate, and far away, away, into the world. Yoho!

5. See the bright moon! High up, before we know it, making the earth reflect the objects on its breast like water,—hedges, trees, low cottages, church steeples, blighted stumps, and flourishing young slips, have all grown vain upon a sudden, and mean to contemplate their own fair images till morning. The poplars yonder rustle, that their quivering leaves may see themselves upon the ground. Not so the oak; trembling does not become him; and he watches himself in his stout old burly steadfastness without the motion of a twig.

6. The moss-grown gate, ill-poised upon its creaking hinges, crippled and decayed, swings to and fro before its glass, like some fantastic dowager; while our own ghostly likeness travels on, through ditch and brake, upon the plowed land and the smooth, along the steep hill-side and steeper wall, as if it were a phantom hunter.

7. Yoho! Why, now we travel like the moon herself. Hiding this minute in a grove of trees; next minute in a patch of vapor; emerging now upon our broad, clear course; withdrawing now, but always dashing on, our journey is a counterpart of hers. Yoho! A match against the moon.

8. The beauty of the night is hardly felt, when day comes leaping up. Two stages, and the *country roads* are almost changed to a continuous street.

Yoho! past market gardens, rows of houses, villas, crescents, terraces, and squares, and in among the rattling pavements. Yoho! down countless turnings, and through countless mazy ways, until an old inn-yard is gained, and Tom Pinch, getting down, quite stunned and giddy, is in London.

“Five minutes before the time, too!” said the driver, as he received his fee from Tom.

Charles Dickens.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

1. They went *clinking, jingling, rattling* smoothly on.
2. *Yoho!* down the *pebbly dip*, and through the merry *water-splash*, and up at a *canter* to the *level road* again. *Yoho! Yoho!*
3. See the bright moon! High up, *before* we know it.
4. Not so the *oak*; *trembling* does not become *him*.
5. *Yoho!* *Why, now* we travel like the moon *herself*.

XII.—THE ANVIL.

STRIKE!

'Tis an ancient saying,
“Tarry not with iron hot.”

While the rule obeying,
Let not tool on iron cool,

But strike:

Tarry not, but strike.

2. Strike!

Time improving ever,
For as sparks the minutes fly;
Miss the moment never.

Watch your opportunity,

And strike:

Tarry not, but strike.

3. Strike!
Obstacles subduing,
Harder far than iron bar.
All that's worth pursuing
Follow still with iron will,
And strike:
Tarry not, but strike. *Hickson.*
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XIII.—FIVE OUT OF ONE SHELL.

THERE were five peas in one shell. They were green, and the pod was green, and so they thought all the world was green. The shell grew, and the peas grew, sitting all in a row. The sun shone and warmed the husk, and the rain made it clear and transparent.

2. The peas, as they sat there, became more and more thoughtful as they grew larger, for something they must do.

“Are we to sit here forever?” asked one. “I am afraid we shall become hard by long sitting. It seems to me there must be something outside.”

3. The weeks went by: the peas became yellow and the pod shrunken. “All the world's turning yellow,” said they; and they had a right to say it. Suddenly they felt a tug at the shell. It was torn off, passed through human hands, and glided down into the pocket of a jacket, in company with other full pods.

4. “Now we shall soon be opened!” they said; and that was what they were waiting for. “I should like to know who of us will get farthest!” said the smallest of the five. “Yes, now it will soon

show itself." "What is to be, will be," said the largest.

5. Crack! the pod burst, and all the five peas rolled out into the bright sunshine. There they lay in a child's hand. A little boy was clutching them, and said they were fine peas for his pea-shooter; and he put one into it directly, and shot it out.

6. "Now I'm flying out into the wide world; catch me if you can!" And he was gone.

"I shall fly straight into the sun," said the second. "That's a shell worth looking at, and one that exactly suits me." And away he went.

7. "We'll go to sleep wherever we stop," said the next two, "but we shall roll on all the same." They rolled and tumbled down on the ground before they got into the pea-shooter; but they were put in, for all that. "We shall go farthest," said they.

8. "What is to happen, will happen," said the last, as he was shot from the pea-shooter. He flew up against an old board under the garret window, into a crack which was filled with moss and soft mold; and the moss closed round him. There he lay, a prisoner indeed, but not forgotten by provident nature. "What is to happen, will happen," said he.

9. Within, in the little garret, lived a poor woman, who went out in the day to clean stoves, and to do other hard work of the same kind, for she was strong as well as industrious. She was very poor; and at home in the garret lay her half-grown, only daughter, who was very weak and delicate. She had kept her bed for a whole year, and it seemed as if she could neither live nor die.

10. "She is going to her little sister," the woman said. "I had only the two children, and it was not

an easy thing to provide for both; but the good God provided for one of them by taking her home to himself. I should be glad to keep the other; but I suppose they are not to remain separated—and my little sick girl will go to her sister in heaven.”

11. But the sick girl remained where she was. She lay quiet and patient all day long, while her mother was at work. It was spring, and early in the morning the sun shone pleasantly through the little window, and threw its rays across the floor. The sick girl fixed her eyes on the window.

“What may that green thing be that looks in at the window?” she asked. “It is moving in the wind.”

12. The mother stepped to the window, and half-opened it. “Oh,” said she, “a little pea has taken root here, and is putting out its green leaves. How can it have got into the crack? That is a little garden with which you can amuse yourself.” And the child’s bed was moved nearer the window, so that she could always see the growing pea-vine.

13. “Mother, I think I shall get well,” said the sick child in the evening. “The sun shone in upon me to-day warm and pleasant. The little pea is prospering famously, and I shall grow better, and get up, and go out into the warm sunshine.”

14. “God grant it!” said the mother; but she did not believe it would be so. She took care, however, to prop the green plant with a stick, so that it would not be broken by the wind. She tied a string to the window-sill, and to the upper part of the frame, that the vine might have something about which it could twine, and one could see that it grew every day.

15. “Really, here is a flower coming!” said the

mother one day; and now she began to cherish the hope that her daughter would recover. The child had lately spoken much more cheerfully than before, and in the last few days had risen up in the bed of her own accord, and sat upright. A week afterward she sat up for a whole hour. She sat there, quite happy, in the warm sunshine. The window was open, and outside stood a pink pea-blossom fully blown.

16. The sick girl bent down, and gently kissed the delicate leaves. "The Heavenly Father planted that pea, and caused it to grow, to be a joy to you, and to me also, my blessed child!" said the glad mother; and she looked upon the flower as if it had been a good angel

17. But what about the other peas? Why, the one that flew out into the wide world and said, "Catch me if you can!" fell into the gutter on the roof, and was picked up by a pigeon. The two lazy ones were eaten by the pigeons also; and thus they were of some use. The second, that wanted to go up into the sun, fell into the sink, and lay there in the dirty water for weeks, and swelled prodigiously.

18. "How beautifully fat I am growing!" said this pea. "I shall burst out at last; and I don't think any pea can do more than that. I'm the most remarkable of all the peas that were in the shell." And the sink said he was right.

19. But the young girl at the garret window stood there with gleaming eyes, with the roseate hue of health on her cheeks, and folded her thin hands over the pea-blossom and thanked heaven for it.

"I," said the sink, "stand up for my own pea."

Hans Christian Andersen.

XIV.—JAFFAR.

JAFFAR, the Barmecide, the good vizier,
The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer,
Jaffar was dead, slain by a doom unjust:
And guilty Haroun, sullen with mistrust
Of what the good and e'en the bad might say,
Ordained that no man living from that day
Should dare to speak his name on pain of death.

2. All Araby and Persia held their breath;
All but the brave Mondeer. He, proud to show
How far for love a grateful soul could go,
And facing death for very scorn and grief—
For his great heart wanted a great relief—
Stood forth in Bagdad daily, in the square
Where once had stood a happy house, and there
Harangued the tremblers at the scimiter
On all they owed to the divine Jaffar.
3. "Bring me this man," the caliph cried. The man
Was brought, was gazed upon. The mutes began
To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cords!" cried he,
"From bonds far worse Jaffar delivered me;
From wants, from shames, from loveless household fears;
Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears;
Restored me, loved me, put me on a par
With his great self. How can I pay Jaffar?"
4. Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this
The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,
Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate
Might smile upon another half as great.
He said, "Let worth grow frenzied if it will;
The caliph's judgment shall be master still.
Go, and since gifts so move thee, take this gem,
The richest in the Tartar's diadem,
And hold the giver as thou deemest fit."
5. "Gifts!" cried the friend. He took, and holding it
High toward the heavens, as though to meet his star,
Exclaimed, "This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffar!"

Leigh Hunt.

EXERCISES IN EMPHASIS.

1. Jaffar was *dead*, slain by a doom *unjust*.
 2. His great *heart* wanted a great *relief*.
 3. The man was *brought*, was *gazed* upon.
 4. From bonds far worse *Jaffar* delivered me.
 5. Take this *gem*, and hold the *giver* as thou deemest *fit*.
 6. This, *too*, I owe to *thee*, Jaffar.
-

XV.—WOOD-PATHS.

THERE is no person who is not sensitive to the beauty of a natural wood. All men feel the comfort of its shade and protection, the freshness of its perfumed gales, the quiet of its seclusion, and its many pleasant accompaniments of birds, fruits, and flowers. We do not learn by tuition to appreciate these objects; they are adapted not only to our native wants, but they are the real cause of many of the poetic thoughts and images that abound in all literature.

2. We feel, while rambling under these lofty trees, and over this carpet of leaves and mosses, that nothing which art has accomplished will compare with the primitive works of nature. There is no architecture so sublime as that of a forest; there are no gardens like the little paradises to be found here, wherever accident has left a dell or dingle open to the sun.

3. Yet how much greater are the charms of a natural wood if it be intersected by wood-paths! When a farmer makes a passage for his wagon through a forest, he operates without artistic design, and his work harmonizes with nature. He

thinks only of facilitating progress through his territory; for though he may be alive to all pleasant rural sights and sounds, he can not pause from his labors to do any thing for mere embellishment. He is governed only by his ideas of utility and convenience.

4. Yet the works of decorative art are tame and prosaic by the side of this rude pathway, which has expelled no wild plant from its natural abode, nor a single forest warbler from its retreats. We experience within it a true sensation of nature, with a pleasant reminder of simple rural life. It is hal-
lowed by its humble purpose of utility, by its freedom from artifice, by its perfect submission to the care of nature and chance, by its beauty without adornment.

5. The wood-path becomes henceforth an avenue to all the delights of the season. It introduces us to the productions of the forest in their most interesting condition. The trees that spread their branches overhead shelter it from cold and heat, and permit thousands of beautiful shrubs to grow there that would be fatally crowded in the dense parts of the wood.

6. Multitudes of flowers appear continually in its borders, one host following another in glowing succession, and looking upon us in our journey as with the eyes of so many little sentinels of light and beauty placed here to make the scene delightful to the sense and the imagination. Like birds that multiply around a human dwelling in the wilderness, flowers always become numerous in these woodland paths, and consecrate them to nature.

Wilson Flagg.

EXERCISES IN DEFINITION.

1. We do not learn by *tuition* to appreciate these objects.
 2. There is no architecture so *sublime* as that of a *forest*.
 3. He is governed only by his ideas of *utility* and *convenience*.
 4. We *experience* within it a true *sensation* of nature.
 5. Flowers always become *numerous* in these *woodland* paths.
-

XVI.—RAIN IN SUMMER.

HOW beautiful is the rain !
After the dust and the heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain !

2. How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs !
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout !
Across the window-pane
It pours and pours ;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain !
3. The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted brooks ;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool ;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

4. From the neighboring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion ;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Engulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.
5. In the country, on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and drier grain,
How welcome is the rain !
6. In the furrowed land,
The toilsome and patient oxen stand ;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapors that arise
From the well-watered and smoky soil.
For this rest in the furrow after toil,
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.
7. Near at hand,
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees
His pastures, and his fields of grain,

As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain.
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.

H. W. Longfellow.

XVII.—THE BOBOLINK.

THE happiest bird of the American spring, and one that rivals the European lark, in my estimation, is the bobolink. He arrives at that choice portion of the year which, in this latitude, answers to the description of the month of May, so often given by the poets. With us it begins about the middle of May, and lasts until nearly the middle of June.

2. Earlier than this, winter is apt to return on its traces, and to blight the opening beauties of the year; and later than this, begin the parching, and panting, and dissolving heats of summer. But in this genial interval, nature is in all her freshness and fragrance: "the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

3. The trees are now in their fullest foliage and brightest verdure; the woods are gay with the clustered flowers of the laurel; the air is perfumed by the sweet-brier and the wild rose; the meadows are enameled with clover blossoms; while the young

apple, the peach, and the plum, begin to swell, and the cherry to glow, among the green leaves.

4. This is the chosen season of revelry of the bobolink. He comes amid the pomp and fragrance of the season; his life seems all sensibility and enjoyment, all song and sunshine. He is to be found in the soft bosoms of the freshest and sweetest meadows; and is most in song when the clover is in blossom.

5. He perches on the topmost twig of a tree, or on some long, flaunting weed, and, as he rises and sinks with the breeze, pours forth a succession of rich, tinkling notes, crowding one upon another, like the outpouring melody of the skylark, and possessing the same rapturous character.

6. Sometimes he pitches from the summit of a tree, begins his song as soon as he gets upon the wing, and flutters tremulously down to the earth, as if overcome with ecstasy at his own music. Sometimes he is in pursuit of his mate—always in full song, as if he would win her by his melody, and always with the same appearance of delight.

7. Of all the birds of our groves and meadows, the bobolink was the envy of my boyhood. He crossed my path in the sweetest weather, and the sweetest season of the year, when all nature called to the fields, and the rural feeling throbbed in every bosom; but when I, luckless urchin, was doomed to be mewed up, during the livelong day, in a school-room, it seemed as if the little varlet mocked at me, as he flew by in full song, and sought to taunt me with his happier lot. Oh, how I envied him! No lessons, no task, no school—nothing but holiday, frolic, green fields, and fine weather.

8. Further observation and experience have given me a different idea of this little feathered voluptuary, which I will venture to impart for the benefit of my school-boy readers, who may regard him with the same unqualified envy and admiration which I once indulged. As the year advances, as the clover blossoms disappear, and the spring fades into summer, he gradually gives up his elegant tastes and habits, doffs his poetical suit of black, assumes a russet, dusty garb, and sinks to the gross enjoyments of common, vulgar birds.

9. His notes no longer vibrate on the ear; he is stuffing himself with the seeds of the tall weeds on which he lately swung and chanted so melodiously. He has become a *bon vivant*, a gormand: with him now there is nothing like the "joys of the table." In a little while he grows tired of plain, homely fare, and is off on a gastronomic tour in quest of foreign luxuries.

10. We next hear of him, with myriads of his kind, banqueting among the reeds of the Delaware, and grown corpulent with good feeding. He has changed his name in traveling. Bobolink no more, he is the *reed-bird* now, the much-sought-for titbit of Pennsylvania epicures, the rival in unlucky fame of the ortolan. Wherever he goes, *pop! pop! pop!* every rusty firelock in the country is blazing away. He sees his companions falling by thousands around him.

11. Does he take warning and reform? Alas! not he. Again he wings his flight. The rice swamps of the south invite him. He gorges himself among them almost to bursting; he can scarcely fly for corpulency. He has once more changed his name,

and is now the famous *rice-bird* of the Carolinas. Last stage of his career: behold him spitted, with dozens of his corpulent companions, and served up, a vaunted dish, on some southern table.

Washington Irving.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

1. With *us* it begins about the middle of *May*.
2. Earlier than *this*, *winter* is apt to return on its traces.
3. He is *most* in song when the *clover* is in blossom.
4. The *bobolink* was the envy of my *boyhood*.
5. Oh, how I *envied* him! No *lessons*, no *task*, no *school*.
6. He has become a *bon vivant*, a *gormand*.
7. *Pop! pop! pop!* every rusty *firelock* is blazing away.
8. Does he take *warning*, and *reform*? Alas! not *he*.

XVIII.—ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

MERRILY swinging on briar and weed,
 Near to the nest of his little dame,
 Over the mountain-side or mead,
 Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink,
 Snug and safe is this nest of ours,
 Hidden among the summer flowers.
 Chee, chee, chee.

2. Robert of Lincoln is gaily dressed,
 Wearing a bright black wedding-coat;
 White are his shoulders, and white his crest,
 Hear him call in his merry note:

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Look, what a nice new coat is mine;
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

3. Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

4. Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note;
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Never was I afraid of man,
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.
Chee, chee, chee.

5. Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight:
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Nice good wife that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

6. Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.
7. Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care,
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Nobody knows but my mate and I,
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.
8. Summer wanes: the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink.
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

William Cullen Bryant.



XIX.—MENDING THE PUMP.

"MR. Blifkins," said my wife, on the morning of a washing day, "Bridget complains that something is the matter with the soft-water pump."

"Well, my dear," I replied, "I will see about it."

I had not quite finished reading my morning paper, and sat a moment to conclude the account of the last fearful casualty, when Bridget's face was thrust into the door, as red and bright as an old-fashioned brass warming-pan.

"Indade, mem," said she, "the pump's gone again."

2. "Well," replied my wife, "I've done all I could about it, unless *I* am expected to draw the box and fix it. I expect every day that I shall have to do such work. A woman's life is hard enough at the best; but a little additional service would not hurt her, I dare say. Perhaps, in the intervals of household duties, she might take in jobs of pump-mending." I said nothing. "Mr. Blifkins," continued my wife, "will you see to the pump?"

3. This was said in a tone that completely overcame the horror awakened by the casualty, and throwing the paper aside, I proceeded to the kitchen. I tried the handle of the pump, and, sure enough, the water refused to flow. A few drops only oozed from the nose, and, as I plied the handle, the pump gave forth a rumbling sound, as though it were surly in its refusal to yield the accustomed supply.

4. "This is a pretty state of things for washing day!" said my wife. "Well, my dear," said I, "I don't see how you can blame me for it. 'Thou canst not say I did it.'"

I tried to take out the box. The screws that secured the top were rusty, and refused to turn.

"Mrs. Blifkins," said I, "where is the hammer?"

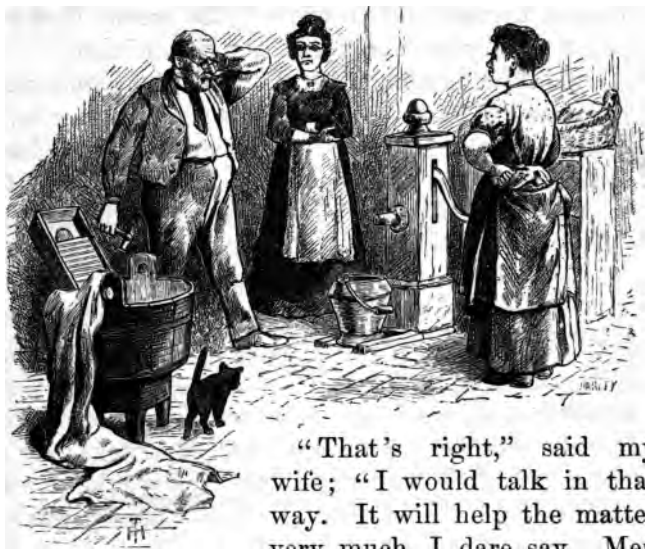
5. "How should I know where the hammer is?" she replied. "It is probably where you used it last. You leave every thing for me to take care of. My father used to say, 'A place for every thing, and every thing in its place.' I wish *all* men were as particular."

6. I remembered that I had used the hammer to repair a chicken-coop, some weeks before; and, proceeding to the spot, I found it, rusty and dirty, lying just where I had left it. A system like this, closely followed, would prove of immense advantage; for a memory of where an article was used would immediately suggest to the user the spot where it was to be found.

7. Returning to the kitchen, I commenced work. The rusty threads of the screws refused persistently to yield; but patience wins, and, after a half hour's sweating and fretting, I had the top removed and the pump-box in my hand. There were evident signs of decay in the leather; and, bringing my natural ingenuity to bear upon it, I hammered, and tacked, and cut, and pulled, until I fancied that I had attained perfection in my effort.

8. "Now we shall see the triumph of genius," said I, putting in the box. "Pour in some water, Bridget, and as I pump, you shall see the water flow."

I plied the handle vigorously; but in vain. No effect was produced but a sort of asthmatic wheezing. My triumph changed, and my cheerful notes *partook of a more tempestuous character.*



"That's right," said my wife; "I would talk in that way. It will help the matter very much, I dare say. Men

never have any patience."

9. "I will bring mechanics," said I, a little subdued, "and they shall mend the pump."

I immediately sought Lumb. He ordered two men to accompany me to my home—philanthropists, with disposition and ability to relieve the difficulty under which I labored.

"Now, my boys," said I, as I introduced them to the field of their operations, "put it through."

"Look here, sir," said one of the men, trying the handle, "there's nothing the matter with the pump."

"Then what is the bother with the vexatious thing?" I asked, excitedly.

"The principal reason, I think sir, is, that the cistern is empty."

10. I looked at the man, wonderingly; but his honest eye convinced me that he was sincere, and

subsequent examination proved the truth of what he said. "My friends," said I, "here is a trifle for you, and I will settle with Lumb. Don't say any thing about it."

I never knew how the matter came out, but always thought Mrs. Blifkins must have told of it.

B. P. Skillaber.

EXERCISES IN EMPHASIS.

1. "Well, my dear," I replied, "I will *see* about it."
2. A woman's life is *hard* enough at the best; but a little *additional* service would not hurt her, I dare *say*.
3. This is a *pretty* state of things for *washing* day.
4. A *place* for *every thing*, and *every thing* in its *place*.
5. *Now* we shall see the triumph of *genius*.
6. The *principal* reason is, that the *cistern* is *empty*.

XX.—HORATIUS.

According to one of the early Roman legends, Horā'tius Cō'cles, Spū'rius Lār'tius, and Tī'tus Hērmin'ius, defended the Sublician bridge against Lārs Pōr'sena and the whole Etruscan army, while the Romans broke down the bridge behind them. When the work was nearly finished, Horatius sent back his two companions and alone withstood the foe until the crash of falling timbers announced that the bridge was destroyed. He then plunged into the Tiber and swam across in safety. The state erected a statue in his honor, and gave him as much land as he could plow around in a day.

BUT hark! the cry is Astur;
 And, lo! the ranks divide;
 And the great Lord of Luna
 Comes with his stately stride.

Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the four-fold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

2. Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.

The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh:

The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.
He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space,
Then, like a wild cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.

3. Through teeth, and scull, and helmet,
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.
And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Avernus
A thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

4. But meanwhile ax and lever
Have manfully been plied;

And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.

"Come back, come back, Horatius!"

Loud cried the Fathers all;

"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!

Back, ere the ruin fall!"

5. Back darted Spurius Lartius;

Herminius darted back;

And, as they passed, beneath their feet

They felt the timbers crack.

But, when they turned their faces,

And on the further shore

Saw brave Horatius stand alone,

They would have crossed once more.

6. But with a crash like thunder

Fell every loosened beam,

And, like a dam, the mighty wreck

Lay right athwart the stream:

And a loud shout of triumph

Rose from the walls of Rome,

As to the highest turret tops

Was splashed the yellow foam.

7. And, like a horse unbroken

When first he feels the rein,

The furious river struggled hard,

And tossed his tawny mane,

And burst the curb, and bounded,

Rejoicing to be free,

And whirling down, in fierce career,

Battlement, and plank, and pier,

Rushed headlong to the sea.

8. "O Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
Horatius spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And, with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.
9. But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain;
And fast his blood was flowing,
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows;
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.
10. "Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus;
"Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."
11. And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the river gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

T. B. Macaulay.

XXI.—MY FIRST TIGER HUNT.

IN the month of January, some few years ago, I was the guest of a hospitable East India coffee planter. He had often pressed me to visit him, and I had accepted his invitation, at last, hoping that I might, perhaps, find myself, for the first time, taking part in a tiger hunt.

2. It happened that fate favored my wish. One of the dogs had disappeared, the week before, leaving a trail of blood, and a bullock had been killed on the road to Buttlawaddy. Our friend Fairfield dispatched a messenger to ask a neighbor, seven miles off, to join us with any hands he could spare, and with such native hunters as he could get, to assist in beating the jungle.

3. In two days, Mr. Black arrived with a dozen beaters and three hunters. The latter were directed to follow the tiger's trail, which had been discovered, and to report progress early. Three rifles, charged with ball, and three smooth-bores, with slugs, were laid aside ready for use, and a long, broad-bladed knife was procured for each one of the party.

4. The scouts returned on the afternoon of the next day, bringing the intelligence that a tigress had been seen entering a gap below the summit of a hill, about five miles distant. No time was lost in assembling the men and starting for the spot.

5. The jungle was very thick, and we had to walk single file a great part of the way. A short distance above where we were, the ground was hilly and rocky. Just below the summit of the hill we could see the mouth of a cave, in front of which lay a huge boulder. So narrow was the passage between

the cave and this boulder, that but a single person could enter at a time.

6. The first thing to be done was to ascertain whether or not the tigress was in the cave. One of the native hunters, secreting himself near its mouth, imitated the cry of a kid, in the hope of decoying the beast from her lair; but without success. At length, a loose stone was rolled inside the den, and a low whine and a scratching of the ground were heard. One of the hunters then crept forward, and, peering into the den, reported that the tigress was gone, but that the young ones were there.

7. Having dragged forth the two cubs, and secured them in a hollow of the hill above the cave, all hands secreted themselves, and prepared to give the tigress a deadly volley. Our attendants, numbering about twenty, were sent to a distant part of the jungle, and directed to drive the beast toward the cave.

8. It was a full hour before the noise made by the beaters was heard. My ear then caught the sound of rapid movements in front of me, and I could hear a heavy body forcing its way through the jungle. Soon there was a rush, and a crash of bushes, and a gigantic tigress sprang upon the rock, at the cave's mouth.

9. Instantly three barrels were discharged. The tigress reeled back from the entrance, with a frightful roar; but, recovering herself, she turned and advanced with flaming eyes, when she was again sent reeling and roaring back, with the contents of the remaining barrels in her body.

10. Not yet conquered, she turned to the mouth of the cave, and discovering Fairfield and one of the hunters behind the boulder, she sprang upon them.

To rush in with knives and axes was the work of a moment; but already Fairfield had been dashed to the ground by a stroke of the brute's paw, although the hunter had dealt her blow after blow with his broad knife.

11. All now joined in the struggle. The brute turned first upon one and then upon another, as she felt the keen edge of our knives entering her flesh. We almost wallowed in blood. I do not know how long the struggle lasted; but there came a pause, and it was over.

12. Fairfield lay motionless, with torn arms, his light hair and pale face covered with gore, the claws of a huge paw fixed in one shoulder, and one leg under the brute's carcass. The native hunter, still clutching his knife, which was buried to the hilt in the brute's flesh, lay across her body.

13. We extricated Fairfield and the hunter, both insensible, and laid them upon a bed, hastily made of such garments as we could spare. It was past midnight before the doctor arrived. By that time the men had recovered their senses, but were unable to move. The doctor dressed their wounds, which luckily were not fatal; but it was full two months before either of them could take part in another tiger hunt.

EXERCISES IN EMPHASIS.

1. He had often *pressed* me to visit him.
2. It happened that *fate* favored my wish.
3. Mr. Black arrived with a *dozen* beaters and *three* hunters.
4. The jungle was *very thick*, and we had to walk *single file*.
5. A *low whine* and a *scratching of the ground* were heard.
6. Soon there was a *rush*, and a *crash of bushes*.
7. The brute turned, *first upon one, and then upon another*.

XXII.—THE AMERICAN FLAG.

WHEN Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land!

2. Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven—
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

3. Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,

Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn;
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon's mouthings loud,
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall;
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink below
Each gallant arm that strikes beneath
That awful messenger of death.

4. Flag of the seas! on ocean's wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.
5. Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

J. R. Drake.

XXIII.—THE MAN WITH AN AX TO GRIND.

WHEN I was a little boy, I remember one cold winter's morning I was accosted by a smiling man with an ax on his shoulder. "My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?" "Yes, sir," said I. "You are a fine little fellow," said he; "will you let me grind my ax on it?" Pleased with the compliment of "fine little fellow," "Oh yes, sir," I answered; "it is down in the shop."

2. "And will you, my man," said he, patting me on the head, "get me a little hot water?" How could I refuse? I ran, and soon brought a kettle-ful. "How old are you, and what's your name?" continued he, without waiting for a reply; "I am sure you are one of the finest lads I have ever seen. Will you just turn a few minutes for me?"

3. Tickled with the flattery, like a little fool, I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new ax, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The school bell rung, and I could not get away; my hands were blistered, and the ax was not half ground. At length, however, it was sharpened, and the man turned to me with, "Now, you little rascal, you've played truant! scud to the school, or you'll rue it!"

4. "Alas," thought I, "it was hard enough to turn a grindstone this cold day, but now to be called a little rascal is too much." It sank deep in my mind, and often have I thought of it since. When I see a merchant over-polite to customers, begging them to take a little brandy and throwing his goods on the counter, thinks I, that man has an ax to grind.

5. When I see a man flattering the people, making

great professions of attachment to liberty, who is in private life a tyrant, methinks, Look out, good people! that fellow would set you turning grindstones. When I see a man hoisted into office by party spirit, without a single qualification to render him either respectable or useful, Alas! methinks, deluded people! you are doomed for a season to turn the grindstone for a booby.

Benjamin Franklin.

EXERCISES IN INFLECTION.

1. My *pretty boy*, has your father a *grindstone*?
2. How *old* are you, and what's your *name*?
3. You are one of the *finest lads* I have ever *seen*.
4. *Now*, you *little rascal*, you've played *truant*.
5. *Look out!* that fellow would set you *turning grindstones*.

XXIV.—THE CUNNING ARAB.

AN Arab, belonging to the tribe of Neggden, owned a remarkable horse, the fame of which was spread far and wide. A Bedouin of another tribe, whose name was Daher, desired very much to possess him.

2. He offered to give his camels, and, indeed, all he possessed, for him; but his owner would not part with him. Daher, however, had made up his mind that he would have the beautiful animal; so he resorted to a stratagem to obtain him.

3. He disguised himself, by staining his face with the juice of an herb and dressing himself in rags. Pretending to be a beggar, crippled and ill, he placed himself near where he knew that Nabar, the owner of the horse, must pass.

4. After a time, Nabar approached upon his beautiful steed. The pretended beggar then cried out, in a weak voice, "I am a poor stranger, and ill, and for some time have been unable to move from this spot to seek for food. Indeed, I am dying. Will you help me? Heaven will reward you."

5. Nabar kindly listened to his entreaties, and at once generously offered to take him upon his horse and carry him to a place where he could be cared for. But the cunning rogue replied, "I can not rise. My strength is gone. I must have some assistance."

6. So Nabar dismounted, and led the horse to where the beggar lay, and with some difficulty placed him upon the animal's back. No sooner was Daher in the saddle than he seized the rein, and, forcing the horse into a gallop, he called out, "It is I—Daher. I have got your horse, at last."

7. Nabar, however, called to him to stop and listen to something he had to say. Daher, feeling quite certain that he could not be overtaken, halted, and turned to hear what Nabar would say.

8. Nabar then said: "You have succeeded at last in getting my horse. Perhaps heaven has willed that it should be so. Take good care of him; and above all, I pray you, never tell any one how you obtained him."

9. "Why not?" asked Daher. "Because," replied the noble Arab, "some day other men may be really ill, and need the assistance for which you have asked, and those of whom they ask it may be deterred from doing a charitable act for fear of being deceived, as I have been."

10. These noble words made Daher's face burn

with shame. After a moment's silence, he sprang from the horse and returned him to his owner, whom he thanked for the lesson he had taught him.

11. Nabar forgave him, and took him to his tent, where he remained a few days. Ever after they were firm friends.

EXERCISES IN EMPHASIS.

1. He offered to give his *camels*, and, indeed, all he *possessed*, for him.
2. He resorted to a *stratagem* to obtain him.
3. I am *dying*. Will you *help* me. Heaven will *reward* you.
4. My *strength* is gone. I must have some *assistance*.
5. Never tell *any one* how you *obtained* him.
6. These *noble words* made Daher's face *burn* with *shame*.

XXV.—BURIAL OF MOSES.

BY Nebo's lonely mountain,
 On this side Jordan's wave,
 In a vale in the land of Moab,
 There lies a lonely grave,
 And no man knows that sepulcher,
 And no man saw it e'er;
 For the angels of God upturned the sod,
 And laid the dead man there.

2. That was the grandest funeral
 That ever passed on earth:
 But no man heard the trampling,
 Or saw the train go forth—
 Noiselessly as the daylight
 Comes back when the night is done,

And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun.

3. Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.
4. Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-Peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie,
Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallowed spot;
For beasts and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.
5. But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow his funeral car:
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute-gun.
6. Amid the noblest of the land
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble dressed,

In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings,
Along the emblazoned walls.

7. This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

8. And had he not high honor-
The hill-side for a pall,
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave?

9. In that strange grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again, O wondrous thought!
Before the Judgment day,
And stand with glory wrapt around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
With the incarnate Son of God.

10. O lonely grave in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-Peor's hill!

Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we can not tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of him He loved so well.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

XXVI.—THE SPELLING SCHOOL.

THE child-world, in this quarter, is in an active state of unrest. The school in the Quaker neighborhood has sent a challenge, in due form, to this district, to spell; so to-night the war of words is to be waged in the white school-house on the hill. There is a great overhauling of old "Elementaries," and turning over of clean collars, preparatory to the grand *melée*.

2. Spelling schools! Have you forgotten them? When, from all the region round about, they gathered into the old log school-house, with its huge fire-place, that yawned like the main entrance to Avernus. How the sleigh-bells—the old-fashioned bells, big in the middle of the string, and growing "small by degrees and beautifully less" toward the broad brass buckle—chimed in every direction long before night, the gathering of the clans.

3. There came one school, the Master—give him a capital M, for he is entitled to it—Master and all, bundled into one huge, red, double sleigh, strewn with an abundance of straw, and tucked up like a Christmas pie, with a half score of buffalo robes; then half a dozen cutters, each with its young man

and maiden, they two and no more; and then, again, a pair of jumpers, mounting a great, outlandish-looking bin, heaped up, pressed down, and running over, with small collections of humanity, picked up *en route* from a great many homes, and all as merry as kittens in a basket of wool.

4. And the bright eyes, and ripe, red lips, that one caught a glimpse of beneath those pink-lined, quilted hoods, and the silvery laughs that escaped from the woolen mufflers and fur tippets they wore then—who does not remember?—who can ever forget them?

5. The school-house destined to be the arena for the conflict has been swept and garnished; boughs of evergreen adorn the smoke-stained and battered walls. The little pellets of chewed paper have all been swept down from the ceiling, and two pails of water have been brought from the spring, and set on the bench in the entry, with the immemorial tin cup—a wise provision, indeed, for warm work is that spelling.

6. The big boys have fanned and replenished the fire, till the old chimney fairly jars with the roaring flames, and the sparks fly out of the top like a furnace—the oriflamme of the battle. The two Masters are there; the two schools are there; and such a hum, and such a moving to and fro!

7. The oaken ferule comes down upon the desk with emphasis. What the roll of the drum is to armies, the ruler is to this whispering, laughing young troop. The challenged are ranged on one side of the house; the challengers on the other. Back seats, middle seats, low front seats, all filled. *Some of the fathers and grandfathers, who could, no*

doubt, upon occasion, "shoulder the crutch, and show how fields were won," occupy the bench of honor near the desk.

8. Now for the preliminaries: the reputed best speller on each side chooses. "Susan Brown!" Out comes a round-eyed little creature, blushing like a peony. Who'd have thought it. Such a little thing, and chosen first.

9. "Moses Jones!" Out comes Moses, an awkward fellow, with a shock of red hair surmounting his broad brow. The girls laugh at him; but what he does n't know in the "Elementary" is n't worth knowing.

10. "Jane Murray!" Out trips Jane, fluttered as a bride, and takes her place next to the caller. She's a pretty girl, but a sorry speller. Don't you hear the whispers round the house? "Why, that's John's sweetheart." John is the leader, and a battle lost with Jane by his side, would be sweeter than a victory won without her.

11. And so they go on, "calling names," until five or six champions stand forth ready to do battle, and the contest is fairly begun. Down goes one after another, as words of three syllables are followed by those of four, and these again by words of similar pronunciation and divers significations, until only Moses and Susan remain.

12. The spelling-book has been exhausted, yet there they stand. Dictionaries are turned over; memories are ransacked for "words of learned length and thundering sound," until, by and by, Moses comes down like a tree, and Susan flutters there still, like a little leaf aloft, that the frost and the fall have forgotten.

13. Polysyllable follows polysyllable, and by and by Susan hesitates just a breath or two, and twenty tongues are working their way through the labyrinth of letters in a twinkling. Little Susan sinks into the chink left for her on the crowded seat, and there is a lull in the battle.

14. Then they all stand in solid phalanx by schools, and the struggle is to spell each other down; and down they go like leaves in winter weather, and the victory is declared for *our* district, and the school is dismissed.

15. Then comes the hurrying and bundling, the whispering and glancing, the pairing off and the tumbling in. There are hearts that flutter and hearts that ache; "mittens" that are not worn, secret hopes that are not realized, and fond looks that are not returned. There is a jingling of bells at the door; one after another the sleighs dash up, receive their nestling freight, and are gone.

16. Our Master covers the fire, and snuffs out the candles—don't you remember how daintily he used to pinch the smoking wicks with forefinger and thumb, and then thrust each hapless luminary head first into the tin socket?—and we wait for him. The bells ring faintly in the woods, over the hill, in the valley. They are gone. The school-house is dark and tenantless, and we are alone with the night.

17. Merry, care-free company! Some of them are sorrowing, some are dead, and all, I fear, are changed. Spell! Ah! the "spell" that has come over that crowd of young dreamers—over you, over me—will it ever, ever be dissolved? In the white radiance of Eternity!

Benj. F. Taylor.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

1. *Spelling schools!* Have you forgotten them?
 2. Give him a capital *M*, for he is entitled to it.
 3. The *challenged* are ranged on one side of the house; the *challengers* on the other.
 4. *Moses* comes down like a *tree*, and Susan *flutters* there still.
 5. There are hearts that *flutter*, and hearts that *ache*.
 6. *Some* of them are *sorrowing*, *some* are *dead*.
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XXVII.—THE WORKS OF GOD.

THEN the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind, and said,
 Who is this that darkeneth counsel
 By words without knowledge?
 Gird up now thy loins like a man;
 For I will demand of thee, and answer thou me.

2. Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?
 Declare, if thou hast understanding.
 Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest?
 Or who hath stretched the line upon it?
 Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened?
 Or who laid the corner-stone thereof,
 When the morning stars sang together,
 And all the sons of God shouted for joy?
3. Or who shut up the sea with doors,
 When it brake forth, as if it had issued out of the womb?
 When I made the cloud the garment thereof,
 And thick darkness a swaddling-band for it,

And brake up for it my decreed place,
And set bars and doors,
And said, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further;
And here shall thy proud waves be stayed?

4. Hast thou commanded the morning since thy days;

And caused the dayspring to know his place;
That it might take hold of the ends of the earth,
That the wicked might be shaken out of it?
It is turned as clay to the seal;
And they stand as a garment,
And from the wicked their light is withholden,
And the high arm shall be broken.

5. Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea?
Or hast thou walked in the search of the depth?
Have the gates of death been opened unto thee?
Or hast thou seen the doors of the shadow of death?
Hast thou perceived the breadth of the earth?
Declare if thou knowest it all.

6. Where is the way where light dwelleth?
And as for darkness, where is the place thereof,
That thou should'st take it to the bound thereof,
And that thou shouldest know the paths thereof to the house?
Knowest thou it because thou wast then born?
Or because the number of thy days is great?
Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?
Or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail,

Which I have reserved against the time of trouble,
Against the day of battle and of war?

7. By what way is the light parted,
Which scattereth the east wind upon the earth?
Who hath divided a watercourse for the overflow-
ing of waters,
Or a way for the lightning of thunder;
To cause it to rain on the earth, where no man is;
On the wilderness, wherein there is no man;
To satisfy the desolate and waste ground;
And to cause the bud of the tender herb to spring
forth?
8. Hast thou given the horse strength?
Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?
Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper?
The glory of his nostrils is terrible;
He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his
strength:
He goeth on to meet the armed men.

From the Bible.

XXVIII.—A BATTLE OF ANTS.

ONE day when I went out to my wood-pile, or rather my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants, the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, fiercely contending with each other. Having once got hold, they never let go, but struggled, and wrestled, and rolled on the chips incessantly.

2. Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants; that

it was not a *duellum*, but a *bellum*—a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black.

3. The legions of these Myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my wood-yard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black. It was the only battle which I have ever witnessed, the only battle-field I ever trod while the battle was raging—internecine war—the red republicans on the one hand, and the black imperialists on the other.

4. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear; and human soldiers never fought so resolutely. I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embraces, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noonday prepared to fight till the sun went down, or life went out.

5. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vise to his adversary's front, and through all the tumblings on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members.

6. They fought with more pertinacity than bulldogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle-cry was, Conquer or die. In the meanwhile there came along a single red ant on the hill-side of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had dispatched his foe or had not yet taken part in the battle—probably *the latter*, for he had lost none of his limbs—whose

mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it; or perchance he was some Achilles, who had nourished his wrath apart, and had now come to avenge or rescue his Patroclus.

7. He saw this unequal combat from afar, for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the red; he drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants; then, watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the root of his right fore-leg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame.

8. I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat, even as if they had been men. The more you think of it, the less the difference.

9. I took up the chip on which the three I have particularly described were struggling, carried it into my house, and placed it under a tumbler on my window-sill, in order to see the issue. Holding a microscope to the first mentioned red ant, I saw that, though he was assiduously gnawing at the near foreleg of his enemy, having severed his remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breast-plate was apparently too thick for him to pierce; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferer's eyes shone with ferocity, such as war only could excite.

10. They struggled half an hour longer under the tumbler, and when I looked again the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from their bodies, and the still living heads were hanging on either side of him like ghastly trophies at his saddle-bow, still apparently as firmly fastened as ever; and he was endeavoring with feeble struggles—being without feelers, and with only the remnant of a leg, and I do not know how many other wounds—to divest himself of them; which at length, after half an hour more, he accomplished.

11. I raised the glass, and he went off over the window-sill in that crippled state. Whether he finally survived that combat, and spent the remainder of his days in some hotel for invalids, I do not know; but I thought that his industry would not be worth much thereafter. I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war; but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity and carnage, of a human battle before my door.

H. D. Thoreau.

XXIX.—PRINCIPLE PUT TO THE TEST.

A YOUNGSTER at school, more sedate than the rest,
Had once his integrity put to the test:
His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,
And asked him to go and assist in the job.

2. He was very much shocked, and answered, "Oh no!
What, rob our poor neighbor? I pray you, don't go:
Besides, the man's poor, and his orchard's his bread;
Then think of his children, for they must be fed."

3. "You speak very fine, and you look very grave;
But apples we want, and apples we'll have;
If you will go with us, we'll give you a share,
If not, you shall have neither apple nor pear."
4. They spoke, and Tom pondered: "I see they will go;
Poor man! what a pity to injure him so!
Poor man! I would save his nice fruit if I could,
But my staying behind will do him no good."
5. "If this matter depended alone upon me,
His apples might hang till they dropped from the tree;
But since they will take them, I think I'll go, too—
He will lose none by me, though I do get a few."
6. His scruples thus silenced, Tom felt more at ease,
And went with his comrades the apples to seize.
He blamed and protested, but joined in the plan;
He shared in the plunder, but pitied the man."
7. Conscience slumbered awhile, but soon woke in his breast,
And in language severe the delinquent addressed:
"With such empty and selfish pretenses away!
By your actions you're judged, be your speech what it may."

XXX.—GEN. SCOTT AND THE INDIANS.

WHILE a prisoner in an inn at Niagara, Scott was told that some one wished to see the "tall American." He immediately passed through into the entry, when to his astonishment he saw standing before him two savage Indian chiefs, the same who would have killed him when he surrendered himself a prisoner of war, but for the interposition of a British officer.

2. They had come to look on the man at whom they had so often fired with a deliberate aim. In broken English, and by gestures, they inquired where he was hit; for it was impossible that out of fifteen or twenty shots not one had taken effect. The elder chief—a tall, powerful savage—grew furious at Scott's asserting that not a ball had touched him, and seizing his shoulders rudely, turned him round to examine his back.

3. The young and fiery colonel did not like to have such freedom taken with his person by a savage, and hurling him fiercely aside, exclaimed, "Off, villain, you fired like a squaw." "We kill you now," was the quick and startling reply, as knives and tomahawks gleamed in their hands.

4. Scott was not a man to beg or run, though either would have been preferable to taking his chances against these armed savages. Luckily for him, the swords of the American officers who had been taken prisoners, were stacked under the staircase beside which he was standing. Quick as thought he snatched up the largest, a long saber, and the next moment it glittered unsheathed above his head.

5. One leap backward to get scope for play, and he stood towering even above the gigantic chieftain, who glared in savage hate upon him. The Indians were in the wider part of the hall, between the foot of the stairs and the door, while Scott stood farther in where it was narrower. The former, therefore, could not get in the rear, and were compelled to face their enemy.

6. They maneuvered to close, but at every turn *that saber* flashed in their eyes. The moment they

came to blows, one, they knew, was sure to die; and although it was equally certain that Scott would fall under the knife of the survivor before he could regain his position, yet neither Indian seemed anxious to be the sacrifice.

7. While they thus stood watching each other, a British officer chanced to enter, and on beholding the terrific tableau, cried out at the top of his voice, "The guard," and at the same instant seized the tallest chief by the arm and presented a cocked pistol to his head. The next moment the blade of Scott quivered over the head of the other savage, to protect his deliverer. In a few seconds the guards entered with leveled bayonets, and the two chieftains were secured.

J. T. Headley.

EXERCISES IN EMPHASIS.

1. He immediately passed through into the *entry*.
2. The *elder* chief—a *tall, powerful* savage—grew *furious*.
3. "*Off*, villain, you fired like a *squaw*."
4. Scott was *not* a man to *beg* or *run*.
5. The *Indians* were in the *wider* part of the hall.
6. *Scott* stood *farther in*, where it was *narrower*.
7. *Neither* Indian seemed *anxious* to be the *sacrifice*.

XXXI.—LABOR.

PAUSE not to dream of the future before us;
 Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us;
 Hark, how creation's deep, musical chorus,
 Unintermitting, goes up into heaven!
 Never the ocean wave falters in flowing;
 Never the little seed stops in its growing;
 More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
 Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

2. "Labor is worship!" the robin is singing;
 "Labor is worship!" the wild bee is ringing;
 Listen! that eloquent whisper, upspringing,
 Speaks to thy soul from out nature's great heart.
 From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
 From the rough sod comes the soft-breathing flower;
 From the small insect the rich coral bower;
 Only man, in the plan, ever shrinks from his part.

3. "Labor is life!"—'T is the still water faileth;
 Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
 Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth!
 Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
 Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;
 Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
 Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
 Play the sweet keys, would'st thou keep them in tune.

4. Labor is rest, from the sorrows that greet us;
 Rest from the petty vexations that meet us;
 Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us;
 Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
 Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
 Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
 Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow:
 Work with stout heart and resolute will.

5. Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee;
 Bravely fling off the cold chain that has bound thee;
 Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee;
 Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod:
 Work—for some good, be it ever so slowly;
 Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
 Labor!—all labor is noble and holy;
 Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

Mrs. F. S. Osgood.

EXERCISES IN INFLECTION.

1. "*Labor is worship!*" the robin is singing.
2. *Listen!* that eloquent whisper, upspringing, speaks to thy soul
 from out nature's great heart.

3. *Labor is life!—'T is the still water faileth.*
 4. *Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth.*
 5. *Play the sweet keys, would'st thou keep them in tune.*
 6. *Work with stout heart and resolute will.*
 7. *All labor is noble and holy.*
 8. *Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.*
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XXXII.—SELECTIONS IN PROSE.

ADVICE TO BOYS.

BOYS, did you ever think that this world, with all its wealth and woe; with all its mines and mountains, oceans, seas, and rivers; with all its shipping, its steamboats, railroads, and magnetic telegraphs; with all its millions of men, and all the science and progress of ages, will soon be given over to boys of the present age—boys like you? Believe it, and look abroad upon your inheritance, and get ready to enter upon your possession. The presidents, kings, governors, statesmen, philosophers, ministers, teachers, men of the future—all are boys now.

Elihu Burritt.

CONSTRAINT.

Constraint is the natural parent of resistance, and a proof that reason is not on the side of those who use it. Jupiter and a countryman were walking together, conversing with great freedom and familiarity on the subject of heaven and earth. The countryman listened with attention and acquiescence, while Jupiter strove only to convince him; but happening to hint a doubt, Jupiter turned hastily round and threatened him with his thunder.

“Ah! ah!” said the countryman, “now, Jupiter, I know that you are wrong; you are always wrong when you appeal to your thunder.” *Erskine.*

CHEERFULNESS.

A cheerful temper joined with innocence will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty, and affliction; convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.

Joseph Addison.

BE INDUSTRIOUS.

The most trifling actions that affect a man's credit are to be regarded. The sound of your hammer at five in the morning, or nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer; but if he sees you at a billiard table, or hears your voice at a tavern when you should be at work, he sends for his money the next day.

Franklin.

AGREEABLENESS OF MANNERS.

The desire of pleasing makes a man agreeable or unwelcome to those with whom he converses, according to the motive from which that inclination appears to flow. If your concern for pleasing others arises from an innate benevolence, it never fails of success; if from a vanity to excel, its disappointment is no less certain. What we call an agreeable man is he who is endowed with the natural bent to do acceptable things, from a delight he takes in them merely as such; and the affectation of that character is *what* constitutes a fop.

Steele.

THE SECRET OF COMFORT.

Many run after felicity, like an absent-minded man hunting for his hat, while it is on his head or in his hand. Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict great pain, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trials to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very great ones, alas, are let on long leases.

Sharpe.

COMPANIONS.

The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, and the profoundest thinker.

MUTUAL HELP.

How beautifully is it ordered, that as many thousands work for one, so must every individual bring his labor to make the whole. The highest is not to despise the lowest, nor the lowest to envy the highest; each must live in all and by all. Who will not work, neither shall he eat. So God has ordered that men, being in need of each other, should learn to love each other, and to bear each other's burdens.

"Godfrey, the Little Hermit."

XXXIII.—SCENE FROM "THE RIVALS."

Enter SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER and ACRES, with pistols.

ACRES. By my valor! Then, Sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance. Odds levels and aims!—I say it is a good distance.

Sir Luc. Is it for muskets or small field pieces? Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, you must leave those things to me. Stay now—I'll show you—*[Measures paces along the ground.]* There now, that is a very pretty distance—a pretty gentleman's distance.

Acres. Zounds! we might as well fight in a sentry-box! I tell, you, Sir Lucius, the farther he is off, the cooler I shall take my aim.

Sir Luc. Faith! then I suppose you would aim at him best of all if he was out of sight!

Acres. No, Sir Lucius; but I should think forty or eight and thirty yards—

Sir Luc. Pho! pho! nonsense! Three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols is as good as a mile.

Acres. Odds bullets, no!—by my valor! there is no merit in killing him so near: do, my dear Sir Lucius, let me bring him down at a long shot—a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me!

Sir Luc. Well, the gentleman's friend and I must settle that. But tell me, now, Mr. Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you?

Acres. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius—but I don't understand—

Sir Luc. Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk, and if an unlucky bullet

should carry a quietus with it—I say it will be no time then to be bothering you about family matters.

Acres. A quietus?

Sir Luc. For instance, now, if that should be the case, would you choose to be pickled and sent home? or would it be the same to you to lie here in the abbey? I am told there is very snug lying in the abbey.

Acres. Pickled!—Snug lying in the abbey!—Odds tremors! Sir Lucius, don't talk so!

Sir Luc. I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before?

Acres. No, Sir Lucius, never before.

Sir Luc. Ah! that's a pity!—there's nothing like being used to a thing. Pray, now! how would you receive the gentleman's shot?

Acres. Odds files!—I've practiced that—there, Sir Lucius, there! [*Puts himself in an attitude.*] A side front, hey? Odd! I'll make myself small enough: I'll stand edgeways.

Sir Luc. Now, your quite out, for if you stand so when I take my aim—[*leveling at him.*]

Acres. Zounds! Sir Lucius, are you sure it is not cocked?

Sir Luc. Never fear.

Acres. But—but—you don't know—it may go off of its own head!

Sir Luc. Pho! be easy. Well, now, if I hit you in the body, my bullet has a double chance; for if it misses a vital part of your right side, 't will be very hard if it don't succeed on the left!

Acres. A vital part!

Sir Luc. But, there; fix yourself so [*placing him*]; let him see the broadside of your full front—there—



now a ball or two may pass clean through your body, and never do any harm at all.

Acres. Clean through me!—a ball or two clean through me!

Sir Luc. Ay—may they—and it is much the genteeler attitude into the bargain.

Acres. Lookee, Sir Lucius! I'd just as lief be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one: so, by my valor! I will stand edgeways.

Sir Luc. [*Looking at his watch.*] Sure, they don't mean to disappoint us—Hah! no, faith; I think I see them coming!

Acres. Hey!—what!—coming!

Sir Luc. Ay. Who are those yonder getting over the stile?

Acres. There are two of them, indeed! Well—let them come—hey, Sir Lucius—we—we—we—we—we—won't run.

Sir Luc. Run!

Acres. No—I say—we won't run, by my valor!

Sir Luc. What's the matter with you?

Acres. Nothing—nothing—my dear friend—my dear Sir Lucius—but I—I—I don't feel quite so bold, somehow, as I did.

Sir Luc. O fy! consider your honor.

Acres. Ay—true—my honor. Do, Sir Lucius, edge in a word or two every now and then about my honor.

Sir Luc. Well, here they're coming—[*looking.*]

Acres. Sir Lucius, if I was n't with you, I should almost think I was afraid. If my valor should leave me! Valor will come and go.

Sir Luc. Then, pray, keep it fast while you have it.

Acres. Sir Lucius—I doubt it is going—yes—my valor is certainly going!—it is sneaking off!—I feel it oozing out, as it were, at the palms of my hands!

Sir Luc. Your honor—your honor—here they are!

Acres. O mercy!—now—that I was safe at Clod Hall!—or could be shot before I was aware!

Sheridan.

EXERCISES IN EMPHASIS.

1. Upon my *conscience*, Mr. Acres, you must leave *those* things to me.
2. The *farther* he is *off*, the *cooler* I shall take my *aim*.
3. The *gentleman's friend* and I must settle *that*.
4. There's no being *shot at* without a little *risk*.
5. It *may* go off of its own head.
6. If I hit you in the *body*, my bullet has a *double* chance.
7. It is much the *genteeler* attitude into the *bargain*.
8. No—I say—we *won't* run, by my *valor*!
9. I do n't feel quite so *bold*, somehow, as I *did*.
10. Pray, keep it *fast* while you *have* it.

XXXIV.—THE STRAWBERRY GIRL.

IT is summer! it is summer!
How beautiful it looks!
There is sunshine on the old gray hills,
And sunshine on the brooks;
A singing bird on every bough,
Soft perfume in the air,
A happy smile on each young lip,
And gladness every-where.

2. O, is it not a pleasant thing
To wander through the woods,
To look upon the painted flowers,
And watch the opening buds?
Or, seated in the deep cool shade,
At some tall ash-tree's root,
To fill my little basket
With the sweet and scented fruit?
3. They tell me that my father's poor—
That is no grief to me,
When such a blue and brilliant sky
My upturned eye can see.
They tell me, too, that richer girls
Can sport with toy and gem.
It may be so—and yet, methinks,
I do not envy them.
4. When forth I go upon my way,
A thousand toys are mine—
The clusters of dark violets,
The tendril of the vine—

My jewels are the primrose pale,
The bind-weed and the rose ;
And show me any costly gem
More beautiful than those.

5. And then the fruit, the glowing fruit !
How sweet the scent it breathes !
I love to see its crimson cheek
Rest on the bright green leaves !
Summer's own gift of luxury,
In which the poor may share—
The wild-wood fruit, my eager eye
Is seeking every-where.

6. O, summer is a pleasant time,
With all its sounds and sights ;
Its dewy mornings, balmy eves,
And tranquil, calm delights.
I sigh when first I see the leaves
Fall yellow on the plain,
And all the winter long I sing—
Sweet summer, come again. *Mary Howitt.*

XXXV.—THE DUTY OF OWNING BOOKS.

WE form judgments of men from little things about the house, of which the owner, perhaps, never thinks. In earlier years, when traveling in the West, where taverns were either scarce, or, in some places, unknown, and every settler's house was a house of "entertainment," it was a matter of

some importance and some experience to select wisely where you would put up.

2. We always looked for flowers. If there were no trees for shade, no patch of flowers in the yard, we were suspicious of the place. But no matter how rude the cabin, or rough the surroundings, if we saw that the window had a little trough for flowers, and that some vines twined about strings let down from the eaves, we were confident that there was some taste and carefulness in the log-cabin.

3. In a new country, no one will take the trouble to rear flowers, unless the love of them is pretty strong; and this taste blossoming out of plain and uncultivated people is itself like a clump of harebells growing out of the seams of a rock. We were seldom misled. A patch of flowers came to signify kind people, clean beds, and good bread.

4. But other signs are more significant in other states of society. Flowers about a rich man's house may signify only that he has a good gardener, or that he has refined neighbors, and does what he sees them do; but men are not accustomed to buy books unless they want them.

5. If, on visiting the dwelling of a man of slender means, I find the reason why he has cheap carpets and very plain furniture, to be that he may purchase books, he rises at once in my esteem. Books are not made for furniture, but there is nothing else that so beautifully furnishes a house. The plainest row of books that cloth or paper ever covered is more significant of refinement than the most elaborately carved side-board—both, if you can, but books at any rate!

6. To spend several days in a friend's house, and

hunger for something to read, while you are treading on costly carpets, and sitting upon luxurious chairs, and sleeping upon down, is as if one were bribing your body for the sake of cheating your mind. Is it not pitiable to see a man growing rich, and beginning to augment the comforts of home, and lavishing money on ostentatious upholstery, upon the person, upon the table, upon every thing but what the soul needs?

7. We know of many and many a rich man's house where it would not be safe to ask for the commonest English classics. A few garish annuals on the table, a few pictorial monstrosities, together with the stock of religious books of his "persuasion," and that is all! No range of poets, no essayists, no selection of historians, no travels or biographies, no curious legendary lore; but then the walls have paper which cost three dollars a roll, and the floors have carpets that cost four dollars a yard!

8. Books are the windows through which the soul looks out. A house without books is like a room without windows. No man has a right to bring up his children without surrounding them with books, if he has the means to buy them. It is a wrong to his family. He cheats them!

9. Children learn to read by being in the presence of books. The love of knowledge comes with reading, and grows upon it: and the love of knowledge, in a young mind, is almost a warrant against the inferior excitement of passions and vices. Let us pity those poor rich men who live barrenly in great bookless houses. Let us congratulate the poor, that, in our day, books are so cheap that a man may every

year add a hundred volumes to his library for the price of what his tobacco and beer would cost him.

10. Among the earliest ambitions to be excited in clerks, workmen, journeymen, and, indeed, among all that are struggling up in life from nothing to something, is that of owning, and constantly adding to, a library of good books. A little library, growing larger every year, is an honorable part of a young man's history. It is a man's duty to have books. A library is not a luxury, but one of the necessities of life.

Henry Ward Beecher.

EXERCISES IN EMPHASIS.

1. It was a matter of some *importance*, and some *experience*, to select *wisely* where you would *put up*.
2. *Flowers* came to signify *kind people*, *clean beds*, and *good bread*.
3. *Both*, if you *can*, but *books* at any rate.
4. A house without *books* is like a *room* without *windows*.
5. The *love* of knowledge comes with *reading*, and *grows* upon it.
6. A library is not a *luxury*, but one of the *necessities* of *life*.

XXXVI.—SONG OF THE FORGE.

ALL.

CLANG, clang!
The massive anvils ring.
Clang, clang!

A hundred hammers swing:
Like the thunder-rattle of a tropic sky,
The mighty blows still multiply.
Clang, clang!

FIRST VOICE.

Say, brothers of the dusky brow,
What are your strong arms forging now?

ALL.

Clang, clang! We forge the colter, now,
The colter of the kindly plow.
Propitious heaven, O bless our toil!
May its broad furrow still unbind
To genial rains, to sun and wind,
The most benignant soil.

Clang, clang!

Our colter's cleaving course shall be
On many a sweet and sheltered lea,
By many a streamlet's silver tide:
Amid the song of summer birds,
Amid the low of sauntering herds,
Amid soft breezes which do stray
Through woodbine hedges in sweet May,
Along the green hill's side.

SECOND VOICE.

When regal Autumn's bounteous hand
With wide-spread glory clothes the land,
When to the valleys from the brow
Of each resplendent slope is rolled
A ruddy stream of living gold,
We bless, we bless the plow!

ALL.

Clang, clang!

THIRD VOICE.

Again, my mates, what glows
Beneath the hammer's potent blows?

ALL.

Clink, clank, we forge the giant chain
Which bears the gallant vessel's strain,
Mid stormy winds and adverse tides.

FOURTH VOICE.

Secured by this, the good ship braves
The rocky roadstead, and the waves
Which thunder on her sides.
Anxious no more, the merchant sees
The mist drive dark before the breeze,
The storm-cloud on the hill;
Calmly he rests, though far away
In boisterous climes his vessels lay,
Reliant on our skill.

FIFTH VOICE.

Say on what sands these links shall sleep,
Fathoms beneath the solemn deep:
By Afric's pestilential shore?
By many an iceberg lone and hoar?
By many a palmy western isle,
Basking in Spring's perpetual smile?
By stormy Labrador?

SIXTH VOICE.

Say, shall they feel the vessel reel,
When to the battery's deadly peal
The crashing broadside makes reply?
Or else, as at the glorious Nile,
Hold grappling ships that strive the while
For death or victory?

ALL.

Hurra! Cling, clang!

SEVENTH VOICE.

Once more, what glows,
 Dark brothers of the forge, beneath
The tempest of your iron blows,
 The furnace's red breath?

ALL.

Clang, clang! A burning shower, clear
 And brilliant, of bright sparks, is poured
Around and up, in the dusky air,
 As our hammers forge—the sword!
 Clink, clang, clang!

EIGHTH VOICE.

The sword! extreme of dread!—yet when
 Upon the freeman's thigh 'tis bound,
While for his altar and his hearth,
While for the land that gave him birth,
 The war-drum rolls, the trumpets sound,
How sacred is it then!

NINTH VOICE.

Whenever for the truth and right
It flashes in the van of fight;
Whether in some wild mountain pass,
Like that where fell Leonidas,
Or on some sterile plain and stern,
A Marston or a Bannockburn;
Or amid crags and bursting rills,
The Switzer's Alps, gray Tyrol's hills;
Or, as when sank the Armada's pride,
It gleams above the stormy tide—

ALL.

Still, still, whene'er the battle word
Is Liberty—where men do stand
For justice and their native land,
Then, may heaven bless the sword!

EXERCISES IN DEFINITION.

1. Our *colter's* cleaving course shall be on many a sweet and *sheltered* *lea*.
 2. *Secured* by this, the good ship braves the rocky *roadstead*.
 3. In *boisterous* climes his vessels lay, *reliant* on our skill.
 4. When to the *battery's* deadly peal the crashing *broadside* makes reply?
-

XXXVII.—SELECTIONS FROM THE BIBLE.

ALMSGIVING AND PRAYER.

TAKE heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them; otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven. Therefore, when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily I say unto you, they have their reward.

2. But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth: that thine alms may be in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret himself shall reward thee openly.

3. And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets,

that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, they have their reward.

4. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly.

5. But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking. Be not ye therefore like unto them: for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him.

6. After this manner, therefore, pray ye: Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

Matthew, VI.

CHARITY.

1. Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

2. Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not, charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed

up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

3. Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

4. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, and charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

I. Corinthians, XIII.

XXXVIII.—JOHN LITTLEJOHN.

JOHN Littlejohn was staunch and strong,
 Upright and downright, scorning wrong;
 He gave good weight, and he paid his way;
 He thought for himself, and he said his say.
 Whenever a rascal strove to pass,
 Instead of silver, money of brass,
 He took his hammer and said with a frown,
 “*The coin is spurious, nail it down.*”

2. John Littlejohn was firm and true;
 You could not cheat him in “two and two;”

When foolish arguers, might and main,
Darkened and twisted the clear and plain,
He saw through the mazes of their speech
The simple truth beyond their reach ;
And crushing their logic, said with a frown,
“ *The coin is spurious, nail it down.*”

3. John Littlejohn maintained the right,
Through storm and shine, in the world's despite ;
When fools or quacks desired his vote,
Dosed him with arguments learned by rote,
Or by coaxing, threats, or promises, tried
To gain his support to the wrongful side,
“ *Nay, nay,*” said John, with angry frown,
“ *The coin is spurious, nail it down.*”

4. When told that kings had a right divine,
And that the people were herds of swine,
That the rich alone were fit to rule,
That the poor were unimproved by school,
That ceaseless toil was the proper fate
Of all but the wealthy and the great,
John shook his head and said with a frown,
“ *The coin is spurious, nail it down.*”

5. When told that events must justify
A false and crooked policy,
That a decent hope of future good
Might excuse departure from rectitude,
That a lie, if white, was a small offense,
To be forgiven by men of sense,
“ *Nay, nay,*” said John, with a sigh and a frown,
“ *The coin is spurious, nail it down.*”

6. Whenever the world our eyes would blind
With false pretenses of such a kind,
With humbug, cant, and bigotry,
Or a specious, sham philosophy,
With wrong dressed up in the guise of right,
And darkness passing itself for light,
Let us imitate John, and exclaim, with a frown,
“*The coin is spurious, nail it down.*”

Charles Mackay.

XXXIX.—THE TWO PICTURES.

MANY years ago, a celebrated Italian artist was walking along a street of his native city, perplexed and despondent in consequence of some irritating misfortune, when he beheld a little boy of such surprising beauty, that he forgot his own trouble and gloom in looking upon the almost angelic face before him.

2. “I must have that face for my studio,” said the artist to himself. “Will you come to my room and sit for a picture, my little man?” The boy was glad to go and see the pictures, and pencils, and curious things in the artist’s room, and he was still more pleased when he saw what seemed to be another boy, looking just like himself, smiling from the artist’s canvas.

3. The artist took great pleasure in looking at the sweet, innocent face. When he was troubled, irritated, or perplexed, he lifted his eyes to that lovely image on the wall, and its beautiful, hopeful features and expression calmed his heart and made him happy again.

4. Many a visitor to his studio wished to purchase that lovely face; but, though poor, and often in want of money to buy food and clothes, he would not sell his "good angel," as he called this portrait.

5. Years passed by. Oftentimes, as he looked up to the face on the glowing canvas, he wondered what had become of that beautiful boy. "I should like to see how he looks now," said he; "I wonder if I should know him? Is he a good man and true, or wicked and base? or has he died and gone to a better world?"

6. One day the artist was strolling down one of the fine walks of the city, when he beheld a young man whose face and mien were so vicious, so depraved, so nearly fiend-like, that he stopped involuntarily and gazed at him. "What a spectacle! I should like to paint that face, and hang it in my studio opposite the angel boy," said the artist to himself.

7. The young man asked the painter for money; for he was a beggar as well as a thief. "Come to my room and let me paint your portrait, and I will give you all you ask," said the artist.

8. The young man followed the painter and sat for a sketch. When it was finished, and he had received a few coins for his trouble, he turned to go, but his eye rested upon the picture: he looked at it, turned pale, and then burst into tears.

9. "What troubles you, man?" asked the artist. It was long before the young man could speak; he sobbed aloud and seemed pierced with agony. At last he pointed up to the picture on the wall, and in broken tones, which seemed to come from the heart, said:

10. "Twenty years ago you asked me to come up here and sit for a picture, and that angel face is the portrait. Behold me now a ruined man—so bloated, so hideous, that all the pure and good turn their faces from me with loathing."

11. The artist was amazed. He could scarcely believe his own senses. "Pray, what has caused this change?" he asked.

12. The young man then told him his sad story; how, being an only son and very beautiful, his parents petted and spoiled him; how he associated with bad boys and learned to love and imitate their vices; how, having plenty of money, he was enticed into wicked places until all was lost, and then, unable to work and ashamed to beg, he began to steal, was caught and imprisoned, and how every bad deed seemed to urge him to commit a worse one.

13. The story was a fearful one, and brought tears into the artist's eyes. He besought the young man to stop in his career of crime, and offered to help him. But, alas! it was too late. Disease, brought on by dissipation, soon prostrated him, and he died before he could reform.

14. The painter hung his portrait opposite that of the beautiful boy, and when visitors asked him why he suffered so hideous a face to be there, he replied, "Between the angel and the demon there are only twenty years of vice."

ANALYSIS.

1. Of what country was this artist a native? 2. What face did he want for his studio? 3. What is a "studio?" 4. What made the child glad when he entered the studio? 5. Did the *artist admire* the picture of the boy? Why? 6. What did the

artist sometimes say to himself when he looked upon the face?
7. Describe the appearance of a man he met many years after he painted the portrait of the boy. 8. Upon what condition did the painter promise this man all he asked? 9. Who was this man? 10. What was the artist's reply to visitors who made inquiries about the two pictures? 11. What important moral truth is illustrated by this lesson?

XL.—RAIN ON THE ROOF.

WHEN the humid shadows hover
Over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness
Gently weeps in rainy tears,
What a joy to press the pillow
Of a cottage-chamber bed
And to listen to the patter
Of the soft rain overhead!

2. Every tinkle on the shingles
Has an echo in the heart;
And a thousand dreamy fancies
Into busy being start,
And a thousand recollections
Weave their bright hues into woof,
As I listen to the patter
Of the rain upon the roof.

3. Now in fancy comes my mother,
As she used to, years ago,
To survey her darling dreamers
Ere she left them till the dawn;

O! I see her bending o'er me
As I list to this refrain,
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

4. Then my little seraph sister,
With her wings and waving hair,
And her bright-eyed cherub brother—
A serene, angelic pair!—
Glide around my wakeful pillow,
With their praise or mild reproof,
As I listen to the murmur
Of the soft rain on the roof.

5. And another comes to thrill me
With her eye's delicious blue;
And forget I, gazing on her,
That her heart was all untrue:
I remember but to love her
With a rapture kin to pain,
And my heart's quick pulses vibrate
To the patter of the rain.

6. There is naught in art's bravuras
That can work with such a spell
In the spirit's pure, deep fountains,
Whence the holy passions well,
As that melody of nature,
That subdued, subduing strain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

Coates Kinney.

XLI.—A HURRICANE.

I WAS leaning on my knees, with my lips about to touch the water, when I heard a distant murmuring sound of an extraordinary nature. I drank, however, and, as I rose to my feet, looked toward the south-west, when I observed a yellowish oval spot, the appearance of which was quite new to me. Little time was left me for consideration, as the next moment a smart breeze began to agitate the taller trees. It increased to an unexpected height, and already the smaller branches and twigs were seen falling in a slanting direction toward the ground.

2. Two minutes had scarcely elapsed, when the whole forest before me was in fearful motion. Here and there, where one tree pressed against another, a creaking noise was produced, similar to that occasioned by the violent gusts which sometimes sweep over the country. Turning instinctively toward the direction from which the wind blew, I saw, to my great astonishment, that the noblest trees of the forest bent their lofty heads for awhile, and, unable to stand against the blast, were falling to pieces.

3. First, the branches were broken off with a crackling noise, then went the upper part of the massy trunks, and in many places whole trees of gigantic size were falling entire to the ground. So rapid was the progress of the storm, that before I could think of taking measures to insure my safety, the hurricane was passing opposite the place where I stood. Never can I forget the scene which at that moment presented itself. The tops of the trees were seen moving in the strangest manner in the central current of the tempest, which carried along with it

a mingled mass of twigs and foliage that completely obscured the view. Some of the largest trees were seen bending and writhing under the gale; others suddenly snapped across, and many, after a momentary resistance, fell uprooted to the earth.

4. The mass of branches, twigs, foliage, and dust that moved through the air was whirled onward like a cloud of feathers, and, on passing, disclosed a wide space filled with fallen trees, naked stumps, and heaps of shapeless ruins, which marked the path of the tempest. This space was about a fourth of a mile in breadth, and to my imagination resembled the dried-up bed of the Mississippi, with its thousands of "planters" and "sawyers" strewed in the sand, and inclined in various degrees. The horrible noise resembled that of the great cataract of Niagara, and, as it howled along in the track of the desolating tempest, produced a feeling in my mind which it is impossible to describe.

5. The principal force of the hurricane was now over, although millions of twigs and small branches, that had been brought from a great distance, were seen following the blast, as if drawn onward by some mysterious power. They were floated in the air for some hours after, as if supported by the thick mass of dust that rose high above the ground. The sky had now a greenish lurid hue, and an extremely disagreeable sulphurous odor was diffused in the atmosphere. I waited in amazement, having sustained no material injury, until nature at length resumed her wonted aspect. My business being of an urgent nature, I ventured into the path of the storm, and, after encountering innumerable difficulties, succeeded in crossing it.

6. I was obliged to lead my horse by the bridle to enable him to leap over the fallen trees, whilst I scrambled over or under them in the best way I could, at times so hemmed in by the broken tops and tangled branches as almost to become desperate. On arriving at my house I gave an account of what I had seen, when, to my surprise, I was told there had been very little wind in the neighborhood, although many branches and twigs had fallen in a manner which excited great surprise.

7. I have crossed the path of this storm, at a distance of a hundred miles from the spot where I witnessed its fury, and again, four hundred miles further off, in the state of Ohio. Lastly, I observed traces of its ravages on the summits of the mountains connected with the great pine forest of Pennsylvania, three hundred miles beyond the place last mentioned. In all those different parts, it appeared to me not to have exceeded a quarter of a mile in breadth.

J. J. Audubon.

XLII.--THE HURRICANE.

LORD of the winds! I feel thee nigh,
I know thy breath in the burning sky!-
And I wait with a thrill in every vein,
For the coming of the hurricane!

2. And lo! on the wing of the heavy gales,
Through the boundless arch of heaven he sails;
Silent and slow, and terribly strong,
The mighty shadow is borne along,
Like the dark eternity to come;

While the world below, dismayed and dumb,
Through the calm of the thick hot atmosphere,
Looks up at its gloomy folds with fear.

3. They darken fast; and the golden blaze
Of the sun is quenched in the lurid haze,
And he sends through the shade a funeral ray—
A glare that is neither night nor day,
A beam that touches, with hues of death,
The clouds above and the earth beneath.
To its covert glides the silent bird,
While the hurricane's distant voice is heard
Uplifted among the mountains round,
And the forests hear and answer the sound.
4. He is come! he is come! do ye not behold
His ample robes on the wind unrolled?
Giant of air! we bid thee hail!—
How his gray skirts toss in the whirling gale;
How his huge and writhing arms are bent
To clasp the zone of the firmament,
And fold at length, in their dark embrace,
From mountain to mountain the visible space.
5. Darker—still darker! the whirlwinds bear
The dust of the plains to the middle air:
And hark to the crashing, long and loud,
Of the chariot of God in the thunder-cloud!
You may trace its path by the flashes that start
From the rapid wheels where'er they dart,
As the fire-bolts leap to the world below,
And flood the skies with a lurid glow.
6. What roar is that?—'t is the rain that breaks
In torrents away from the airy lakes,

Heavily poured on the shuddering ground,
And shedding a nameless horror round.
Ah! well known woods, and mountains, and skies,
With the very clouds!—ye are lost to my eyes.
I seek ye vainly, and see in your place
The shadowy tempest that sweeps through space,
A whirling ocean that fills the wall
Of the crystal heaven and buries all.
And I, cut off from the world, remain
Alone with the terrible hurricane.

W. C. Bryant.

XLIII.—JOURNEYING IN THE DESERT.

THE manner of my daily march was this. At about an hour before dawn, I rose and made the most of about a pint of water which I allowed myself for washing. Then I breakfasted upon tea and bread. As soon as the beasts weré loaded, I mounted my camel and pressed forward. My poor Arabs, being on foot, would sometimes moan with fatigue and pray for rest; but I was anxious to reach Cairo, and did not, therefore, allow a halt until the evening came.

2. As long as you are journeying in the interior of the desert, you have no particular point to make for as your resting-place. The endless sands yield nothing but small stunted shrubs. Even these fail after the first two or three days; and from that time you pass over broad plains—you pass over newly reared hills—you pass through valleys dug out by the last week's storm, and the hills and the valleys are sand, sand, sand, still sand, and only sand, and sand, and sand again.

3. The earth is so samely, that your eyes turn toward heaven—toward heaven, in the sense of sky. You look to the sun, for he is your task-master, and by him you know the measure of the work that you have done, and the measure of the work that remains for you to do.

4. He comes when you strike your tent in the early morning, and then, for the first hour of the day, as you move forward on your camel, he stands at your near side, and makes you know that the whole day's toil is before you. Then for a long while, you see him no more; for you are veiled and shrouded, and dare not look upon the greatness of his glory, but you know where he strides overhead by the touch of his flaming sword.

5. No words are spoken; but your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, your skin glows, your shoulders ache, and for sights you see the pattern and the web of the silk that veils your eyes, and the glare of the outward light. Time labors on—your skin glows, your shoulders ache, your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, and you see the same pattern in the silk, and the same glare of light beyond.

6. But conquering Time marches on, and by and by the descending sun has compassed the heavens, and now softly touches your right arm, and throws your lank shadow over the sand right along on your way to Persia. Then again you look upon his face, for his power is all veiled in his beauty, and the redness of flames has become the redness of roses; the fair, wavy cloud that fled in the morning, now comes to his sight once more—comes blushing, yet still comes on—comes burning with blushes, yet *comes and clings* to his side.

7. Then arrives your time for resting. The world about you is all your own, and then, where you will, you pitch your solitary tent; there is no living thing to dispute your choice. When at last the spot had been fixed upon, and we came to a halt, my camel instantly understood and obeyed the customary sign, and slowly sunk under me.

8. Then gladly enough I alighted. The rest of the camels were unloaded, and turned loose to browse upon the shrubs of the desert, or, where these failed, to wait for the small quantity of food which was allowed them out of our stores. *A. W. Kinglake.*

EXERCISES IN EMPHASIS.

1. The *endless sands* yield nothing but *small stunted shrubs*.
2. You look to the *sun*, for *he* is your *task-master*.
3. Then for a *while*, and a *long while*, you see him *no more*.
4. His *power* is all *veiled* in his *beauty*.
5. The *redness of flames* has become the *redness of roses*.
6. There is *no living thing* to dispute your choice.

XLIV.—THE SIMOOM.

AS we journeyed along, an incident occurred which had well nigh put a premature end to our travels. My readers, no less than myself, must have heard or read many a story of the simoom, or deadly wind of the desert; but, for me, I had never yet met it in full force.

2. It was about noon when abrupt and burning gusts of wind began to blow by fits from the south. The oppressiveness of the air increased every mo-

ment, till my companion and myself asked each other what this could mean, and what was to be its result.

3. We turned to inquire of Salem, our guide; but he had already wrapped up his face in his mantle, and, bowed down and crouching on the neck of his camel, replied not a word. His comrades, also, had adopted a similar position, and were equally silent.

4. At last, Salem pointed to a small black tent at no great distance in front, and said: "Try to reach that; if we can get there, we are saved." He added: "Take care that your camels do not stop and lie down," and then, giving his camel several hard blows, relapsed into silence.

5. We looked anxiously toward the tent. It was about one hundred yards distant. Meanwhile, the gusts grew hotter and more violent, and it was only by repeated efforts that we could urge our beasts forward. The horizon rapidly darkened to a deep violet hue, and seemed to draw in like a curtain on every side.

6. At the same time a stifling blast, as though from some enormous oven opening right on our path, blew steadily under the gloom. Our camels, too, in spite of all we could do, began to turn round and round, and to bend their knees, preparing to lie down. The simoom was fairly upon us.

7. Following our Arab's example, we muffled our faces and forced our struggling animals onward to the tent. We were in time. Just as the worst of the blast was coming, we were prostrate within the tent, with our heads well wrapped up, almost suffocated, but safe; while our camels lay outside, their

long necks stretched out on the sand, awaiting the passing of the gale.

8. We remained thus for about ten minutes, during which a still heat, like that of a red-hot iron slowly passing over us, was alone to be felt. Then the tent walls began again to flap in the returning gusts, announcing that the worst of the simoom had gone by. We got up, half dead with exhaustion, and unmuffled our faces. My comrades appeared more like corpses than living men; and so, I suppose, did I.

9. However, I could not forbear, in spite of warnings, to step out and look at the camels. They were still lying flat as though they had been shot. The air was yet darkish, but it soon brightened up to its usual dazzling clearness. During the whole time that the simoom lasted, the atmosphere was entirely free from sand or dust, so that I hardly know how to account for its singular obscurity.

Adapted from W. G. Palgrave.

XLV.—THE NEW-YEAR.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

2. Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

3. Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.
4. Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.
5. Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.
6. Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.
7. Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.
8. Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Alfred Tennyson.



XLVI.—GRANDFATHER.

GRANDFATHER is old. His back also is bent. In the street he sees crowds of men looking dreadfully young, and walking dreadfully swift. He wonders where all the old folks are. Once, when a boy, he could not find people young enough for him, and sidled up to any young stranger he met on Sundays, wondering why God made the world so old. Now he goes to commencement to see his grandsons take their degree, and is astonished at the youth of the audience. "This is new," he says; "it did not use to be so fifty years before."

2. At meeting, the minister seems surprisingly young, the audience young; and he looks round and is astonished that there are so few venerable heads. The audience seems not decorous; they come in late, and hurry off early, clapping the doors to after them with irreverent bang. But grandfather is decorous, well-mannered, early in his seat; jostled, he jostles not again; elbowed, he returns it not; crowded, he thinks no evil. He is gentlemanly to the rude, obliging to the insolent and vulgar—for grandfather is a gentleman, not puffed up with mere money, but edified with well-grown manliness. Time has dignified his good manners.

3. Now it is night. Grandfather sits by his old-fashioned fire. The family are all abed. He draws his old-fashioned chair nearer to the hearth. On the stand which his mother gave him are the candlesticks, also of old time. The candles are three-quarters burnt down; the fire on the hearth also is low. He has been thoughtful all day, talking half to himself, chanting a bit of verse, humming a

snatch of an old tune. He kissed more tenderly than common his youngest granddaughter, the family pet, before she went to bed. He takes from his bosom a little locket—nobody ever sees it.

4. Therein are two little twists of hair, common hair—it might be yours or mine. But as grandfather looks at them, the outer twist of hair becomes a whole head of most ambrosial curls. He remembers the stolen interviews, the meetings by moonlight, and how sweet the evening star looked, and how he laid his hand on another's shoulder. "You are my evening star," quoth he. He remembers—

"The fountain head and pathless groves,
Places that pale Passion loves."

He thinks of his bridal hour.

5. The last stick on his andirons snaps asunder, and falls outward. Two faintly smoking brands stand there. Grandfather lays them together, and they flame up; the two smokes are one united flame. "Even so let it be in heaven," says grandfather.

Theodore Parker.

EXERCISES IN INFLECTION.

1. He wonders where all the *old folks* are.
2. "*This is new*," he says.
3. The minister seems *surprisingly young*, the *audience young*.
4. *Elbowed*, he returns it *not*; *crowded*, he thinks no *evil*.
5. He takes from his bosom a *little locket*—nobody ever *sees* it.
6. Two faintly smoking *brands* stand there.
7. "*Even so* let it be in *heaven*," says grandfather.

XLVII.—SELECTIONS IN VERSE.

MERCY.

THE quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronéd monarch better than his crown:
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above the sceptered sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice.

Shakespeare.

HOW TO LIVE.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Bryant.

THE HOUSE OF GOD.

The holy Nanac on the ground, one day,
Reclining, with his feet toward Mecca, lay,

A passing Moslem priest, offended, saw,
And, flaming for the honor of his law,
Exclaimed, "Base infidel, thy prayers repeat!
Toward Allah's house how dar'st thou turn thy feet?"
Before the Moslem's shallow accents died,
The pious but indignant Nanac cried,
"And turn them, if thou canst, toward any spot
Wherein the awful house of God is *not*."

• THE MILD REBUKE.

A blind man, fallen in the night,
Cried for some one to bring a light.
A scoffer jeered from folly's camp:
"Thou canst not even see the lamp,
Much less discern things by its beams;
And so thy cry is vain, it seems."
The blind man straightway made reply:
"To you it seemeth vain; but I
Conclude that, if a torch were here,
Its blaze making the whole place clear,
The first good man that happened by,
Would lead me where my way doth lie."

LIFE.

Life's more than breath, and the quick round of
blood;
'Tis a great spirit and a busy heart.
We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs. He most
lives,
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

P. J. Bailey.

A MOONLIGHT NIGHT.

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full-orbed glory yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky:
How beautiful is night!

Southey.

DEATH.

How wonderful is death,
Death and his brother Sleep!
One, pale as yonder waning moon,
With lips of lurid blue;
The other, rosy as the morn
When throned on ocean's wave,
It blushes o'er the world:
Yet both are passing wonderful!

Shelley.

XLVIII.—A COURTEOUS MOTHER.

DURING the whole of one of last summer's hottest days, I had the good fortune to be seated in a railway car near a mother and four children, whose relations with each other were so beautiful that the pleasure of watching them was quite enough to make one forget the discomforts of the journey.

2. It was plain that they were poor; their clothes

were coarse and old, and had been made by inexperienced hands. The mother's bonnet alone would have been enough to have condemned the whole party on any of the world's thoroughfares; but her face was one which gave you a sense of rest to look upon—it was so earnest, tender, true, and strong. The children—two boys and two girls—were all under the age of twelve, and the youngest could not speak plainly.

3. They had had a rare treat; they had been visiting the mountains, and they were talking over all the wonders they had seen with a glow of enthusiastic delight which was to be envied. In the course of the day, there were many occasions when it was necessary for her to deny requests, and to ask services, especially from the oldest boy; but no young girl, anxious to please a lover, could have done either with a more tender courtesy. She had her reward; for no lover could have been more tender and manly than was this boy of twelve.

4. Their lunch was simple and scanty; but it had the graces of a royal banquet. At the last, the mother produced three apples and an orange, of which the children had not known. All eyes fastened on the orange. It was evidently a great rarity. I watched to see if this test would bring out selfishness. There was a little silence—just the shade of a cloud. The mother said: "How shall I divide this? There is one for each of you; and I shall be best off of all, for I expect big tastes from each."

5. "Oh, give Annie the orange. Annie loves oranges," spoke out the oldest boy, with the sudden air of a conqueror, at the same time taking the *smallest* and worst apple himself. "Oh, yes, let

Annie have the orange," echoed the second boy, nine years old.

"Yes, Annie may have the orange, because that is nicer than the apples, and she is a lady, and her brothers are gentlemen," said the mother, quietly.

6. Then there was a merry contest as to who should feed the mother with largest and most frequent mouthfuls. Then Annie pretended to want apple, and exchanged thin, golden strips of orange for bites out of the cheeks of Baldwins. As I sat watching her intently, she sprang over to me, saying: "Don't you want a taste, too?" The mother smiled, understandingly, when I said: "No, I thank you, you dear, generous little girl; I don't care about oranges."

7. At noon, we had a tedious interval of waiting at a dreary station. We sat for two hours on a narrow platform, which the sun had scorched till it smelt of heat. The oldest boy held the youngest child, and talked to her, while the tired mother closed her eyes and rested. The two other children were toiling up and down the banks of the railroad track, picking ox-eye daisies, buttercups, and sorrel. They worked like beavers, and soon the bunches were almost too big for their little hands.

8. Then they came running to give them to their mother. "Oh, dear," thought I, "how that poor, tired woman will hate to open her eyes! She never can take those great bunches of common, fading flowers, in addition to all her bundles and bags." I was mistaken.

"Oh, thank you, my darlings! How kind you were! Poor, hot, tired little flowers—how thirsty they look! If they will only keep alive till we get

home, we will make them very happy in some water, won't we? And you shall put one bunch by papa's plate, and one by mine."

9. Then she took great trouble to get a string and tie up the flowers; and then the train came, and we were whirling along again. Soon it grew dark, and little Annie's head nodded. Then I heard the mother say to the oldest boy: "Dear, are you too tired to let little Annie put her head on your shoulder and take a nap? We shall get her home in much better case to see papa, if we can manage to give her a little sleep." How many boys of twelve hear such words as these from tired, overburdened mothers?

10. Soon came the city, the final station, with its bustle and noise. I lingered to watch my happy family, hoping to see the father. "Why, papa is n't here!" exclaimed one disappointed voice after another. "Never mind," said the mother, with a still deeper disappointment in her tone; "perhaps he had to go to see some poor body who is sick."

11. In the hurry of picking up all the parcels, the poor daisies and buttercups were left forgotten in a corner of the rack. I wondered if the mother had not intended this. May I be forgiven for the injustice! A few minutes after, I passed the little group, standing still just outside the station, and heard the mother say: "Oh, my darlings, I have forgotten your pretty flowers. I am so sorry! I wonder if I could find them, if I went back. Will you all stand still and not stir from this spot, if I go?"

12. "Oh, mamma, don't go, don't go. We will get you some more. Don't go," cried all the children. "Here are your flowers, madam," said I. "I *saw that* you had forgotten them, and I took them

as mementos of you and your sweet children." She blushed and looked disconcerted. She was evidently unused to people, and shy with all but her children. However, she thanked me sweetly, and said:

13. "I was very sorry about them. The children took such trouble to get them; and I think they will revive in water. They can not be quite dead." "They will *never* die!" said I, with an emphasis which went from my heart to hers. Then all her shyness fled. She knew me; and we shook hands, and smiled into each other's eyes with the smile of kindred as we parted.

14. As I followed on, I heard the two children, who were walking behind, saying to each other: "Wouldn't that have been too bad? Mamma liked them so much, and we never could have got so many all at once again."

"Yes, you could, too, next summer," said the boy, sturdily.

15. They are sure of their "next summers," I think, all six of those souls—children, and mother, and father. They may never again gather so many daisies and buttercups "all at once." Perhaps some of the little hands have already picked their last flowers. Nevertheless, their summers are certain. Heaven bless them all, wherever they are.

"H. H."

EXERCISES IN INFLECTION.

1. They had been visiting the *mountains*.
2. No *young girl*, anxious to please a *lover*, could have done *either* with a more *tender courtesy*.
3. Oh, give *Annie* the *orange*. *Annie loves oranges*.
4. Don't *you* want a taste, *too*?

5. "Oh, dear," thought I, "how that *poor, tired woman* will *hate to open her eyes*."
 6. You shall put *one* bunch by *papa's* plate, and *one* by *mine*.
 7. Oh, my *darlings*, I have forgotten your *pretty flowers*.
 8. "Yes, you could, too, *next summer*," said the boy, *sturdily*.
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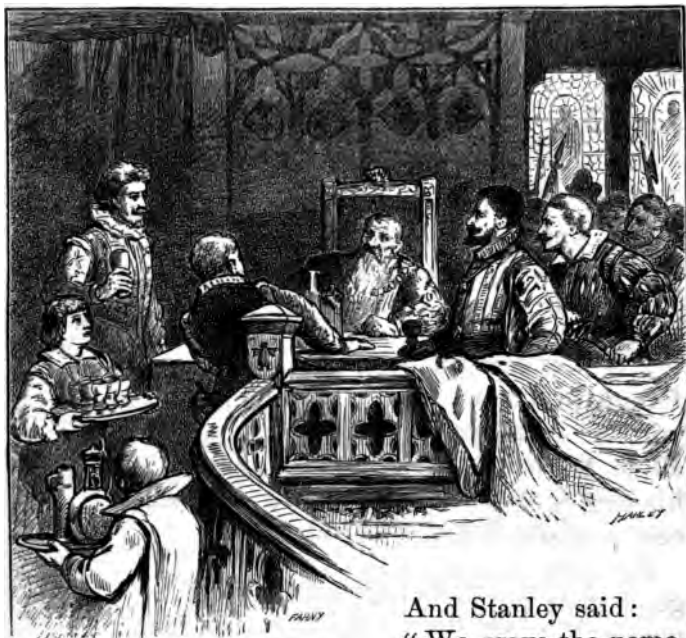
XLIX.—MY MOTHER.

THE feast was o'er. Now brimming wine,
In lordly cup, was seen to shine
Before each eager guest;
And silence filled the crowded hall
As deep as when the herald's call
Thrills in the loyal breast.

2. Then up arose the noble host,
And, smiling, cried: "A toast! a toast!
To all our ladies fair;
Here, before all, I pledge the name
Of Stanton's proud and beauteous dame,
The Lady Gundamere."
3. Quick to his feet each gallant sprang,
And joyous was the shout that rang,
As Stanley gave the word;
And every cup was raised on high,
Nor ceased the loud and gladsome cry
Till Stanley's voice was heard.
4. "Enough, enough," he, smiling, said,
And lowly bent his haughty head;
"That all may have their due,

Now each in turn must play his part
And pledge the lady of his heart,
Like gallant knight and true."

5. Then, one by one, each guest sprang up,
And drained in turn the brimming cup,
And named the loved one's name;
And each, as hand on high he raised,
His lady's grace and beauty praised,
Her constancy and fame.
6. 'Tis now St. Leon's turn to rise;
On him are fixed these countless eyes;
A gallant knight is he;
Envied by some, admired by all,
Far famed in lady's bower and hall,
The flower of chivalry.
7. St. Leon raised his kindling eye,
And held the sparkling cup on high:
"I drink to one," he said,
"Whose image never may depart,
Deep graven on this grateful heart,
Till memory be dead;
8. "To one whose love for me shall last
When lighter passions long have past,
So deep it is, and pure;
Whose love hath longer dwelt, I ween,
Than any yet that pledged hath been
By these brave knights before."
9. Each guest upstarted at the word
And laid a hand upon his sword
With fury-flashing eye;



And Stanley said :
 " We crave the name,

Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,
 Whose love you count so high."

10. St. Leon paused, as if he would
 Not breathe her name in careless mood
 Thus lightly to another ;
 Then bent his noble head, as though
 To give that word the reverence due,
 And gently said, " My mother."

Sir Walter Scott.

EXERCISES.

1. A toast! a toast! to all our ladies fair.
2. "Enough, enough," he, smiling, said.
3. We crave the name, proud knight, of this most *peerless* dame.

L.—A CAUDLE LECTURE.

MR. CAUDLE *has been made a mason.* MRS. CAUDLE *indignant and curious.*

“NOW, Mr. Caudle—Mr. Caudle, I say—oh! you can’t be asleep already, I know—now, what I mean to say is this; there’s no use, none at all, in our having any disturbance about the matter; but, at last, my mind’s made up, Mr. Caudle; I shall leave you. Either I know all you’ve been doing to-night, or to-morrow morning I quit the house.

2. “No, no; there’s an end of the marriage state, I think—an end of all confidence between man and wife—if a husband’s to have secrets and keep ’em all to himself. Pretty secrets they must be, when his own wife can’t know ’em! Not fit for any decent person to know, I’m sure, if that’s the case.

3. “Now, Caudle, don’t let us quarrel, there’s a good soul; tell me what it’s all about. A pack of nonsense, I dare say; still—not that I care much about it—still I *should* like to know. There’s a dear. Eh? Oh, don’t you tell me there’s nothing in it; I know better. I’m not a fool, Mr. Caudle; I know there’s a good deal in it. Now, Caudle, just tell me a little bit of it. I’m sure I’d tell you any thing. You know I would. Well?

4. “Caudle, you’re enough to vex a saint! Now, don’t you think you’re going to sleep; because you’re not. Do you suppose I’d ever suffered you to go and be made a mason, if I didn’t suppose I was to know the secret, too? Not that it’s any thing to know, I dare say; and that’s why I’m determined to know it.

5. “But I know what it is; oh, yes, there can be

no doubt. The secret is, to ill-use poor women; to tyrannize over 'em; to make 'em your slaves—especially your wives. It must be something of the sort, or you would n't be ashamed to have it known. What's right and proper need never be done in secret.

6. "It's an insult to a woman for a man to be a freemason, and let his wife know nothing of it. But, poor soul! she's sure to know it somehow—for nice husbands they all make. Yes, yes; a part of the secret is to think better of all the world than their own wives and families. I'm sure men have quite enough to care for, that is, if they act properly, to care for them they have at home. They can't have much care to spare for the world besides.

7. "And I suppose they call you *Brother Caudle*? A pretty brother, indeed!—going and dressing yourself up in an apron like a turnpike man—for that's what you look like. And I should like to know what the apron's for? There must be something in it not very respectable, I'm sure. Well, I only wish I was Queen for a day or two. I'd put an end to freemasonry and all such trumpery, I know.

8. "Now, come, Caudle; don't let's quarrel. Eh! you're not in pain, dear? What's it all about? What are you lying laughing there at? But I'm a fool to trouble my head about you.

9. "And you're not going to let me know the secret, eh? You mean to say you're not? Now, Caudle, you know it's a hard matter to put me in a passion—not that I care about the secret itself; no, I wouldn't give a button to know it, for it's all nonsense, I'm sure. It is n't the secret I care about; *it's the slight*, Mr. Caudle; it's the studied insult

that a man pays to his wife, when he thinks of going through the world keeping something to himself which he won't let her know.

10. "Man and wife one, indeed! I should like to know how that can be when a man's a mason—when he keeps a secret that sets him and his wife apart? Ha, you men make the laws, and so you take good care to have all the best of 'em to yourselves; otherwise a woman ought to be allowed a divorce when a man becomes a mason; when he's got a sort of corner-cupboard in his heart—a secret place in his mind—that his poor wife is n't allowed to rummage!

11. "Caudle, you sha'n't close your eyes for a week—no, you sha'n't—unless you tell me some of it. Come, there's a good creature; there's a love. I'm sure, Caudle, I would n't refuse you any thing, and you know it, or ought to know it by this time. I only wish I had a secret! To whom should I think of confiding it but to my dear husband? I should be miserable to keep it to myself, and you know it. Now, Caudle?

12. "Was there ever such a man? A man, indeed! A brute!—yes, Mr. Caudle, an unfeeling, brutal creature, when you might oblige me, and you won't. I'm sure I don't object to your being a mason; not at all, Caudle; I dare say it's a very good thing; I dare say it is; it's only your making a secret of it that vexes me. But you'll tell me—you'll tell your own Margaret? You won't! You're a wretch, Mr. Caudle.

13. "But I know why; oh, yes, I can tell. The fact is, you're ashamed to let me know what a fool they've been making of you. That's it. You, &c.

your time of life—the father of a family! I should be ashamed of myself, Caudle.

14. “And I suppose you’ll be going to what you call your lodge every night, now? Lodge, indeed! Pretty place it must be, where they don’t admit women. Nice goings on, I dare say. Then you call one another brethren. Brethren! I’m sure you’d relations enough; you didn’t want any more.

15. “But I know what all this masonry’s about. It’s only an excuse to get away from your wives and families, that you may feast and drink together: that’s all. That’s the secret. And to abuse women—as if they were inferior animals and not to be trusted. That’s the secret, and nothing else.

16. “Now, Caudle, don’t let us quarrel. Yes, I know you’re in pain. Still, Caudle, my love; Caudle! Dearest, I say; Caudle!”

“I recollect nothing more,” says Caudle, “for I had eaten a hearty supper, and somehow became oblivious.”

Douglas Jerrold.

EXERCISES IN INFLECTION.

1. Oh, you *can't* be asleep *already*, I know.
2. There's *no use*, none at *all*, in our having any *disturbance* about the matter.
3. Don't you think you're going to *sleep*, because you're *not*.
4. What's *right* and *proper* need *never* be done in *secret*.
5. A *pretty* brother, *indeed*!
6. I should like to know what the apron's *for*.
7. It is n't the *secret* I care about; it's the *slight*.
8. I'm *sure*, Caudle, I would n't refuse you *any thing*.
9. You *might* oblige me, and you *won't*.
10. *Lodge, indeed*! Pretty place it must be where they don't admit *women*!
11. *That's* the *secret*, and nothing *else*.

LI.—THE RIDDLER.

THERE went a rider on a roan,
By rock and hill, and all alone,
And asked of men these questions three:
“Who may the greatest miller be?
What baker baked ere Adam’s birth?
What washer washes the most on earth?”

2. And still the rider went his way
By cities old and castles gray,
In morning red or moonlight dim,
Unto the sea where ships do swim;
And yet no man could answer him.
3. He reined his horse upon the sand:
“There is no lord in any land
Can answer right my questions three:—
Old fisher, sitting by the sea,
Canst tell me where those craftsmen be?”
4. Then spoke the fisher of the mere:
“The earth is dark, the water clear,
And where the sea against the land
Is grinding rocks and shells to sand,
I see the greatest miller’s hand.
5. “The baker who baked before the morn
When Adam was in Eden born,
Is Heat, that God made long before,
Which dries the sand upon the shore,
And hardens it to rock once more.
6. “And the water, falling night and day,
Is the washer, washing all away;

All melts in time before the rain,
The mountain sinks into the plain:
So the great world comes and goes again."

7. "Thou, Silver Beard, hast spoken well,
With wisdom most commendable;
So bind thee with this golden band!"
The light was red upon the strand;
The rider's road lay dark in-land. *Leland.*
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LII.—JOHN ADAMS AND HIS LATIN.

WHEN I was a boy, I used to study the Latin grammar; but it was dull, and I hated it. My father was anxious to send me to college, and therefore I studied the grammar till I could bear it no longer; and, going to my father, I told him I did not like study, and asked for some other employment.

2. It was opposing his wishes, and he was quick in his answer. "Well, John, if Latin grammar does not suit you, you may try ditching; perhaps *that* will. My meadow yonder needs a ditch, and you may put by Latin, and try that."

3. This seemed a delightful change, and to the meadow I went; but I soon found ditching harder than Latin, and the first forenoon was the longest I had ever experienced. That day I ate the bread of labor, and right glad was I when night came on. That night I made some comparison between Latin and ditching, but said not a word about it.

4. I dug next forenoon, but wanted to return to

Latin at dinner; but it was humiliating, and I could not do it. At night toil conquered pride; and though it was one of the severest trials I ever had in my life, I told my father that, if he chose, I would go back to Latin grammar. He was glad of it; and if I have since gained any distinction, it has been owing to the two days' labor in that abominable ditch.

John Adams.

LIII.—THE DEEP.

THERE'S beauty in the deep :—
The wave is bluer than the sky;
And though the lights shine bright on high,
More softly do the sea-gems glow,
That sparkle in the depths below;
The rainbow's tints are only made
When on the waters they are laid,
And sun and moon most sweetly shine
Upon the ocean's level brine.
There's beauty in the deep.

2. There's music in the deep :—
It is not in the surf's rough roar,
Nor in the whispering shelly shore—
They are but earthly sounds, that tell
But little of the sea-nymph's shell,
That sends its loud, clear note abroad,
Or winds its softness through the flood,
Echoes through groves with coral gay,
And dies, on spongy banks, away.
There's music in the deep.

3. There's quiet in the deep :—
Above let tides and tempests rave,
And earth-born whirlwinds wake the wave ;
Above, let care and fear contend
With sin and sorrow to the end :
Here, far beneath the tainted foam,
That frets above our peaceful home,
We dream in joy, and wake in love,
Nor know the rage that yells above.
There's quiet in the deep. *Brainard.*
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LIV.—THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

John Adams and Thomas Jefferson both died on the same day—July 4, 1826. Shortly afterward, Daniel Webster delivered a funeral oration in Faneuil Hall, in which the following occurs as the *supposed* speech of Adams in favor of the Declaration of Independence.

SINK or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there's a Divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms ; and, blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the Declaration ?

2. Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to *his own life and his own honor* ? Are not you, sir,

who sit in that chair, is not he, our venerable colleague near you, are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws?

3. If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up, the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston Port Bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit.

4. For myself, having twelve months ago, in this place, moved you that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised, for defense of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him. The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence?

5. That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct towards us has been a course of injustice and oppression.

6. Her pride will be less wounded by submitting

to that course of things which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why, then—why, then, sir, do we not as soon as possible change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

7. If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these Colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and can not be eradicated.

8. Read this Declaration at the head of the army—every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit—religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

9. Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs; but I see, I see clearly through this day's business. *You and I*, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to

the time when this Declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

10. But whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured, that this Declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations.

11. On its annual return, they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I begun, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment—*independence, now, and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER.*

Daniel Webster.

EXERCISES IN EMPHASIS.

1. We have but to *reach forth* to it, and it is *ours*.
2. Why, then, should we *defer* the Declaration?
3. *What are you*, what can you *be*, but *outlaws*?
4. If the war must *go on*, why *put off* longer the *Declaration of Independence*?
5. Why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the *benefits* of *victory*, if we *gain* the victory?
6. If we *fail*, it can be no *worse* for us.
7. *You and I*, indeed, may *rue* it. We may *die*; die *colonists*.
8. Through the *thick gloom* of the *present*, I see the *brightness* of the *future*.
9. We shall make this a *glorious*, an *immortal* day.

LV.—SONG OF THE SHIRT.

WITH fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread—
 Stitch! stitch! stitch!
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
 And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,
 She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

2. "Work! work! work!
 While the cock is crowing aloof!
 And work—work—work,
 Till the stars shine through the roof!
 It's oh! to be a slave
 Along with the barbarous Turk,
 Where woman has never a soul to save,
 If this is Christian work!

3. "Work—work—work !
Till the brain begins to swim !
Work—work—work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim !
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam—
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream !
4. "O men, with sisters dear !
O men, with mothers and wives !
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives !
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt—
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt !
5. "But why do I talk of Death—
That phantom of grisly bone ?
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own
Because of the fasts I keep ;
O God ! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap !
6. "Work—work—work !
My labor never flags ;
And what are its wages ? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags ;
That shattered roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there !

7. "Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime!
Work—work—work—
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band—
Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.
8. "Work—work—work,
In the dull December light!
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright!—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the Spring.
9. "Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet!
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal!
10. "Oh! but for one short hour—
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart;
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

11. With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread—
 Stitch! stitch! stitch!
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
 And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch—
 Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
 She sang this “Song of the Shirt!”

Thomas Hood.

EXERCISES IN EMPHASIS.

1. A *woman* sat in *unwomanly* rags.
2. It's oh! to be a *slave*, along with the *barbarous Turk*.
3. It is not *linen* you're wearing out.
4. O God! that *bread* should be *so dear*, and *flesh and blood* so *cheap*!
5. Work—work—work—as *prisoners* work for *crime*!
6. A little *weeping* would *ease my heart*.

LVI.—VEGETABLE RANK.

THE matter of vegetable rank has not been studied as it should be. Why do we respect some vegetables and despise others, when all of them come to an equal honor or ignominy on the table? The bean is a graceful, confiding, engaging vine; but you never can put beans into poetry, nor into the highest sort of prose. There is no dignity in the bean. Corn, which in my garden grows alongside the bean, and, so far as I can see, with no affectation of superiority, is, however, the child of song. It waves in all literature. But mix it with

beans, and its high tone is gone. Succotash is vulgar. It is the bean in it. The bean is a vulgar vegetable, without culture, or any flavor of high society among vegetables.

2. Then there is the cool cucumber, like so many people—good for nothing when it is ripe, and the wildness has gone out of it. How inferior in quality it is to the melon, which grows upon a similar vine; is of a like watery consistency, but is not half so valuable! The cucumber is a sort of low comedian in a company where the melon is a minor gentleman. I might also contrast the celery with the potato. The associations are as opposite as the dining-room of the duchess and the cabin of the peasant. I admire the potato, both in vine and in blossom; but it is not aristocratic.

3. The lettuce is to me a most interesting study. Lettuce is like conversation: it must be fresh and crisp; so sparkling that you scarcely notice the bitter in it. Lettuce, like most talkers, is, however, apt to run rapidly to seed. Blessed is that sort which comes to a head, and so remains, like a few people I know—growing more solid, and satisfactory, and tender at the same time, and whiter at the center, and crisp in their maturity. Lettuce, like conversation, requires a good deal of oil, to avoid friction and keep the company smooth—a pinch of Attic salt, a dash of pepper, a quantity of mustard and vinegar, by all means, but so mixed that you will notice no sharp contrasts, and a trifle of sugar.

4. You can put any thing—and the more things the better—into salad, as into a conversation, but every thing depends upon the skill of mixing. I *feel that I am in the best society when I am with*

lettuce. It is in the select circle of vegetables. The tomato appears well on the table; but you do not want to ask its origin. It is a most agreeable *parvenu*. Of course, I have said nothing about the berries. They live in another and more ideal region, except, perhaps, the currant. Here we see that, even among berries, there are degrees of breeding. The currant is well enough, clear as truth, and exquisite in color; but I ask you to notice how far it is from the exclusive *hauteur* of the aristocratic strawberry, and the native refinement of the quietly elegant raspberry.

Charles Dudley Warner.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

1. Why do we respect *some* vegetables and despise *others*?
2. You never can put *beans* into *poetry*, nor into the *highest sort of prose*.
3. There is no *dignity* in the *bean*.
4. *Lettuce* is like *conversation*: it must be *fresh* and *crisp*.
5. You can put *any thing*—and the *more things the better*—into *salad*.
6. Even among *berries*, there are *degrees of breeding*.

LVII.—THE JESTER CONDEMNED.

ONE of the kings of Scanderoon,
 A royal jester,
 Had in his train, a gross buffoon,
 Who used to pester
 The court with tricks inopportune,
 Venting on the highest folks his
 Scurvy pleasantries and hoaxes.

2. It needs some sense to play the fool ;
Which wholesome rule
Occurred not to our jackanapes,
Who consequently found his freaks
Lead to innumerable scrapes,
And quite as many kicks and tweaks,
Which only seemed to make him faster
Try the patience of his master.
3. Some sin, at last, beyond all measure,
Incurred the desperate displeasure
Of his serene and raging highness :
Whether he twitched his most revered
And sacred beard,
Or had intruded on the shyness
Of the seraglio, or let fly
An epigram at royalty,
None knows:—his sin was an occult one ;
But records tell us that the sultan,
Meaning to terrify the knave,
Exclaimed : “ ’T is time to stop that breath ;
Thy doom is sealed :—presumptuous slave !
Thou stand’st condemned to certain death.
Silence, base rebel !—no replying !—
But such is my indulgence still,
That of my own free grace and will,
I leave to thee the mode of dying.”
4. “ Thy royal will be done—’t is just,”
Replied the wretch, and kissed the dust ;
“ Since, my last moments to assuage,
Your majesty’s humane decree
Has deigned to leave the choice to me,
I’ll die, so please you, of old age !”

Horace Smith.

LVIII.—THE PARISH STOCKS.

IT was moss-grown; it was worm-eaten; it was broken right in the middle; through its four socketless eyes, neighbored by the nettle, peered the thistle—the thistle!—a forest of thistles!—and to complete the degradation of the whole, those thistles had attracted the donkey of an itinerant tinker; and the irreverent animal was in the very act of taking his luncheon out of the eyes and jaws of—the parish stocks.

2. 'Squire Haseldean looked as though he could have beaten the parson; but as he was not without some slight command of temper, and a substitute was luckily at hand, he gulped down his resentment and made a rush at the donkey.

3. Now, the donkey was hampered by a rope to his forefeet, to the which was attached a billet of wood, called technically "a clog," so that it had no fair chance of escape from the assault its sacrilegious luncheon had justly provoked. But, the animal turning round with unusual nimbleness at the first stroke of the cane, the 'squire caught his foot in the rope, and went head over heels among the thistles.

4. The donkey gravely bent down, and thrice smelt or sniffed its prostrate foe; then, having convinced itself that it had nothing further to apprehend for the present, and very willing to make the best of the reprieve, according to the poetical admonition, "Gather your rosebuds while you may," it cropped a thistle in full bloom, close to the ear of the 'squire—so close, indeed, that the parson thought the ear was gone; and with the more probability, inasmuch as the 'squire, feeling the warm breath of the creature,

bellowed out with all the force of lungs accustomed to give a view-halloo :

5. "Bless me, is it gone?" said the parson, thrusting his person between the donkey and the 'squire.

"Zounds!" cried the 'squire, rubbing himself as he rose to his feet.

"Hush!" said the parson, gently.

"If you had my nankeens on," said the 'squire, still rubbing himself, "and had fallen into a thicket of thistles with a donkey's teeth within an inch of your ear"—

6. "It is not gone, then?" interrupted the parson.

"No—that is, I think not," said the 'squire, dubiously; and he clapped his hand to the organ in question. "No, it is not gone."

"Thank Heaven," said the good clergyman, kindly.

7. "Hum!" growled the 'squire, who was now once more engaged in rubbing himself. "Thank Heaven, indeed, when I am as full of thorns as a porcupine. I should like to know what use thistles are in the world."

"For the donkeys to eat, if you will let them, 'squire," answered the parson.

8. "Ugh, you beast," cried Mr. Haseldean, all his wrath re-awakened, whether by reference to the donkey species, or his inability to reply to the parson, or, perhaps, by some sudden prick too sharp for humanity—especially humanity in nankeens—to endure without kicking. "Ugh, you beast!" he exclaimed, shaking his cane at the donkey, which, at the interposition of the parson, had respectfully recoiled a few paces, and now stood switching its thin tail, and trying vainly to lift one of its forelegs—for the flies teased it.

9. "Poor thing!" said the parson, pityingly. "See, it has a raw place on the shoulder, and the flies have found out the sore."

"I am glad to hear it," said the 'squire, vindictively.

"Fie, fie!" said the parson.

"It is very well to say, 'Fie, fie.' It was not you who fell among the thistles. What's the man about now, I wonder?"

10. The parson had walked toward a chestnut tree that stood on the village green; he broke off a bough, returned to the donkey, whisked away the flies, and then tenderly placed the broad leaves over the sore, as a protection from the swarms. The donkey turned round its head and looked at him with mild wonder.

11. "I would bet a shilling," said the parson, softly, "that this is the first act of kindness thou hast met with this many a day. And slight enough it is, Heaven knows." With that the parson put his hand into his pocket and drew out an apple. It was a fine, large, rose-cheeked apple, one of the last winter's store, from the celebrated tree in the parsonage garden, and he was taking it as a present to a little boy in the village who had notably distinguished himself in the Sunday-school.

12. "Nay, in common justice, Lenny Fairfield should have the preference," muttered the parson. The donkey pricked one of its ears, and advanced its head timidly. "But Lenny Fairfield would be as much pleased with two pence; and what could two pence do to thee?" The donkey's nose now touched the apple.

13. "Take it, in the name of Charity," quoth the

parson. "Justice is accustomed to be served last;" and the donkey took the apple. "How had you the heart?" said the parson, pointing to the 'squire's cane. The donkey stopped munching, and looked askant at the 'squire.

14. "Pooh! eat on; he'll not beat thee now."

"No," said the 'squire, apologetically; "but, after all, he is not a donkey of the parish; he is a vagrant, and he ought to be 'pounded.' But the parish pound is in as bad a state as the stocks, thanks to your new-fashioned doctrines."

15. "New-fashioned!" cried the parson, almost indignantly, for he had a great disdain of new fashions. "They are as old as Christianity; nay, as old as Paradise, which you will observe is derived from a Greek, or rather a Persian word, and means something more than 'garden,' corresponding," pursued the parson, rather pedantically, "with the Latin *vivarium*, viz.: grove or park full of innocent dumb creatures. Depend on it, donkeys were allowed to eat thistles there."

16. "Very possibly," said the 'squire, dryly. "But Haseldean, though a very pretty village, is not Paradise. The stocks shall be mended to-morrow—ay, and the pound, too—and the next donkey found trespassing shall go into it, as sure as my name's Haseldean."

"Then," said the parson, gravely, "I can only hope that the next parish may not follow your example; or that you and I may never be caught straying."

E. Bulwer Lytton.

LIX.—THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET.

O'ER a low couch the setting sun
Had thrown its latest ray,
Where in his last strong agony
A dying warrior lay,
The stern old Baron Rudiger,
Whose frame had ne'er been bent
By wasting pain, till time and toil
Its iron strength had spent.

2. "They come around me here, and say
My days of life are o'er,
That I shall mount my noble steed
And lead my band no more;
They come, and to my beard they dare
To tell me now, that I,
Their own liege lord and master born,—
That I—ha! ha!—must die.
3. "And what is death? I've dared him oft
Before the Paynim spear,—
Think ye he's entered at my gate,
Has come to seek me here?
I've met him, faced him, scorned him,
When the fight was raging hot,—
I'll try his might, I'll brave his power;
Defy, and fear him not.
4. "Ho! sound the tocsin from my tower,
And fire the culverin,—
Bid each retainer arm with speed;
Call every vassal in;

- Up with my banner on the wall,
The banquet board prepare,—
Throw wide the portal of my hall,
And bring my armor there.”
5. A hundred hands were busy then,
The banquet forth was spread,—
And rung the heavy oaken floor
With many a martial tread,
While from the rich, dark tracery
Along the vaulted wall,
Lights gleamed on harness, plume, and spear,
O’er the proud old Gothic hall.
6. Fast hurrying through the outer gate,
The mailed retainers poured,
On through the portal’s frowning arch,
And thronged around the board;
While at its head, within his dark,
Carved, oaken chair of state,
Armed *cap-a-pie*, stern Rudiger,
With girded falchion, sate.
7. “Fill every beaker up, my men,
Pour forth the cheering wine;
There’s life and strength in every drop,—
Thanksgiving to the vine!
Are ye all there, my vassals true?
Mine eyes are waxing dim;
Fill round, my tried and fearless ones,
Each goblet to the brim.
8. “Ye’re there, but yet I see ye not;
Draw forth each trusty sword,

And let me hear your faithful steel
 Clash once around my board.
 I hear it faintly—louder yet!—
 What clogs my heavy breath?
 Up all, and shout for Rudiger,
 Defiance unto Death!”

9. Bowl rang to bowl, steel clanged to steel,
 And rose a deafening cry
 That made the torches flare around,
 And shook the flags on high:
 “Ho! cravens, do you fear him?
 Slaves, traitors! have ye flown?
 Ho! cowards, have ye left me
 To meet him here alone?”

10. “But *I* defy him:—let him come!”
 Down rang the massy cup,
 While from its sheath the ready blade
 Came flashing half way up;
 And with the black and heavy plumes
 Scarce trembling on his head,
 There, in his dark, carved, oaken chair,
 Old Rudiger sat, *dead*.

Albert G. Greene.

EXERCISES IN INFLECTION.

1. In his *last strong agony*, a dying warrior lay.
2. They tell me that *I*—ha! ha!—must die.
3. I'll *brave* his power; *defy*, and *fear* him not.
4. Are ye *all* there, my *vassals true*? Mine *eyes* are waxing *dim*.
5. Ye're *there*, but yet I *see* ye not. Draw forth each trusty sword.
6. Ho! cravens, do you *fear* him? Slaves, traitors! have ye *flown*?

LX.—THE DUEL.

IN the morning he accepted the challenge. Having the right to name the weapons, he named the small sword. When the colonel heard this, with a touch of feeling, which all his bitterness could not quite extinguish, he said: "Does the moth know he is fluttering into the flame?" When the ground was chosen, and the champions stood armed and ready, the ensign suddenly lowered his sword-point, and, addressing his antagonist, said:

2. "Sir, I am here under compulsion, merely. I do not consent to this practice. To me it is absurd as it is wicked. It settles no right, and it redresses no wrong. Let me say, then, that if my patience has given way under my persecutions, and if I have, by a hasty word or act, justly offended you, I am willing to retract it. What is your complaint?"

3. "Young man, I came here not to preach, but to fight. I came here, not to confer with you about nice points in casuistry, but to punish your impudence; but, if you have no relish for that, I will spare your life, on condition that you leave the army. Take your choice." The ensign's answer was prompt and firm: "You will have it so—I am guiltless," and the fencing began.

4. The seconds and witnesses had never seen such a display of skill, and they never dreamed of such a result. In five minutes the colonel was *disarmed*, and at the mercy of the insulted and outraged *boy*! Heated by the struggle, and excited by the imminent peril and bloody bitterness and fury of his enemy, the ensign turned from him somewhat haughtily, *with*: "I have taught you a lesson in sword-play,

and now I will set you another, which you need more—an example of moderation in success.”

5. The colonel's mortification and rage seemed to know no bounds. “I accept no favors from such a canting, phrase-making sentimentalist—such a mere fencing-master—such a trickster and conjuring sword-player as you are,” the colonel burst out through his grinding teeth. “You knew well what you were about when you chose those toys to play tricks with. If you have a sentiment of honor left in you, let me have pistols. I tell you this quarrel is not made up. I will not have my life at your gift. You shall take it, or I will take yours. The quarrel is to the death, and there is a blow to clench it,” striking a blow at the ensign, which he avoided with equal coolness and dexterity.

6. The seconds interfered, and even the spectators cried shame; but it was clear enough that blood must flow before the parties should quit the field. The ensign's second, carried away by the excitement, urged him to accept the new challenge, or change of conditions, for he despaired of any other adjustment.

7. “Will nothing satisfy this madman but my life?” said the young officer, deeply agitated. “You have made him mad,” said the second, “and there is nothing left for it but a fatal issue. You have the right to refuse, having already spared his life, and I will sustain you; but I do not advise it, for it will be unavailing in the end.”

8. “I have gone too far,” replied the ensign, sadly, “too far from the line of strict principle to recover it now. I can not any longer say that I am opposed to fighting; I have broken down that defense by yielding to an expediency which I thought a safe one.

Oh, it is horrible! I did not dream this morning that I might die a fool's death to-day."

9. "You will accept the offer," hastily interposed the second; "you must be a good shot, with such an eye and hand, and such self-possession as you have shown to-day. If your pistol matches your sword, you can not miss him; and upon my soul he deserves it, and I say let him have it. You accept."

10. The ensign stood silent. The ground was measured, the pistols prepared, and the combatants stationed. The word was given—one—two—three. The colonel's pistol was discharged at the instant, and the ensign stood untouched. He had reserved his fire, and had the right now to take deliberate aim. Steadily he raised the deadly weapon till it bore point blank upon the colonel's heart, and there it rested a moment in terrible suspense; not a nerve quivered, not a limb trembled in either, and the spectators held their breath hushed as the death they waited for.

11. But suddenly wheeling, the ensign marked a post in a different direction, at twice the distance of his antagonist, and, pulling the trigger, delivered the ball in it, breast-high. It was a center shot, and instantly fatal if a living man had stood there. The next instant, throwing down the pistol with decision that could not be mistaken, he cried out: "I will go no further in this wicked folly. If there is nothing left for me but murder or submission, I will submit."

12. The grandeur of his position was too striking now to be mistaken or denied. The colonel was the first to acknowledge it. Twice within the hour he owed his life to the magnanimity of a man he had so

much abused. That man stood now vindicated, even by the hard laws of war and honor. He was neither a trickster nor a coward. Possibly the colonel felt something of the higher nobility of the young man's principles, but I will not be sure of that. He found him brave and generous, and that was enough, without looking deeper for the hidden springs of the nobler life within him.

13. Advancing to him, he offered his hand, apologized frankly for all his misconduct, acknowledged his misconception of the character which he had put to so severe a trial, and added that he was willing to owe his life to "the bravest man he had ever met, either as friend or foe."

14. "Brave!" said the young man, with the color mounting to cheek and brow. "Brave! Colonel—pardon me—Heaven pardon me! True bravery consists in refusing to fight altogether. But I have betrayed a principle which I should have valued more than life; I have risked my life—not for a principle, but to satisfy a caprice. I am the miserable hero of a miserable falsehood, instead of the martyr of a great truth. I have lost confidence in myself, and men's praises only mock me."

Adapted from W. Elder.

EXERCISES IN INFLECTION.

1. Does the *moth* know he is fluttering into the *flame*?
2. To *me* it is *absurd*, as it is *wicked*.
3. I came here *not to preach*, but to *fight*.
4. *You* shall take *it*, or *I* will take *yours*.
5. "I have gone *too far*," replied the ensign, sadly.
6. *True* bravery consists in *refusing* to fight *altogether*.

LXI.—INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

YOU know, we French stormed Ratisbon :
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day ;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

2. Just as perhaps he mused, " My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader, Lannes,
Waver at yonder wall,"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping ; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.
3. Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy :
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.
4. " Well," cried he, " Emperor, by God's grace,
We've got you Ratisbon !
The marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon

To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

5. The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes:
"You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, sire!" and, his chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead. *Robert Browning.*
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LXII.—THE WORSTED THREAD.

THE tall chimney of the chemical works had been carried up two hundred and eighty feet, and the scaffolding was to be taken away. Tom Howard's father was the last of the workmen to come down; and, by some oversight, the rope by which he was to descend had slipped off from the top, and there he was, night coming on, with no means of reaching the ground.

2. A crowd soon collected; and Tom ran home to tell his mother of his father's danger. She hastened to the place, and, with a clear, full voice, cried out to him to take off a stocking and unravel it carefully, and, by means of a bit of mortar at the end, to let the thread down slowly. While he was doing this, the thoughtful woman sent to a neighboring shop for a ball of twine.

3. Presently the end of the stocking thread came down along the side of the tall chimney, waving back and forth in the wind. As soon as it reached the ground, she tied it to the end of the twine, and, taking the ball in her hand, called out to her husband to draw up the thread.

4. As he drew it up, she unrolled the ball carefully, until the cry was heard, "He's got it! he's got it!" "Now hold the string fast, and pull it up," cried she. The string grew heavy and hard to pull; for Tom and his mother had fastened the end of a thick rope to it.

5. They watched it gradually and slowly uncoiling, as the string was drawn higher and higher. At length, there was but one coil left. The rope had reached the top of the chimney. "Thank God! thank God!" exclaimed the wife. She hid her face in her hands in silent prayer.

6. The rope had been drawn up; but would her husband be able to make use of it? Would not the terror of the past hour have so unnerved him as to prevent him from properly fastening the rope, or from making the exertion necessary to secure his safety in the descent? She did not know the magic influence which her presence and her few words had exercised over him. She did not know the strength with which the sound of her voice, so calm and firm, had filled him.

7. The little thread that carried him the hope of life once more, had conveyed to him some portion of that faith in God which dwelt in her true heart. She did not know that, as he waited there, the words came to him, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? Hope thou in God." She could do nothing more for

him, and her heart rested on God as on a firm and steadfast rock.

8. There was a great shout. "He's safe, mother! he's safe!" cried Tom. "Thou'st saved me, Mary," said her husband, folding her in his arms. And that night, in their happy home, they poured forth their thanks to God for his great goodness.

LXIII.—VIRTUE.

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky!
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

2. Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in the grave,
And thou must die.

3. Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
Thy music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

4. Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

George Herbert.

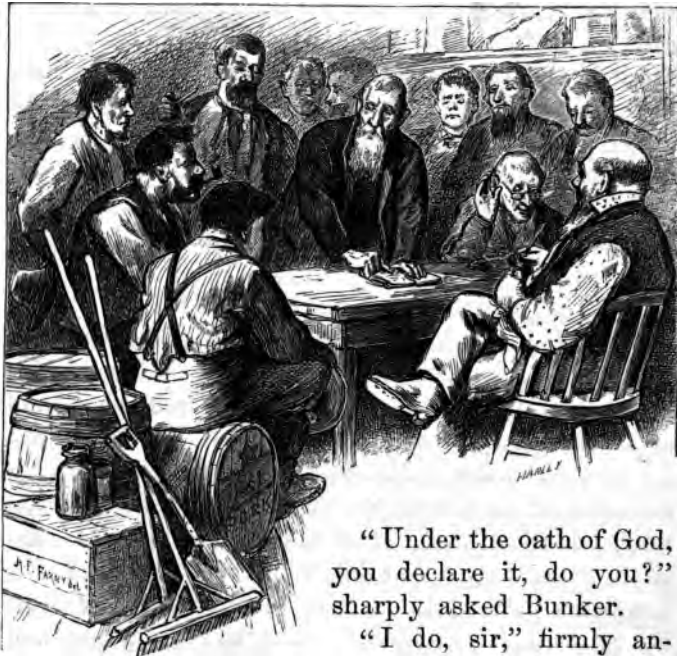
LXIV.—BUNKER'S LAWSUIT.

THE parties were now called and sworn; when Bunker proceeded at once to the merits of his case. He produced and spread open his account-book, and then went on to show his manner of charging, which was wholly by hieroglyphics, generally designating the debtor by picturing him out, at the top of the page, with some peculiarity of his person or calling.

2. In the present case, the debtor, who was a cooper, was designated by the rude picture of a man in the act of hooping a barrel; and the article charged—there being but one item in the account—was placed immediately beneath, and represented by a shaded, circular figure, which the plaintiff said was intended for a cheese that had been sold to the defendant some years before.

3. "Now, Mr. Justice," said Bunker, after explaining, in a direct, off-hand manner, his peculiar method of book-keeping;—"now, the article here charged, the man had—I will, and do swear to it; for here it is in black and white: and I having demanded my pay, and he having not only refused it, but denied ever buying the article in question, I have brought this suit to recover my just dues. And now I wish to see if he will get up here in court and deny the charge under oath. If he will, let him; but may the Lord have mercy on his soul!"

4. "Well, sir," replied the defendant, promptly rising, "you shall not be kept from having your wish a minute; for I here, under oath, do swear that I never bought or had a cheese of you in my life."



"Under the oath of God, you declare it, do you?" sharply asked Bunker.

"I do, sir," firmly answered the other.

"Well, well!" exclaimed the former, with looks of utter astonishment, "I would not have believed that there was a man in all this country who would dare to do that!"

5. After the parties had been indulged in the usual amount of sparring for such occasions, the justice interposed, and suggested that, as the oaths of the parties were at complete issue, the evidence of the book itself, which he seemed to think was entitled to credit, would turn the scale in favor of the plaintiff, unless the defendant could produce some rebutting testimony.

6. Upon this hint, the latter called up two of his

neighbors, who testified in his behalf, that he himself always made a sufficient supply of cheese for his family; and they were further knowing that, on the year of the alleged purchase, instead of buying, he actually sold a considerable quantity of the article. This evidence seemed to settle the question in the mind of the justice; and he now soon announced that he felt bound to give judgment to the defendant for his costs.

7. "Judged and sworn out of the whole of it, as I am a sinner!" cried the disconcerted Bunker, after sitting a moment, working his rough features in indignant surprise; "yes, fairly sworn out of it, and saddled with a bill of costs, to boot! But I can pay it; so reckon it up, Mr. Justice, and we will have it all squared on the spot. And, on the whole, I am not so sure but a dollar or two is well spent, at any time, in finding out a fellow to be a scoundrel who has been passing himself off among people for an honest man," he added, pulling out his purse, and angrily dashing the required amount down upon the table.

8. "Now, Bill Bunker," said the defendant, after very coolly pocketing his costs, "you have flung out a good deal of your stuff here, and I have borne it without getting angered a particle; for I saw all the time that you—correct as folks generally think you—that you didn't know what you were about. But now it's all fixed and settled, I'm just going to convince you that I am not quite the one that has sworn to a perjury in this business."

9. "Well, we will see," rejoined Bunker, eyeing his opponent with a look of mingled doubt and defiance. "Yes, we *will* see," responded the other,

determinedly; "we will see if we can't make you eat your own words. But I want first to tell you where you missed it. When you dunned me, Bunker, for the pay for a cheese, and I said I never had one of you, you went off a little too quick; you called me a liar before giving me a chance to say another word. And then I thought I would let you take your own course, till you took that name back. If you had held on a minute, without breaking out so upon me, I should have told you all how it was, and you would have got your pay on the spot; but"—

10. "Pay!" fiercely interrupted Bunker; "then you admit you had the cheese, do you?" "No, sir; I admit no such thing," quickly rejoined the former; "for I still say I never had a cheese of you in the world; but I *did* have a small grindstone of you at the time, and at just the price you have charged for your supposed cheese; and here is your money for it, sir. Now, Bunker, what do you say to that?"

11. "Grindstone—cheese—cheese—grindstone!" exclaimed the now evidently nonplused and doubtful Bunker, taking a few rapid strides about the room, and occasionally stopping at the table to scrutinize anew his hieroglyphic charge. "I must think this matter over again. Grindstone—cheese—cheese—grindstone! Ah! I have it; but may God forgive me for what I have done! It *was* a grindstone; but I forgot to make a hole in the middle for the crank!"

D. P. Thompson.



LXV.—DRIFTING.

MY soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My wingéd boat,
A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote:

2. Round purple peaks
 It sails, and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
 Where high rocks throw,
 Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.
3. In lofty lines,
 'Mid palms and pines,
And olives, aloes, elms, and vines,
 Sorrento swings
 On sunset wings,
Where Tasso's spirit soars and sings.
4. Far, vague, and dim,
 The mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
 With outstretched hands,
 The gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.
5. Here Ischia smiles
 O'er liquid miles;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,

Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

6. I heed not, if
 My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;
 With dreamful eyes,
 My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.
7. Under the walls,
 Where swells and falls
The bay's deep breast at intervals,
 At peace I lie,
 Blown softly by,
A cloud upon this liquid sky.
8. The day, so mild,
 Is Heaven's own child,
With earth and ocean reconciled;
 The airs I feel
 Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.
9. Over the rail
 My hand I trail,
Within the shadow of the sail;
 A joy intense,
 The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.
10. With dreamful eyes,
 My spirit lies
Where summer sings and never dies;

O'erveiled with vines,
She glows and shines
Among her future oils and wines.

11. Her children, hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gamboling with the gamboling kid;
Or down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like water-falls.
12. The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips,
Sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.
13. Yon deep bark goes
Where Traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows;
This happier one,
Its course is run,
From lands of snow to lands of sun.
14. Oh, happy ship!
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!
Oh, happy crew!
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!
15. No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!

With dreamful eyes,
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!

T. B. Read.

LXVI.—WIT AND HUMOR.

WIT was originally a general name for all the intellectual powers, meaning the faculty which kens, perceives, knows, understands; it was gradually narrowed in its signification to express merely the resemblance between ideas; and, lastly, to note that resemblance when it occasioned ludicrous surprise. It marries ideas lying widely apart by a sudden jerk of the understanding. Humor originally meant moisture, a signification it metaphorically retains; for it is the very juice of the mind, oozing from the brain, and enriching and fertilizing wherever it falls.

2. Wit exists by antipathy; humor, by sympathy. Wit laughs *at* things; humor laughs *with* them. Wit lashes external appearances, or cunningly exaggerates single foibles into character; humor glides into the heart of its object, looks lovingly on the infirmities it detects, and represents the whole man. Wit is abrupt, darting, scornful, and tosses its analogies in your face; humor is slow and shy, insinuating its fun into your heart. Wit is negative, analytical, distinctive; humor is creative.

3. The couplets of Pope are witty; but Sancho Panza is a humorous creation. Wit, when earnest, has the earnestness of passion, seeking to destroy; humor has the earnestness of affection, and would

lift up what is seemingly low into our charity and love. Wit, bright, rapid, and blasting as the lightning, flashes, strikes, and vanishes in an instant; humor, warm and all-embracing as the sunshine, bathes its objects in a genial and abiding light.

4. Wit implies hatred or contempt of folly and crime; produces its effects by brisk shocks of surprise; uses the whip of scorpions and the branding-iron—stabs, stings, pinches, tortures, goads, teases, corrodes, undermines; humor implies a sure conception of the beautiful, the majestic, and the true, by whose light it surveys and shapes their opposites. It is a humane influence, softening with mirth the ragged inequalities of existence, promoting tolerant views of life, bridging over the spaces which separate the lofty from the lowly, the great from the humble.

E. P. Whipple.

LXVII.—THE HERITAGE.

THE rich man's son inherits lands
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

2. The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft, white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn;

A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

3. The rich man's son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart, he hears the pants
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy-chair;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

4. What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

5. What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-won merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

6. What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned of being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling, that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

7. Oh, rich man's son! there is a toil
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whitens, soft white hands,—
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.
8. Oh, poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Toil only makes the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.
9. Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-filled past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee. *J. R. Lowell.*

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

1. And *he inherits soft white hands.*
2. A *heritage* one scarce would wish to *hold in fee.*
3. With *sated heart he hears* the pants of toiling hinds with brown arms bare.
4. *Stout muscles* and a *sinewy heart*, a *hardy frame*, a *hardier spirit.*
5. There is *worse weariness than thine.*
6. And *makes rest fragrant and benign.*

LXVIII.—A GOOD INVESTMENT.

“CAN you loan me two thousand dollars to establish myself in a small retail business?” inquired a young man not yet out of his teens, of a middle-aged gentleman, who was poring over a pile of ledgers in the counting-room of one of the largest establishments in Boston. The person addressed turned toward the speaker, and, regarding him for a moment with a look of surprise, inquired: “What security can you give me, Mr. Strosser?”

2. “Nothing but my note,” replied the young man, promptly.

“Which I fear would be below par in market,” replied the merchant, smiling.

“Perhaps so,” said the young man; “but, Mr. Barton, remember that the boy is not the man. The time may come when Hiram Strosser’s note will be as readily accepted as that of any other man.”

3. “True, very true,” replied Mr. Barton, mildly; “but you know business men seldom loan money without adequate security; otherwise they might soon be reduced to penury.”

At this remark the young man’s countenance became deathly pale, and having observed a silence of several moments, he inquired in a voice whose tones indicated his deep disappointment: “Then you can not accommodate me, can you?”

“Call upon me to-morrow and I will give you a reply,” said Mr. Barton; and the young man retired.

4. Mr. Barton resumed his labors at the desk, but his mind was so much upon the boy and his singular errand, that he could not pursue his task with any correctness; and, after having made several sad

blunders, he closed the ledger, and took his hat, and went out. Arriving opposite the store of a wealthy merchant on Milk street, he entered the door.

5. "Good morning, Mr. Hawley," said he, approaching the proprietor of the establishment, who was seated at his desk, counting over his profits.

"Good morning," replied the merchant, blandly; "happy to see you; have a seat? Any news? how's trade?"

6. Without noticing these interrogations, Mr. Barton said: "Young Strosser is desirous of establishing himself in a small retail business in Washington Street, and called this morning to secure of me a loan of two thousand dollars.

"Indeed," exclaimed Mr. Hawley, evidently surprised at this announcement; "but you do not think of loaning that sum, do you?"

7. "I do not know," replied Mr. Barton. "Mr. Strosser is a young man of business talent and strict integrity, and will be likely to succeed in whatever he undertakes."

"Perhaps so," replied Mr. Hawley, doubtfully; "but I am heartily tired of helping to re-establish these young aspirants for commercial honors."

8. "Have you ever suffered any from such a course?" inquired Mr. Barton, at the same time casting a roguish glance at Mr. Hawley.

"No," replied the latter, "for I never felt inclined to make an investment of that kind."

"Then here is a fine opportunity to do so. It may prove better than the stock in the bank. As for myself, I have concluded that, if you will advance him one thousand dollars, I will contribute an equal sum."

9. "Not a single farthing would I advance for such a purpose; and if you make an investment of that kind, I shall consider you very foolish."

Mr. Barton observed a silence of several minutes, and then arose to depart. "If you do not feel disposed to share with me in this enterprise, I shall advance the whole sum myself." Saying which, he left the store. * * *

10. Ten years have passed away since the occurrence of the conversation recorded in the preceding dialogue, and Mr. Barton, pale and agitated, is standing at the same desk as when first introduced to the reader's attention. As page after page of his ponderous ledger was examined, his despair became deeper and deeper, till at last he exclaimed, "I am ruined—utterly ruined!"

"How so?" inquired Hiram Strosser, who entered the counting-room in season to hear Mr. Barton's remark.

11. "The last European steamer brought news of the failure of the house of Perleh, Jackson & Co., London, who are indebted to me in the sum of nearly two hundred thousand dollars. News of the failure has become general, and my creditors, panic-stricken, are pressing in my paper to be cashed. The banks refuse me credit, and I have not the means to meet my liabilities. If I could pass this crisis, perhaps I could rally again; but it is impossible; my creditors are importunate, and I can not much longer keep above the tide," replied Mr. Barton.

12. "What is the extent of your liabilities?" inquired Strosser.

"Seventy-five thousand dollars," said Mr. Barton.

"Would that sum be sufficient to relieve you?"

"It would."

"Then, sir, you shall have it," said Strosser, as he stepped up to the desk, and drew a check for twenty thousand dollars. "Here, take this, and when you need more, do not hesitate to call upon me. Remember that it was from you that I received money to establish myself in business."

13. "But that debt was canceled several years ago," replied Mr. Barton, as a ray of hope shot across his troubled mind.

"True," replied Strosser, "but the debt of gratitude that I owe has never been canceled, and now that the scale is turned I deemed it my duty to come up to the rescue."

14. At this singular turn in the tide of fortune, Mr. Barton fairly wept for joy. His paper was taken up as fast as it was sent in, and in less than a month he had passed the crisis, and stood perfectly safe and secure; his credit increased and his business improved, while several other firms sunk under the blow, and could not rally, among whom was Mr. Hawley, alluded to at the commencement of this article.

15. "How did you manage to keep above the tide?" inquired Mr. Hawley of Mr. Barton, one morning several months after the events last recorded, as he met the latter upon the street, on his way to his place of business.

"Very easily, indeed, I can assure you," replied Mr. Barton.

"Well, do tell me how," continued Mr. Hawley. "I lay claim to a good degree of shrewdness, but *the strongest* exercise of my wits did not save me;

and yet, you, whose liabilities were twice as heavy as my own, have stood the shock, and have come off even bettered by the storm."

16. "The truth is," replied Mr. Barton, "I cashed my paper as soon as it was sent in."

"I suppose so," said Mr. Hawley, regarding Mr. Barton with a look of surprise; "but how did you obtain the funds? As for my part, I could not obtain a dollar credit; the banks refused to take my paper, and my friends even deserted me."

"A little investment I made some ten years ago," replied Mr. Barton, smiling, "has recently proved exceedingly profitable."

"Investment!" echoed Mr. Hawley; "what investment?"

17. "Why, do you not remember how I established young Strosser in business some ten years ago?"

"Oh, yes, yes," replied Mr. Hawley, as a ray of suspicion lit up his countenance; "but what of that?"

"He is now one of the heaviest dry goods dealers in the city; and when this calamity came on, he came forward, and very generously advanced me seventy-five thousand dollars. You know I told you, on the morning I called to offer you an equal share of the stock, that it might prove better than an investment in the bank."

18. During this announcement, Mr. Hawley's eyes were bent intently upon the ground, and, drawing a deep sigh, he moved on, dejected and sad, while Mr. Barton returned to his place of business with his mind cheered and animated by thoughts of his singular investment.

Freeman Hunt.

LXIX.—THE BUGLE CALL.

THE splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

2. Oh, hark, oh, hear: how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going;
Oh, sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of elf-land faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

3. Oh, love, they die in yon rich sky;
They faint on hill, or field, or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying;
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.
Tennyson.

LXX.—A WISH.

MINE be a cot beside the hill;
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

2. The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;

Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

3. Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
In russet gown and apron blue.

4. The village church among the trees,
Where first our marriage vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heaven.

Samuel Rogers.

LXXI.—GEORGE III. AND HIS FAMILY.

OF all the figures in that large family group which surrounds George and his queen, the prettiest, I think, is the father's darling, the princess Amelia, pathetic for her beauty, her sweetness, her early death, and for the extreme passionate tenderness with which her father loved her. This was his favorite amongst all the children: of his sons, he loved the Duke of York best.

2. Burney tells a sad story of the poor old man at Weymouth, and how eager he was to have this darling son with him. The king's house was not big enough to hold the prince; and his father had a portable house erected close to his own, and at huge pains, so that his dear Frederick should be near him. He clung on his arm all the time of his visit: talked to no one else; had talked of no one else for some time. before

3. The Prince, so long expected, stayed but a single night. He had business in London the next day, he said. The dullness of the old king's court stupified York and the other big sons of George III. They frightened the modest little circle with their coarse spirits and loud talk. Of little comfort, indeed, were the king's sons to the king.

4. But the pretty Amelia was his darling; and the little maiden, prattling and smiling in the fond arms of that old father, is a sweet image to look on. Ere she was dead the agonized father was in such a state, that the officers round about him were obliged to set watchers over him; and from November, 1810, George III. ceased to reign.

5. All the world knows the story of his malady; all history presents no sadder figure than that of the old man, blind and deprived of reason, wandering through the rooms of his palace, addressing imaginary parliaments, reviewing fancied troops, holding ghostly courts. I have seen his picture as it was taken at this time, hanging in the apartment of his daughter. The poor old father is represented in a purple gown, his snowy beard falling over his breast, the star of his famous Order still idly shining on it.

6. He was not only sightless: he became utterly deaf. All light, all reason, all sound of human voices, all the pleasures of this world of God, were taken from him. Some slight lucid moments he had; in one of which, the queen, desiring to see him, entered the room, and found him singing a hymn, and accompanying himself at the harpsichord.

7. When he had finished, he knelt down and prayed aloud for her, and then for his family, and

then for the nation, concluding with a prayer for himself, that it might please God to avert his heavy calamity from him; but if not, to give him resignation to submit. He then burst into tears, and his reason again fled.

8. What preacher need moralize on this story; what words, save the simplest, are requisite to tell it? It is too terrible for tears. The thought of such a misery smites me down in submission before the Ruler of kings and men, the Monarch Supreme over empires and republics, the inscrutable Dispenser of life, death, happiness, victory.

9. "O brothers!" I said to those who heard me first in America—"O brothers! speaking the same dear mother tongue—O comrades! enemies no more, let us take a mournful hand together as we stand by this royal corpse, and call a truce to battle! Low he lies to whom the proudest used to kneel once, and who was cast lower than the poorest—dead, whom millions prayed for in vain.

10. "Driven off his throne; buffeted by rude hands; with his children in revolt; the darling of his old age killed before him untimely; our Lear hangs over her breathless lips and cries: 'Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little!'

"Vex not his ghost—oh! let him pass—he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer!"

11. "Hush! Strife and Quarrel, over the solemn grave! Sound, trumpets, a mournful march. Fall, dark curtain, upon his pageant, his pride, his grief, his awful tragedy."

Adapted from Thackeray.

LXXII.—DOUGLAS AND MARMION.

THE train from out the castle drew ;
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu :—
“ Though something I might plain,” he said,
“ Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king’s behest,
While in Tantallon’s towers I stayed,
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble earl, receive my hand.”

2. But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke :—
“ My manors, halls, and towers, shall still
Be open, at my sovereign’s will,
To each one whom he lists, howe’er
Unmeet to be the owner’s peer.
My castles are my king’s alone,
From turret to foundation-stone—
The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp.”
3. Burned Marmion’s swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And—“ This to me !” he said—
“ And ’t were not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion’s had not spared
To cleave the Douglas’ head !
And, first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England’s message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate :

And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword,)

I tell thee, thou'rt defied!
And if thou saidst I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"

4. On the earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age;
Fierce he broke forth: "And darest thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?—
No, by Saint Bryde of Bothwell, no!—
Up drawbridge, grooms—what, warder, ho!
Let the portecullis fall."

5. Lord Marmion turned—well was his need—
And dashed the rowels in his steed;
Like arrow through the archway sprung;
The ponderous grate behind him rung;
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, razed his plume.
The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembled on the rise;
Nor lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim:
And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
He halts and turns with clenched hand,

And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

6. "Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase!"
But soon he reined his fury's pace:
"A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name.
Saint Mary mend my fiery mood!
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood.
I thought to slay him where he stood.
'Tis pity of him, too," he cried;
"Bold can he speak, and fairly ride—
I warrant him a warrior tried."
With this his mandate he recalls,
And slowly seeks his castle halls.

Scott.

LXXIII.—HENRY OF NAVARRE.

Henry of Navarre was heir presumptive to the throne of France, on the death of Henry III. in 1589. After a nine years' struggle, he was recognized as Henry IV. He was in his fifty-seventh year when assassinated by Ravallac (ră-văl-yăk).

THERE is an ancient street in Paris where a great thoroughfare contracts to a narrow pass. Tall buildings overshadow it, packed from pavement to tiles with human life; and from the dingy front of one of them the sculptured head of a man looks down on the throng that ceaselessly defiles beneath.

2. On the 14th of May, 1610, a ponderous coach, studded with *fleurs-de-lis* and rich with gilding, rolled along this street. In it was a small man, well advanced in life, whose profile once seen could not be forgotten—a hooked nose; a protruding chin; a

brow full of wrinkles; grizzled hair; a short, grizzled beard; and stiff, gray moustaches, bristling like a cat's.

3. One would have thought him some whiskered satyr, grim from the rack of tumultuous years; but his alert, upright port bespoke unshaken vigor, and his clear eye was full of buoyant life. Following on the foot-way strode a tall, strong, and somewhat corpulent man, with sinister, deep-set eyes, and a red beard, his arm and shoulder covered with his cloak.

4. In the throat of the thoroughfare, where the sculptured image of Henry the Fourth still guards the spot, a collision of two carts stopped the coach. Ravallac quickened his pace. In an instant he was at the door; his cloak was dropped; a long knife was in his hand; his foot upon a guard-stone, he thrust his head and shoulders into the coach, and with frantic force stabbed thrice at the king's heart.

5. A broken exclamation, a gasping convulsion; then the grim visage drooped on the bleeding breast. Henry breathed his last, and the hope of Europe died with him.

6. To few has human liberty owed so deep a gratitude or so deep a grudge. Little did he care for creeds or systems. Impressible, quick in sympathy, his grim lip lighted often with a smile, and his war-worn cheek was no stranger to a tear.

7. He forgave his enemies and forgot his friends. Many loved him; none but fools trusted him. Mingled of mortal good and ill, frailty and force, of all the kings who for two centuries and more sat on the throne of France, Henry the Fourth alone was a man.

Adapted from Francis Parkman.

LXXIV.—THE SHEPHERD AND PHILOSOPHER.

REMOTE from cities lived a swain,
Unvexed with all the cares of gain ;
His head was silvered o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage ;
In summer's heat and winter's cold,
He fed his flock and penned his fold :
His hours in cheerful labor flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew :
His wisdom and his honest fame
Through all the country raised his name.

2. A deep philosopher, whose rules
Of moral life were drawn from schools,
The shepherd's homely cottage sought,
And thus explored his reach of thought :
“ Whence is thy learning ? hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil ?
Hast thou old Greece and Rome surveyed,
And the vast sense of Plato weighed ?
Hath Socrates thy soul refined,
And hast thou fathomed Tully's mind ?
Or, like the wise Ulysses, thrown,
By various fates, on realms unknown,
Hast thou through many cities strayed,
Their customs, laws, and manners weighed ? ”
3. The shepherd modestly replied :—
“ I ne'er the paths of learning tried ;
Nor have I roamed in foreign parts
To read mankind, their laws and arts ;
For man is practiced in disguise,
He cheats the most discerning eyes.

Who by that search shall wiser grow,
When we ourselves can never know?
The little knowledge I have gained,
Was all from simple nature drained;
Hence my life's maxims took their rise;
Hence grew my settled hate to vice.

4. "The daily labors of the bee
Awake my soul to industry:
Who can observe the careful ant,
And not provide for future want?
My dog, the trustiest of his kind,
With gratitude inflames my mind;
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my service copy Tray:
In constancy and nuptial love,
I learn my duty from the dove:
The hen, who from the chilly air,
With pious wing, protects her care;
And every fowl that flies at large,
Instructs me in a parent's charge.
5. "From nature, too, I take my rule,
To shun contempt and ridicule;
I never with important air,
In conversation overbear.
Can grave and formal pass for wise,
When men the solemn owl despise?
My tongue within my lips I rein;
For who talks much must talk in vain.
We from the wordy torrent fly—
Who listens to the chattering pye?
Nor would I, with felonious slight,
By stealth invade my neighbor's right.

Rapacious animals we hate;
Kites, hawks, and wolves deserve their fate.

6. "Do not we just abhorrence find
Against the toad and serpent kind?
But Envy, Calumny, and Spite,
Bear stronger venom in their bite.
Thus every object of creation
Can furnish hints to contemplation;
And from the most minute and mean,
A virtuous mind can morals glean."

7. "Thy fame is just," the sage replies,
"Thy virtue proves thee truly wise.
Pride often guides the author's pen;
Books as affected are as men:
But he who studies Nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxim draws;
And those, without our schools, suffice
To make men moral, good, and wise."

John Gay.

EXERCISES IN EMPHASIS.

1. *Long experience* made him *sage*.
2. Hath thy toil o'er *books* consumed the *midnight oil*?
3. Who by that search shall *wiser* grow, when we *ourselves* can never know?
4. My *dog* with *gratitude* inflames my mind.
5. Can *grave* and *formal* pass for *wise*?
6. Who talks *much*, must talk in *vain*.
7. *Rapacious* animals we *hate*.
8. *Books* as *affected* are as *men*.
9. Thy *fame* is just, thy *virtue* proves thee *truly wise*.

LXXV.—MR. AND MRS. TIFFANY.

YOUR extravagance will ruin me, Mrs. Tiffany! *Mrs. Tiffany.* And your stinginess will ruin me, Mr. Tiffany! It is totally impossible to convince you of the necessity of keeping up appearances. There is a certain display which every woman of fashion is forced to make!

Tiffany. And, pray, who made you a woman of fashion?

Mrs. T. What a vulgar question! All women of fashion, Mr. Tiffany—

Tiffany. In this land, are self-constituted, like you, madam; and fashion is the cloak for more sins than charity ever covered! It was for fashion's sake that you insisted upon my purchasing this expensive house; it was for fashion's sake that you ran me in debt at every exorbitant upholsterer's and extravagant furniture warehouse in the city; it was for fashion's sake that you built the ruinous conservatory, hired more servants than they have persons to wait upon, and dressed your footman like a harlequin!

Mrs. T. Mr. Tiffany, you are thoroughly plebeian and insufferably American in your groveling ideas! And, pray, what was the occasion of these remarks? Merely because I requested a paltry fifty dollars to purchase a new style of head-dress, a *bijou* of an article just introduced in France.

Tiffany. Time was, Mrs. Tiffany, when you manufactured your own French head-dresses, took off their first gloss at the public balls, and then sold them to your shortest-sighted customers. And all you knew about France, or French either, was what

you spelt out at the bottom of your fashion plates ; but now you have grown so fashionable, forsooth, that you have forgotten how to speak your mother tongue.

Mrs. T. Mr. Tiffany ! Mr. Tiffany ! Nothing is more positively vulgarian, more unaristocratic, than any allusion to the past !

Tiffany. Why, I thought, my dear, that aristocrats lived principally upon the past, and traded in the market of fashion with the bones of their ancestors for capital !

Mrs. T. Mr. Tiffany, such vulgar remarks are only suitable to the counting-house ; in my drawing room you should—

Tiffany. Vary my sentiments with my locality, as you change your manners with your dress.

Mrs. T. Mr. Tiffany, I desire that you will purchase Count d'Orsay's "Science of Etiquette," and learn how to conduct yourself—especially before you appear at the ball, which I shall give on Friday !

Tiffany. Confound your balls, madam ; they make foot-balls of my money, while you dance away all that I am worth ! A pretty time to give a ball, when you know that I am on the very brink of bankruptcy !

Mrs. T. So much the greater reason that nobody should suspect your circumstances, or you would lose your credit at once. Just at this crisis a ball is absolutely necessary to save your reputation ! There is Mrs. Adolphus Dashaway—she gave the most splendid *fête* of the season ; and I hear, on very good authority, that her husband has not paid his baker's bill in three months. Then there was Mrs. Honeywood—

Tiffany. Gave a ball the night before her husband shot himself. Perhaps you wish to drive me to follow his example?

Mrs. T. Good gracious! Mr. Tiffany, how you talk! I beg you won't mention any thing of the kind. I consider black the most unbecoming color. I'm sure I've done all that I could to gratify you. There is that vulgar old torment, Trueman, who gives one the lie fifty times a day—haven't I been very civil to him?

Tiffany. Civil to his wealth, Mrs. Tiffany! I told you that he was a rich old farmer—the early friend of my father—my own benefactor—and that I had reason to think he might assist me in my present embarrassments. Your civility was bought, and, like most of your purchases, has yet to be paid for.

Mrs. T. And will be, no doubt! the condescension of a woman of fashion should command any price. Mr. Trueman is insupportably indecorous; he has insulted Count Jolimaitre in the most outrageous manner. If the count were not so deeply interested in Seraphina, I am sure he would never honor us by his visits again!

Tiffany. So much the better—he shall never marry my daughter! I am resolved on that. Why, madam, I am told there is in Paris a regular matrimonial stock company, who fit out indigent dandies for this market. How do I know but this fellow is one of its creatures, and that he has come here to increase its dividends by marrying a fortune?

Mrs. T. Nonsense, Mr. Tiffany. The count—the most fashionable young man in all the town—the intimate friend of all the dukes and lords in Europe—not marry my daughter?—not permit Sera-

phina to become a countess? Mr. Tiffany, you are out of your senses!

Tiffany. That would not be very wonderful, considering how many years I have been united to you, my dear. Modern physicians pronounce lunacy infectious.

Anna Cora Ritchie.

EXERCISES IN EMPHASIS.

1. Your *stinginess* will ruin me, Mr. Tiffany.
 2. You are thoroughly *plebeian*, and insufferably *American* in your *groveling ideas*.
 3. A *pretty* time to give a *ball*.
 4. He has come here to *increase* its dividends by *marrying a fortune*.
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LXXVI.—SONG OF THE PIONEERS.

A SONG for the early times out West,
 And our green old forest-home,
 Whose pleasant memories freshly yet
 Across the bosom come:
 A song for the free and gladsome life,
 In those early days we led,
 With a teeming soil beneath our feet,
 And a smiling Heav'n o'erhead!
 Oh, the waves of life danced merrily,
 And had a joyous flow,
 In the days when we were Pioneers,
 Seventy years ago!

2. The hunt, the shot, the glorious chase,
 The captured elk or deer;



The camp, the big, bright fire, and then
The rich and wholesome cheer :—
The sweet, sound sleep, at dead of night,
By our camp-fire, blazing high—
Unbroken by the wolf's long howl,
And the panther springing by.
Oh, merrily passed the time, despite
Our wily Indian foe,
In the days when we were Pioneers,
Seventy years ago !

3. We shunned not labor : when 't was due,
We wrought with right good will;
And for the homes we won for them,
Our children bless us still.
We lived not hermit lives, but oft
In social converse met;
And fires of love were kindled then,
That burn on warmly yet.
Oh, pleasantly the stream of life
Pursued its constant flow,
In the days when we were Pioneers,
Seventy years ago !
4. We felt that we were fellow-men ;
We felt we were a band,
Sustained here in the wilderness
By Heaven's upholding hand.
And when the solemn Sabbath came,
Assembling in the wood,
We lifted up our hearts in prayer
To God, the only Good.
Our temples then were earth and sky ;
None others did we know,
In the days when we were Pioneers,
Seventy years ago !
5. Our forest-life was rough and rude,
And dangers closed us round ;
But here, amid the green old trees,
Freedom was sought and found.
Oft through our dwellings wintery blasts
Would rush with shriek and moan ;
We cared not—though they were but frail,
We felt they were our own !

Oh, free and manly lives we led,
'Mid verdure, or 'mid snow,
In the days when we were Pioneers,
Seventy years ago!

6. But now our course of life is short;
And as, from day to day,
We're walking on with halting step,
And fainting by the way,
Another Land more bright than this
To our dim sight appears,
And on our way to it we'll soon
Again be pioneers!
Yet while we linger, we may all
A backward glance still throw,
To the days when we were Pioneers,
Seventy years ago!

W. D. Gallagher.

LXXVII.—A HAPPY FAMILY.

“I HAVE lost my whole fortune,” said a merchant, as he returned one evening to his home; “we can no longer keep our carriage; we must leave this large house. Yesterday I was a rich man; to-day there is nothing I can call my own.”

2. “Dear husband,” said the wife, “we are still rich in each other and our children. Money may pass away, but God has given us a better treasure in these active hands and loving hearts,”

“Dear father,” said the children, “do not look so sober. We will help you get a living.”

3. “What can you do, poor things?” said he.

"You shall see! you shall see!" answered several voices. "It is a pity if we have been to school for nothing. How can the father of eight children be poor? We shall work and make you rich again."

4. The heart of the husband and father, which had sunk within his bosom like a stone, was lifted up. The sweet enthusiasm of the scene cheered him, and his nightly prayer was like a song of praise.

5. They left their stately house; the servants were dismissed; pictures and plate, rich carpets and furniture were sold, and she who had been the mistress of the mansion shed no tears.

"Pay every debt," said she; "let no one suffer through us, and we may be happy."

6. He rented a neat cottage and a small piece of ground a few miles from the city. With the aid of his sons, he cultivated vegetables for the market. He viewed with delight and astonishment the economy of his wife, nurtured as she had been in wealth, and the efficiency which his daughters soon acquired under her training.

7. The eldest instructed in the household, and also assisted the young children; besides, they executed various works which they had learned as accomplishments, but which they found could be disposed of to advantage. They embroidered with taste some of the ornamental parts of female apparel which were readily sold to a merchant in the city.

8. They cultivated flowers, sent bouquets to market in the cart that contained the vegetables; they plaited straw; they painted maps; they executed plain needle-work. Every one was at her post, busy and cheerful. The little cottage was like a bee-hive.

9. "I never enjoyed such health before," said the

father. "And I never was so happy before," said the mother. "We never knew how many things we could do when we lived in the grand house," said the children, "and we love each other a great deal better here. You call us your little bees." "Yes," replied the father; "and you make just such honey as the heart likes to feed on."

10. Economy, as well as industry, was strictly observed; nothing was wasted; nothing unnecessary was purchased. The eldest daughter became assistant teacher in a distinguished seminary, and the second took her place as instructress in the family.

11. The dwelling, which had always been kept neat, they were soon able to beautify. Its construction was improved, and vines and flowering trees were planted around it. The merchant was happier under his woodbine-covered porch, in a summer's evening, than he had been in his showy dressing-room.

12. "We are now thriving and prosperous," said he; "shall we return to the city?"

"Oh, no!" was the unanimous reply.

"Let us remain," said the wife, "where we have found health and contentment."

13. "Father," said the youngest, "all we children hope you are not going to be rich again; for then," she added, "we little ones were shut up in the nursery, and did not see much of you or mother. Now we all live together, and sister, who loves us, teaches us, and we learn to be industrious and useful. We were none of us happy when we were rich and did not work. So, father, please not to be rich any more."

Mrs. Sigourney.

EXERCISES IN EMPHASIS.

1. We are *still* rich in *each other* and our *children*.
 2. "What can *you* do, poor things?" said he.
 3. We shall *work* and make you *rich* again.
 4. Let no one *suffer* through *us*, and we may be *happy*.
 5. We were *none* of us happy when we were *rich*.
-

LXXVIII.—OUR COUNTRY.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.

2. The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime, the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
3. For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of Nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and scepter, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.
4. Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;

In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;

5. Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land—that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
Oh! thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home.

James Montgomery.

LXXIX.—THE ALARM.

DARKNESS closed upon the country and upon the town, but it was no night for sleep. Heralds on swift relays of horses transmitted the war-message from hand to hand, till village repeated it to village; the sea to the backwoods; the plains to the highlands; and it was never suffered to droop till it had been borne North, and South, and East, and West, throughout the land.

2. It spread over the bays that receive the Saco and the Penobscot. Its loud reveille broke the rest of the trappers of New Hampshire, and, ringing like bugle-notes from peak to peak, overleapt the Green Mountains, swept onward to Montreal, and descended the ocean river, till the responses were echoed from the cliffs of Quebec. The hills along the Hudson told to one another the tale.

3. As the summons hurried to the South, it was one day at New York; in one more at Philadelphia; the next it lighted a watchfire at Baltimore; thence it waked an answer at Annapolis. Crossing the

Potomac near Mount Vernon, it was sent forward without a halt to Williamsburg. It traversed the Dismal Swamp to Nansemond, along the route of the first emigrants to North Carolina.

4. It moved onwards and still onwards, through boundless groves of evergreen, to Newbern and to Wilmington. "For God's sake, forward it by night and by day," wrote Cornelius Harnett, by the express which sped for Brunswick. Patriots of South Carolina caught up its tones at the border, and dispatched it to Charleston, and through pines, and palmettos, and moss-clad live oaks, further to the South, till it resounded among the New England settlements beyond the Savannah.

5. Hillsborough and the Mecklenburg district of North Carolina rose in triumph, now that their wearisome uncertainty had its end. The Blue Ridge took up the voice and made it heard from one end to the other of the valley of Virginia. The Alleghanies, as they listened, opened their barriers that the "loud call" might pass through to the hardy riflemen on the Holston, the Watauga, and the French Broad.

6. Ever renewing its strength, powerful enough even to create a commonwealth, it breathed its inspiring word to the first settlers of Kentucky; so that hunters who made their halt in the matchless valley of the Elkhorn, commemorated the nineteenth day of April by naming their encampment **LEXINGTON**.

7. With one impulse the colonies sprung to arms: with one spirit they pledged themselves to each other, "to be ready for the extreme event." With one heart, the continent cried, "Liberty or death."

George Bancroft.

LXXX.—EVERY DAY.

OH, trifling tasks so often done,
Yet ever to be done anew!
Oh, cares which come with every sun,
Morn after morn, the long years through
We shrink beneath their paltry sway,—
The irksome calls of every day.

2. The restless sense of wasted power,
The tiresome round of little things,
Are hard to bear, as hour by hour
Its tedious iteration brings;
Who shall evade or who delay
The small demands of every day?
3. The boulder in the torrent's course
By tide and tempest lashed in vain,
Obeys the wave-whirled pebble's force,
And yields its substance grain by grain;
So crumble strongest lives away
Beneath the wear of every day.
4. Who finds the lion in his lair,
Who tracks the tiger for his life,
May wound them ere they are aware,
Or conquer them in desperate strife;
Yet powerless he to scathe or slay
The vexing gnats of every day.
5. The steady strain that never stops
Is mightier than the fiercest shock;
The constant fall of water drops
Will groove the adamant rock;

We feel our noblest powers decay,
In feeble wars with every day.

6. We rise to meet a heavy blow—
 Our souls a sudden bravery fills—
But we endure not always so
 The drop-by-drop of little ills;
We still deplore and still obey
The hard behests of every day.
7. The heart which boldly faces death
 Upon the battle-field, and dares
Cannon and bayonets, faints beneath
 The needle-points of frets and cares;
The stoutest spirits they dismay—
The tiny stings of every day.
8. And even saints of holy fame,
 Whose souls by faith have overcome,
Who wore amid the cruel flame
 The molten crown of martyrdom,
Bore not without complaint alway
The petty pains of every day.
9. Ah, more than martyr's aureole,
 And more than hero's heart of fire,
We need the humble strength of soul
 Which daily toils and ills require;—
Sweet Patience! grant us, if you may,
An added grace for every day!

Elizabeth Akers Allen.

LXXXI.—MOSES AT THE FAIR.

The Vicar of Wakefield and his family, having formed the acquaintance of some people of fashion, resolve to sell their colt, and buy a horse, so that they may be able to make more of a figure in public. Moses is the Vicar's oldest son.

AS the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. "No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage. You know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

2. As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to send him to sell the colt and buy a horse; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair—trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in.

3. He had on a coat made of that cloth they called thunder and lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, "Good luck, good luck!" till we could see him no longer. * * *

4. "Never mind our son," cried my wife, as I was wondering what could keep him so late at the fair;

"depend upon it he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen of a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing. But, as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box at his back."

5. As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a peddler. "Welcome, welcome, Moses! Well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?" "I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser. "Ay, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know; but where is the horse?" "I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and two-pence." "Well done, my good boy," returned she; "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and two-pence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it, then."

6. "I have brought back no money," cried Moses again; "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast. "Here they are—a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases." "A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife, in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of paltry green spectacles!"

7. "Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money." "A fig for the silver rims!" cried my wife, in a passion. "I dare

say they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver—five shillings an ounce."

8. "You need be under no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence; for I perceive they are only copper varnished over." "What!" cried my wife, "not silver? the rims not silver?" "No," cried I, "no more silver than your saucepan." "And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases! A murrain take such trumpery! The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better!"

9. "There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong. He should not have known them at all." "Marry! hang the idiot!" returned she, "to bring me such stuff; if I had them I would throw them in the fire." "There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I, "for though they be copper, we will keep them by us; as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

10. By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had indeed been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I, therefore, asked the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent under pretense of having one to sell.

11. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of their value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend,

whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flam-borough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me; and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

12. Our family had now made several attempts to be fine. I endeavored to take advantage of every disappointment to improve their good sense in proportion as they were frustrated in ambition. "You see, my children," cried I, "how little is to be got by attempts to impose upon the world, in coping with our betters. Such as are poor and will associate with none but the rich, are hated by those they avoid and despised by those they follow.

Adapted from Goldsmith.

EXERCISES IN INFLECTION.

1. "No, my *dear*," said she; "our son Moses is a *discreet* boy."
2. Trimming his *hair*, brushing his *buckles*, and cocking his *hat* with pins.
3. I have seen him buy such bargains as would *amaze* one.
4. The silver rims *alone* will sell for *double* the money.

LXXXII.—PICTURES OF MEMORY.

A MONG the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth the best of all:
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;

2. Not for the milk-white lilies
That lean from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland
Where the bright red berries rest,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cowslip,
It seemeth to me the best.
3. I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep—
In the lap of that old dim forest
He lieth in peace asleep:
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And, one of the autumn eves,
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.
4. Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face:
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-top bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

Alice Cary.

LXXXIII.—THE SNOW-STORM.

LITTLE Hannah Lee had left her master's house soon as the rim of the great moon was seen by her eyes, that had been long anxiously watching it from the window, rising, like a joyful dream, over the gloomy mountain-tops; and all by herself she tripped along beneath the beauty of the silent heaven.

2. Still as she kept ascending and descending the knolls that lay in the bosom of the glen, she sang to herself a song, a hymn, or a psalm, without the accompaniment of the streams, now all silent in the frost; and ever and anon she stopped to try to count the stars that lay in some more beautiful part of the sky, or gazed on the constellations that she knew, and called them, in her joy, by the names they bore among the shepherds. There were none to hear her voice or see her smiles but the ear and eye of Providence.

3. As on she glided, and took her looks from heaven, she saw her own little fireside; her parents waiting for her arrival; the Bible opened for worship; her own little room kept so neatly for her, with its mirror hanging by the window, in which to braid her hair by the morning light; her bed prepared for her by her mother's hand; the primroses in her garden peeping through the snow; old Tray, who ever welcomed her home, with his dim white eyes; the pony and the cow; friends all, and inmates of that happy household.

4. So stepped she along, while the snow diamonds glittered around her feet, and the frost wove a wreath of lucid pearls round her forehead. She had now reached the edge of the Black Moss, which lay

half-way between her master's and her father's dwelling, when she heard a loud noise coming down Glen-Scrae, and in a few seconds she felt on her face some flakes of snow.

5. She looked up the glen, and saw the snow-storm coming down fast as a flood. She felt no fears; but she ceased her song, and had there been a human eye to look upon her there, it might have seen a shadow upon her face. She continued her course, and felt bolder and bolder every step that brought her nearer to her parents' house.

6. But the storm had now reached the Black Moss, and the broad line of light that had lain in the direction of her home was soon swallowed up, and the child was in utter darkness. She saw nothing but the flakes of snow, interminably intermingled and furiously wafted in the air close to her head; she heard nothing but one wild, fierce, fitful howl. The cold became intense, and her little feet and hands were fast being benumbed into insensibility.

7. "It is a fearful change," muttered the child, to herself; but still she did not fear, for she had been born in a moorland cottage, and lived all her days among the hardships of the hills. "What will become of the poor sheep!" thought she,—but still she scarcely thought of her own danger; for innocence, and youth, and joy are slow to think of aught evil befalling themselves, and, thinking benignly of all living things, forget their own fear in their pity for others' sorrow.

8. At last she could no longer discern a single mark on the snow, either of human steps or of sheep-track, or the foot-print of a wild fowl. Suddenly, too, she felt out of breath and exhausted, and, shed-

ding tears for herself at last, sank down in the snow.

9. It was now that her heart began to quake with fear. She remembered stories of shepherds lost in the snow; of a mother and child frozen to death on that very moor; and in a moment she knew that she was to die. Bitterly did the poor child weep; for death was terrible to her, who, though poor, enjoyed the bright little world of youth and innocence. The skies of heaven were dearer than she knew to her—so were the flowers of earth.

10. She had been happy at her work, happy in her sleep, happy in the kirk on Sabbath. A thousand thoughts had the solitary child, and in her own heart was a spring of happiness, pure and undisturbed as any fount that sparkles unseen all the year through in some quiet nook among the pastoral hills. But now there was to be an end of all this; she was to be frozen to death, and lie there until the thaw might come; and then her father would find her body, and carry it away to be buried in the kirk-yard.

11. The tears were frozen on her cheeks as soon as shed, and scarcely had her little hands strength to clasp themselves together, as the thought of an overruling and merciful Lord came across her heart. Then, indeed, the fears of this religious child were calmed, and she heard without terror the plover's wailing cry, and the deep boom of the bittern sounding in the moss.

12. "I will repeat the Lord's Prayer;" and, drawing her plaid more closely around her, she whispered, beneath its ineffectual cover, "Our Father, which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom

come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven." Had human aid been within fifty yards, it could have been of no avail; eye could not see her, ear could not hear her in that howling darkness.

13. But that low prayer was heard in the center of eternity, and that little sinless child was lying in the snow beneath the all-seeing eye of God. The maiden, having prayed to her Father in Heaven, then thought of her father on earth. Alas, they were not far separated!

14. The father was lying but a short distance from his child. He, too, had sunk down in the drifting snow, after having, in less than an hour, exhausted all the strength of fear, pity, hope, despair, and resignation that could rise in a father's heart, blindly seeking to rescue his only child from death, thinking that one desperate exertion might enable them to perish in each other's arms.

15. There they lay within a stone's throw of each other, while a huge snow-drift was every moment piling itself up into a more insurmountable barrier between the dying parent and his dying child.

John Wilson.

EXERCISES IN INFLECTION.

1. She sang to *herself* a song, a hymn, or a psalm.
2. She felt no *fears*; but she ceased her *song*.
3. "It is a *fearful change*," muttered the child.
4. "What will become of the *poor sheep*!"
5. It was *now* that her heart began to *quake* with *fear*.
6. *Now* there was to be an *end* of all *this*.
7. *Eye* could not *see* her, *ear* could not *hear* her.
8. *Alas*, they were *not far separated*!
9. *He, too*, had sunk down in the *drifting snow*.

LXXXIV.—SNOW-BOUND.

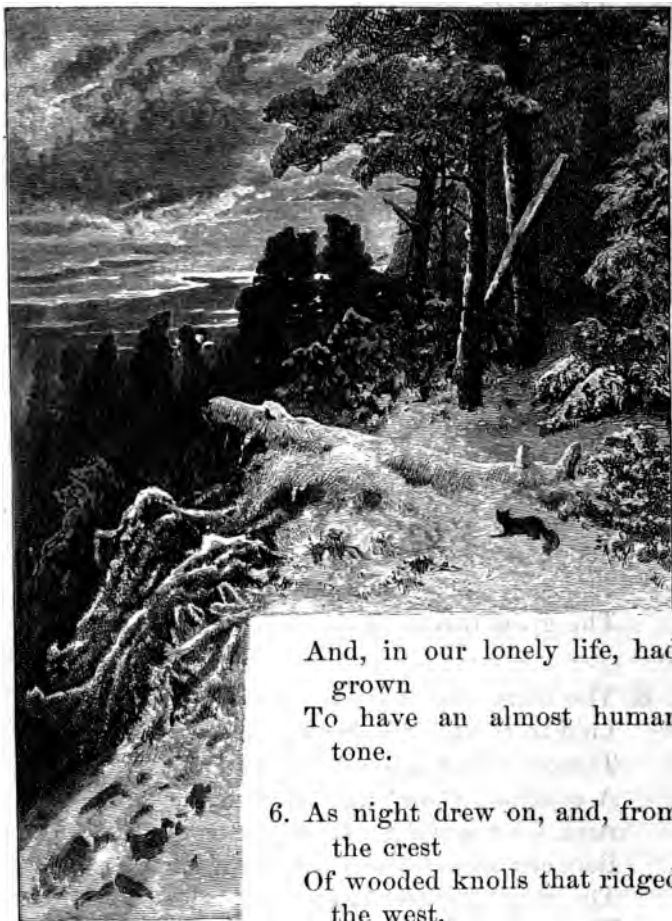
SILHOUETTE (Sil'ōō-ēt), a profile, or representation of the outlines of an object, filled in with a black color.

THE sun, that brief December day,
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon.
Slow tracing down the thickening sky
Its mute and ominous prophecy,
A portent seeming less than threat,
It sank from sight before it set.
The wind blew east: we heard the roar
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
Beat with low rythm our inland air.

2. Unwarmed by any sunset light,
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the wingéd snow:
And ere the early bedtime came,
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.
3. So all night long the storm roared on:
The morning broke without a sun:
In tiny spherule, traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake, and pellicle,
All day the hoary meteor fell;

And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.

4. Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament;
No cloud above, no earth below,—
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvelous shapes: strange domes and
towers
Rose up where sty and corn-crib stood,
Or garden wall, or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed;
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridle-post an old man sat,
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.
5. All day the gusty north-wind bore
The loosening drift its breath before;
Low circling down its southern zone,
The sun through dazzling snow-mist shone.
Beyond the circle of our hearth,
No welcome sound of toil or mirth
Unbound the spell, and testified
Of human life and thought outside.
We minded that the sharpest ear
The buried brooklet could not hear,
The music of whose liquid lip
Had been to us companionship,



And, in our lonely life, had
grown
To have an almost human
tone.

6. As night drew on, and, from
the crest
Of wooded knolls that ridged
the west,

The sun, a snow-blown traveler, sank
From sight beneath the smothering bank,
We piled, with care, our nightly stack
Of wood against the chimney-back,—
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
And on its top the stout backstick ;

The knotty forestick laid apart,
And filled between, with curious art,
The ragged brush; then, hovering near,
We watched the first red blaze appear;
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
Until the old, rude-furnished room
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom.

7. Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draft
The great throat of the chimney laughed.

8. The house-dog, on his paws outspread,
Laid to the fire his drowsy head;
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row;
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

9. At last the great logs, crumbling low,
Sent out a dull and duller glow;

The bull's-eye watch that hung in view,
Ticking its weary circuit through,
Pointed, with mutely-warning sign,
Its black hand to the hour of nine.
That sign the pleasant circle broke:
My uncle ceased his pipe to smoke,
Knocked from its bowl the refuse gray,
And laid it tenderly away,
Then roused himself to safely cover
The dull red brands with ashes over.
And while with care our mother laid
Her work aside, her steps she stayed
One moment, seeking to express
Her grateful sense of happiness
For food and shelter, warmth and health,
And love's contentment, more than wealth.

10. Within our beds awhile we heard
The wind that round the gables roared,
With now and then a ruder shock,
Which made our very bedsteads rock.
We heard the loosened clapboards tost,
The board-nails snapping in the frost;
And on us, through the unplastered wall,
Felt the light-sifted snow-flakes fall.
But sleep stole on, as sleep will do
When hearts are light and life is new;
Faint and more faint the murmurs grew,
Till, in the summer-land of dreams,
They softened to the sound of streams,
Low stir of leaves, and dip of oars,
And lapsing waves on quiet shores.

J. G. Whittier.

LXXXV.—IRONICAL EULOGY ON DEBT.

DEBT is of the very highest antiquity. The first debt in the history of man is the debt of nature, and the first instinct is to put off the payment of it to the last moment. Many persons, it will be observed, following the natural procedure, would die before they would pay their debts.

2. Society is composed of two classes—debtors and creditors. The creditor class has been erroneously supposed the more enviable. Never was there a greater misconception; and the hold it yet maintains upon opinion, is a remarkable example of the obstinacy of error, notwithstanding the plainest lessons of experience. The debtor has the sympathies of mankind. He is seldom spoken of but with expressions of tenderness and compassion—"the poor debtor!"—and "the unfortunate debtor!" On the other hand, "harsh" and "hard-hearted" are the epithets allotted to the creditor.

3. Who ever heard the "poor creditor," the "unfortunate creditor" spoken of? No, the creditor never becomes the object of pity, unless he passes into the debtor class. A creditor may be ruined by the poor debtor, but it is not until he becomes unable to pay his own debts, that he begins to be compassionated. A debtor is a man of mark. Many eyes are fixed upon him; many have interest in his well-being; his movements are of concern; he can not disappear unheeded; his name is in many mouths; his name is upon many books; he is a man of note—of promissory note; he fills the speculation of many minds; men conjecture about him, wonder about him—wonder and conjecture whether he will pay.

4. He is a man of consequence, for many are running after him; his door is thronged with duns; he is inquired after every hour of the day; judges hear of him and know him; every meal he swallows, every coat he puts upon his back, every dollar he borrows, appears before the country in some formal document. Compare his notoriety with the obscure lot of the creditor—of the man who has nothing but claims on the world; a landlord, or fund-holder, or some such disagreeable hard character.

5. The man who pays his way is unknown in his neighborhood. You ask the milk-man at his door, and he can not tell his name; you ask the butcher where Mr. Payall lives, and he tells you he knows no such name, for it is not in his books; you shall ask the baker, and he will tell you there is no such person in the neighborhood. People that have his money fast in their pockets, have no thought of his person or appellation. His house only is known.

6. Number 31 is good pay; Number 31 is ready money; not a scrap of paper is ever made out for Number 31. It is an anonymous house; its owner pays his way to obscurity. No one knows any thing about him, or heeds his movements. If a carriage be seen at his door, the neighborhood is not full of concern lest he be going to run away; if a package be moved from his house, a score of boys are not employed to watch whether it be carried to the pawnbroker. Mr. Payall fills no place in the public mind; no one has any hopes or fears about him.

7. The creditor always figures in the fancy as a sour, single man, with grizzled hair, a scowling countenance, and a peremptory air, who lives in a dark apartment, with musty deeds about him, and an iron

safe, as impenetrable as his heart, grabbing together what he does not enjoy, and what there is no one about him to enjoy. The debtor, on the other hand, is always pictured with a wife and six fair-haired daughters, bound together in affection and misery, full of sensibility and suffering without a fault.

8. The creditor, it is never doubted, thrives without a merit. He has no wife and children to pity. No one ever thinks it desirable that he should have the means of living. He is a brute for insisting that he must receive, in order to pay. It is not in the imagination of man to conceive that his creditor has demands upon him which must be satisfied, and that he must do to others as others must do to him. A creditor is a personification of exaction. He is supposed to be always taking in, and never giving out.

9. People idly fancy that the possession of riches is desirable. What blindness! Spend and regale. Save a shilling, and you lay it by for a thief. The prudent men are the men that live beyond their means. Happen what may, they are safe. They have taken time by the forelock; they have anticipated fortune. "The wealthy fool, with gold in store," has only denied himself so much enjoyment, which another will seize at his expense. Look at these people in a panic. See who are the fools then. You know them by their long faces. You may say, as one of them goes by in an agony of apprehension, "There is a stupid fellow, who fancied himself rich, because he had fifty thousand dollars in bank."

10. The history of the last ten years has taught the moral, "Spend and regale." Whatever is laid up beyond the present hour, is put in jeopardy. There is no certainty but in instant enjoyment.

Look at school-boys sharing a plum-cake. The knowing ones eat, as for a race; but a stupid fellow saves his portion—just nibbles a bit, and “keeps the rest for another time.” Most provident blockhead! The others, when they have gobbled up their shares, set upon him, plunder him, and thresh him for crying out.

11. Before the terms “depreciation,” “suspension,” and “going into liquidation,” were heard, there might have been some reason in the practice of “laying up;” but now it denotes the darkest blindness. The prudent men of the present time are the men in debt. The tendency being to sacrifice creditors to debtors, and the debtor party acquiring daily new strength, every one is in haste to get into the favored class.

12. In any case, the debtor is safe. He has put his enjoyments behind him; they are safe; no turns of fortune can disturb them. The substance he has eaten up is irrecoverable. The future can not trouble his past. He has nothing to apprehend; he has anticipated more than fortune would ever have granted him; he has tricked fortune; and his creditors—bah! who feels for creditors? What are creditors? Landlords; a pitiless and unpitiable tribe; all griping extortioners! What would become of the world of debtors, if it did not steal a march upon this rapacious class?

EXERCISES IN DEFINITION.

1. Society is composed of two classes—*debtors and creditors*.
2. He is a man of note—of *promissory note*.
3. A creditor is a *personification of exaction*.
4. Most *provident blockhead*!

LXXXVI.—THE BOYS.

HAS there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
 If there has, take him out, without making a noise.
 Hang the almanac's cheat and the catalogue's spite!
 Old Time is a liar! We're twenty to-night!

2. We're twenty! we're twenty! Who says we are more?
 He's tipsy,—young jackanapes!—show him the door!
 "Gray temples at twenty?"—Yes! *white* if we please;
 Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's nothing can
 freeze!
3. Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
 Look close,—you will see not a sign of a flake!
 We want some new garlands for those we have shed,—
 And these are white roses in place of the red.
4. We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told,
 Of talking (in public) as if we were old:
 That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call "Judge;"
 It's a neat little fiction—of course, it's all fudge.
5. That fellow's the "Speaker"—the one on the right;
 "Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you to-night?
 That's our "Member of Congress," we say, when we chaff;
 There's the "Reverend" What's his name?—don't make
 me laugh.
6. That boy with the grave mathematical look
 Made believe he had written a wonderful book,
 And the Royal Society thought it was true!
 So they chose him right in—a good joke it was, too!
7. There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain,
 That could harness a team with a logical chain;
 When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,
 We called him "The Justice," but now he's "The 'Squire."
8. And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith,—
 Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;

But he shouted a song for the brave and the free—
Just read on his medal, "My country," "of thee!"

9. You hear that boy laughing?—you think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call;
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!

10. Yes, we're boys,—always playing with tongue or with pen;
And I sometimes have asked, shall we ever be men?
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

11. Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
- Dear Father, take care of thy children, the Boys!

O. W. Holmes.

LXXXVII.—DEATH OF NELSON.

Horatio Nelson was England's greatest naval hero. On the 21st of October, 1805, the memorable battle of Trafalgar was fought off the west coast of Spain. Nelson, with thirty-one ships, attacked forty French and Spanish vessels, and gained a complete victory.

IT had been part of Nelson's prayer, that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing on the Redoubtable, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizzen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen

yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of the action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Captain Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he. "I hope not," cried Hardy. "Yes," he replied, "my backbone is shot through."

2. Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller-ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately; then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honor from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar.

3. The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was, with some difficulty, conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood he felt momentarily within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful; "for," said he, "you can do nothing for me."

4. All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the Victory hurrahed; and at every hurra, a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes, and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Captain Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried, "Will no one bring Hardy to me? he must be killed! he is surely dead!"

5. An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound, before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence, Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful yet sublimest moment. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?" "Very well," replied Hardy; "ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down upon the Victory. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing."

6. "I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck." Hardy answered, "There is no fear of that." Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he; "I am going fast; it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging to me." Hardy observed that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. "Oh! no," he re-

plied; "it is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so." Captain Hardy then once more shook hands with him, and, with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

7. By this time all feeling below the breast was gone, and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him: "You know I am gone. I know it. I feel something rising in my breast," putting his hand on his left side, "which tells me so." And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied: "So great that I wish I was dead. Yet," said he, in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer, too!" And after a few minutes, in the same under-tone, he added: "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton if she knew my situation?" Next to his country, she occupied his thoughts.

8. Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned, and again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken, he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly, but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That's well," cried Nelson; "but I bargained for twenty." And then, in a stronger voice, he said: "Anchor, Hardy, anchor." Hardy, upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy," said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavoring to raise himself from the bed. "Do you anchor." His previous orders for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this.

9. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him, in

Slow—for it presses heavily :
 It is a man ye bear !
 Slow, for our thoughts dwell wearily
 On the gallant sleeper there.

5. Tread lightly, comrades ! we have laid
 His dark locks on his brow—
 Like life—save deeper light and shade :
 We'll not disturb them now.
 Tread lightly—for 't is beautiful,
 That blue-veined eyelid's sleep,
 Hiding the eye, death left so dull—
 Its slumber we will keep.
6. Rest now ! his journeying is done ;
 Your feet are on his sod ;
 Death's blow has felled your champion ;
 He waiteth here his God.
 Ay—turn and weep—'t is manliness
 To be heart-broken here ;
 For the grave of one, the best of us,
 Is watered by the tear. *N. P. Willis.*
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LXXXIX.—THE SCHOOL-MASTER.

GREAT men stand like solitary towers in the city of God, and secret passages running deep beneath external nature give their thoughts intercourse with higher intelligences, which strengthens and consoles them, and of which the laborers on the surface do not even dream !

2. Some such thought as this was floating vaguely through the brain of Mr. Churchill, as he closed his

school-house door behind him; and if in any degree he applied it to himself, it may, perhaps, be pardoned in a dreamy, poetic man like him; for we judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done. And, moreover, his wife considered him equal to great things.

3. To the people in the village, he was the school-master, and nothing more. They beheld in his form and countenance no outward sign of the divinity within. They saw him daily moiling and delving in the common path, like a beetle, and little thought that underneath that hard and cold exterior, lay folded delicate golden wings, wherewith, when the heat of day was over, he soared and reveled in the pleasant evening air.

4. To-day he was soaring and reveling before the sun had set; for it was Saturday. With a feeling of infinite relief he left behind him the empty school-house, into which the hot sun of a September afternoon was pouring. All the bright young faces were gone; all the impatient little hearts were gone; all the fresh voices, shrill, but musical with the melody of childhood, were gone; and the lately busy realm was given up to silence, and the dusty sunshine, and the old gray flies, that buzzed and bumped their heads against the window-panes.

5. The sound of the outer door, creaking on its hebdomadal hinges, was like a sentinel's challenge, to which the key growled responsive in the lock; and the master, casting a furtive glance at the last caricature of himself in red chalk, on the wooden fence close by, entered with a light step the solemn avenue of pines that led to the margin of the river.

6. At first his step was quick and nervous; and he swung his cane as if aiming blows at some invisible and retreating enemy. Though a meek man, there were moments when he remembered with bitterness the unjust reproaches of fathers and their insulting words; and then he fought imaginary battles with people out of sight, and struck them to the ground, and trampled upon them; for Mr. Churchill was not exempt from the weakness of human nature, nor the customary vexations of a school-master's life. Unruly sons and unreasonable fathers did sometimes embitter his else sweet days and nights.

7. But as he walked, his step grew slower, and his heart calmer. The coolness and shadows of the great trees comforted and satisfied him, and he heard the voice of the wind as it were the voice of spirits calling around him in the air; so that when he emerged from the black woodlands into the meadows by the river's side, all his cares were forgotten.

8. He lay down for a moment under a sycamore, and thought of the Roman consul Licinius, passing a night, with eighteen of his followers, in the hollow trunk of the great Lycian plane-tree. From the branches overhead, the falling seeds were wafted away through the soft air on plummy tufts of down. The continuous murmur of the leaves and of the swift-running stream, seemed rather to deepen than disturb the pleasing solitude and silence of the place; and for a moment he imagined himself far away in the broad prairies of the West, and lying beneath the luxuriant trees that overhang the banks of the Wabash and the Kaskaskia.

9. He saw the sturgeon leap from the river, and flash for a moment in the sunshine. Then a flock of

wild-fowl flew across the sky toward the sea-mist that was rising slowly in the east; and his soul seemed to float away on the river's current, till he had glided far out into the measureless sea, and the sound of the wind among the leaves was no longer the sound of the wind, but of the sea.

10. Nature had made Mr. Churchill a poet, but destiny made him a school-master. This produced a discord between his outward and inner existence. Life presented itself to him like the Sphinx, with its perpetual riddle of the real and ideal. To the solution of this dark problem he devoted his days and his nights. He was forced to teach grammar when he fain would have written poems; and from day to day, and from year to year, the trivial things of life postponed the great designs which he felt capable of accomplishing, but never had the resolute courage to begin.

11. Thus he dallied with his thoughts and with all things, and wasted his strength on trifles—like the lazy sea, that plays with the pebbles on its beach, but, under the inspiration of the wind, might lift great navies on its outstretched palms and toss them into the air as playthings. The evening came. The setting sun stretched his celestial rods of light across the level landscape, and, like the Hebrew in Egypt, smote the rivers and the brooks and the ponds, and they became as blood.

12. Mr. Churchill turned his steps homeward. He climbed the hill with the old windmill on its summit, and below him saw the lights of the village; and around him the great landscape sinking deeper and deeper into the sea of darkness. He passed an orchard. The air was filled with the odor of the fallen

fruit, which seemed to him as sweet as the fragrance of the blossoms in June. A few steps farther brought him to an old and neglected church-yard; and he paused a moment to look at the white gleaming stone, under which slumbered the old clergyman, who came into the village in the time of the Indian wars.

13. He entered the village street, and interchanged a few words with Mr. Pendexter, the venerable divine, whom he found standing at his gate. He met, also, an ill-looking man, carrying so many old boots that he seemed literally buried in them; and at intervals encountered a stream of strong tobacco smoke, exhaled from the pipe of a passing laborer, and pervading the damp evening air. At length he reached his own door.

H. W. Longfellow.

XC.—DISCIPLINE.

A BLOCK of marble caught the glance,
Of Buonarotti's eyes,
Which brightened in their solemn deeps,
Like meteor-lighted skies.

2. And one who stood beside him listened,
Smiling as he heard;
For "I will make an angel of it,"
Was the sculptor's word.

3. And mallet soon and chisel sharp
The stubborn block assailed,
And blow by blow, and pang by pang,
The prisoner unveiled.

4. A brow was lifted, high and pure,
The waking eyes outshone;
And as the master sharply wrought,
A smile broke through the stone!
5. Beneath the chisel's edge, the hair
Escaped in floating rings;
And, plume by plume, was slowly freed
The sweep of half-furled wings.
6. The stately bust and graceful limbs
Their marble fetters shed,
And where the shapeless block had been,
An angel stood instead!
7. Oh, blows that smite! Oh, hurts that pierce
This shrinking heart of mine!
What are ye but the Master's tools,
Forming a work divine?
8. Oh, hope that crumbles at my feet!
Oh, joy that mocks and flies!
What are ye but the clogs that bind
My spirit from the skies?
9. Sculptor of souls! I lift to Thee
Encumbered heart and hands;
Spare not the chisel, set me free,
However dear the bands.
10. How blest, if all these seeming ills,
Which draw my thoughts to Thee,
Should only prove that Thou wilt make
An angel out of me!

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XCI.—EXPRESSION OF THE EYE.

EYES are bold as lions—roving, running, leaping, here and there, far and near. They speak all languages; they wait for no introduction; they are not conventional—ask no leave of age or rank; they respect neither poverty nor riches, neither learning nor power, nor virtue, nor sex; but intrude and come again, and go through and through you in a moment of time.

2. What inundation of life and thought is discharged from one soul into another through them! The glance is natural magic. The mysterious communication established across a room between two entire strangers moves all the springs of wonder. The communication by the glance is, in the greatest part, not subject to the control of the will. It is the bodily symbol of identity of nature.

3. We look into the eyes to know if this other form is another self; and the eyes will not lie, but make a faithful confession what inhabitant is there. The revelations are sometimes terrific. The confession of a low, usurping devil is there made, and the observer shall seem to feel the stirring of owls, and bats, and horned hoofs, where he looked for innocence and simplicity. 'Tis remarkable, too, that the spirit that appears at the windows of the house does at once invest itself in a new form of its own to the mind of the beholder.

4. The eyes of men converse as much as their tongues, with the advantage that the ocular dialect needs no dictionary, but is understood all the world over. When the eyes say one thing, and the tongue another, a practical man relies on the language of

the first. If the man is off his center, the eyes show it. You can read in the eyes of your companion whether your argument hits him, though his tongue will not confess it. There is a look by which a man shows he is going to say a good thing, and a look when he has said it.

5. Vain and forgotten are all the fine offers and offices of hospitality, if there is no holiday in the eye. How many furtive inclinations are avowed by the eye, though dissembled by the lips! One comes away from a company in which, it may easily happen, he has said nothing, and no important remark has been addressed to him; and yet, if in sympathy with the society, he shall not have a sense of this fact, such a stream of life has been flowing into him and out from him, through the eyes.

6. There are eyes, to be sure, that give no more admission into a man than berries; others are liquid and deep wells that a man might fall into; others are aggressive and devouring—seem to call out the police—take all too much notice, and require crowded streets, and security of millions, to protect individuals against them. The military eye I meet, now darkly sparkling under clerical, now under rustic, brows—'tis the city of Lacedæmon; 'tis a stack of bayonets. There are asking eyes, asserting eyes, prowling eyes, and eyes full of fate—some of good, and some of sinister omen.

7. The alleged power to charm down insanity, or ferocity in beasts, is a power behind the eye. 'Tis very certain that each man carries in his eye the exact indication of his rank in the immense scale of men; and we are always learning to read it. A complete man should need no auxiliaries to his personal

presence. Whoever looked on him would consent to his will, being certified that his aims were generous and universal. The reason why men do not obey us, is because they see the mind at the bottom of our eye.

R. W. Emerson.

XCII.—CAVALRY SONG.

OUR good steeds snuff the evening air,
Our pulses with their purpose tingle;
The foeman's fires are twinkling there;
He leaps to hear our sabers jingle!

HALT!

Each carbine send its whizzing ball:
Now, cling! clang! forward all,
Into the fight!

2. Dash on beneath the smoking dome,
Through level lightnings gallop nearer!
One look to Heaven! No thoughts of home:
The guidons that we bear are dearer.

CHARGE!

Cling! clang! forward all!
Heaven help those whose horses fall!
Cut left and right!

3. They flee before our fierce attack!
They fall, they spread in broken surges!
Now, comrades, bear our wounded back,
And leave the foeman to his dirges.

WHEEL!

The bugles sound the swift recall:
Cling! clang! backward all!

Home, and good night! *E. C. Steedman.*

XCIII.—A NIGHT WITH A STORK.

FOUR individuals—namely, my wife, my infant son, my maid-of-all-work, and myself—occupy one of a row of very small houses in the suburbs of London. I am a thoroughly domestic man, and notwithstanding that my occupation necessitates absence from my mansion between the hours of 9 A. M. and 5 P. M., my heart is generally at home with my diminutive household.

2. My wife and I love regularity and quiet above all things; and although, since the arrival of my son and heir, we had not enjoyed that peace which we did during the first year of our married life, yet his juvenile, though somewhat powerful, little lungs had as yet failed in making ours a noisy house. Our regularity had, moreover, remained undisturbed, and we got up, went to bed, dined, breakfasted, and took tea at the same time, day after day.

3. We had been going on in this clock-work fashion for a year and a half, when, one morning, the postman brought to our door a letter of ominous appearance, and, on looking at the direction, I found that it came from an old, rich, and very eccentric uncle of mine, with whom, for certain reasons, we wished to remain on the best of terms. "What can uncle Martin have to write about?" was our simultaneous exclamation, and I opened it with considerable curiosity:

4. "Martin House, Herts, Oct. 17, 1857.

"DEAR NEPHEW:

"You may, perhaps, have heard that I am forming an aviary here. A friend in Rotterdam has

written to me to say that he has sent by the boat, which will arrive in London to-morrow afternoon, a very intelligent parrot and a fine stork. As the vessel arrives too late for them to be sent on the same night, I shall be obliged by your taking the birds home, and forwarding them to me the next morning. With my respects to your good lady,

“I remain your affectionate uncle,

“RALPH MARTIN.”

We looked at each other in silence, and then my wife said: “They’re only birds; it might have been worse.”

5. I said nothing, but got a book on natural history, and turned to “Stork.” With trembling fingers I passed over the fact of “his hind toe being short, the middle toe long, and joined to the outer one by a large membrane, and by a smaller one to the inner toe,” because that would not matter much for one night; but I groaned out to my wife the pleasant intelligence that “his height is four feet, his appetite extremely voracious,” and “his food—frogs, mice, worms, snails, and eels.” Where were we to provide a supper and breakfast of this description for him?

6. I went to my office and passed any thing but a pleasant day, my thoughts constantly reverting to our expected visitors. At four o’clock I took a cab to the docks, and, on arriving there, inquired for the ship, which was pointed out to me as “the one with the crowd upon the quay.” On driving up, I discovered why there was a crowd; and the discovery did not bring comfort with it.

7. On the deck, on one leg, stood the stork. Whether it was the sea voyage, or the leaving his

home, or, being a stork of high moral principle, he was grieving at the continual and rather joyous and exulting swearing of the parrot, I do not know, but I never saw a more melancholy looking object in my life.

8. I went down on the deck, and did not like the expression of relief that came over the captain's face when he found what I had come for. The transmission of the parrot from the ship to the cab was an easy matter, as he was in a cage; but the stork was merely tethered by one leg; and although he did his best, when brought to the foot of the ladder, in trying to get up, he failed utterly, and had to be half-shoved, half-hauled all the way—which, as he got astride, after the manner of equestrians, on every other bar, was a work of some difficulty.

9. I hurried him into the cab, and, ordering the man to drive as quickly as possible, got in with my guests. At first, I had to keep dodging my head about, to keep my face away from his bill as he turned round; but, all of a sudden, he broke the little window at the back of the cab, thrust his head through, and would keep it there, notwithstanding I kept pulling him back. Consequently, when we drew up at my door, there was a mob of about a thousand strong around us. I got him in as well as I could, and shut the door.

10. How can I describe the spending of that evening? How can I get sufficient power out of the English language to let you know what a nuisance that bird was to us? How can I tell you the cool manner in which he inspected our domestic arrangements?—walking slowly into rooms, and standing on one leg until his curiosity was satisfied; the

expression of wretchedness that he threw over his entire person when he was tethered to the banisters, and had found out that, owing to our limited accommodation, he was to remain in the hall all night; the way in which he ate the snails specially provided for him, verifying to the letter the naturalist's description of his appetite.

11. How can you, who have not had a stork staying with you, have any idea of the change which came over his temper after his supper? How he pecked at every body who came near him; how he stood sentinel at the foot of the stairs; how my wife and I made fruitless attempts to get past, followed by ignominious retreats; how, at last, we out-maneuvered him by throwing a table-cloth over his head, and then, rushing by him, gained the top of the stairs before he could disentangle himself.

12. Added to all this, we had to endure language from that parrot which would have disgraced an ale-house; indeed, so scurrilous did he become, that we had to take him and lock him up in the coal-hole, where, from fatigue, or the darkness of his bedroom, he soon swore himself to sleep.

13. We were quite ready for rest, and the forgetfulness which, we hoped, sleep, that "balm of hurt minds," would bring with it; but our peace was not to last long. About 2 A. M., I was awakened by my wife, and told to listen; I did so, and heard a sort of scrambling noise outside the door. "What can that be?" thought I. "He has broken his string, and is coming up stairs," said my wife; and then, remembering that the nursery door was generally left open, she urged my stopping his further progress.

14. "But, my dear," said I, "what am I to do, in

my present defenseless state of clothing, if he should take to pecking?" My wife's expression at the idea of my considering myself before the baby, determined me at once, come what might, to go and do him battle. Out I went, and, sure enough, there he was on the landing, resting himself, after his unusual exertion, by tucking one leg up.

15. He looked so subdued, that I was about to take him by the string and lead him down stairs, when he drew back his head, and, in less time than it takes to relate, I was back in my room, bleeding profusely from a very severe wound in the leg. I shouted out to the nurse to shut the door, and let the infamous bird go where he liked.

16. I bound up my leg and went to bed again; but the thought that there was a stork wandering about the house prevented me from getting any more sleep. From certain sounds that we heard, we had little doubt but that he was passing some of his time in the cupboard where we kept our spare crockery, and an inspection the next day confirmed this.

17. In the morning I ventured cautiously out, and finding he was in our spare bedroom, I shut the door upon him. I then sent for a large sack, and, with the help of the table-cloth and the boy who cleans our shoes, we got him into it without any further personal damage. I took him off in this way to the station, and sent him and the parrot off to my uncle by the first train.

18. We have determined that, taking our chance about a place in my uncle's will or not, we will never again have any thing to do with any foreign animals, however much he may ask and desire it.

W. E. Wilcox.

XCIV.—THE RIDE.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

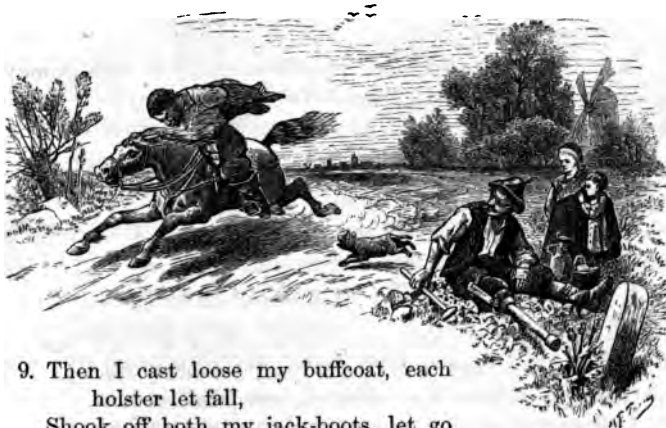
I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he,
 I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
 "Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
 "Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
 Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
 And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

2. Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
 Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
 I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
 Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right;
 Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit,
 Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.
3. 'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
 Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
 At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
 At Duffeld, 't was morning as plain as could be;
 And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime;
 So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"
4. At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
 And against him the cattle stood black every one,
 To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
 And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
 With resolute shoulders, each butting away
 The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.
5. And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
 For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
 And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
 O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
 And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
 His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.
6. By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
 Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,

We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

7. So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh;
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

8. "How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.



9. Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each
holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go
belt and all;
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

10. And all I remember is, friends flocking round
 As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,
 And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
 As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
 Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
 Was no more than his due who brought good news from
 Ghent.

Robert Browning.

EXERCISES IN EMPHASIS.

1. *I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three.*
2. *Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her.*
3. *The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh.*
4. *"Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight."*
5. *No voice but was praising this Roland of mine.*

XCV.—MAN OVERBOARD!

"MEET her, quartermaster!" hailed the officer of the deck; "hold on, every body!" Torn from my grasp upon the capstan by a mountain wave, which swept us in its power, I was borne over the lee bulwarks; and a rope which I grasped in my passage, not being belayed, unrove in my hands, and I was buried in the sea.

2. "Man overboard!" rang along the decks. "Cut away the life-buoy!" Stunned and strangling, I rose to the surface, and instinctively struck out for the ship; while, clear above the roar of the storm, and the dash of the cold, terrible sea, the loud thunder of the trumpet came full on my ear.

3. "Man the weather main and maintop-sail braces; slack the lee ones; round in; stand by to lower away the lee-quarter boat!" My first plunge

for the ship, whose dim outline I could scarcely perceive in the almost pitchy darkness of the night, most fortunately brought me within reach of the life-buoy grating. Climbing upon this, I used the faithless rope, still in my hand, to lash myself fast; and thus freed from the fear of immediate drowning, I could more quietly watch and wait for rescue.

4. The ship was now hidden from my sight; but, being to leeward, I could with considerable distinctness make out her whereabouts, and judge of the motions on board. Directly, a signal-lantern glanced at her peak; and, oh! how brightly shone that solitary beam on my straining eye! for, though rescued from immediate peril, what other succor could I look for, during that fearful swell, on which no boat could live a moment?

5. What could I expect save a lingering, horrid death? Within a cable's length lay my floating home, where, ten minutes before, not a lighter heart than mine was inclosed by her frowning bulwarks; and though so near that I could hear the rattling of her cordage and the rustling thunder of her canvas, I could also hear those orders from her trumpet which extinguished hope.

6. "Belay all with that boat!" said a voice that I knew right well; "she can't live a minute!" My heart died within me, and I closed my eyes in despair. Next fell upon my ear the rapid notes of the drum beating to quarters, with all the clash, and tramp, and roar of a night alarm; while I could also faintly hear the mustering of the divisions, which was done to ascertain who was missing.

7. Then came the hissing of a rocket, which, bright and clear, soared to heaven; and again fall-

ing, its momentary glare was quenched in the waves. Drifting from the ship, the hum died away; but see, that sheet of flame! the thunder of a gun boomed over the stormy sea! Now the blaze of a blue-light illumines the darkness, revealing the tall spars and white canvas of the ship, still near me.

8. "Maintop there!" came the hail again, "do you see him to leeward?" "No, sir!" was the chill reply. The ship now remained stationary, with her light aloft; but I could perceive nothing more for some minutes; they have given me up for lost! That I could see the ship, those on board well knew, provided I had gained the buoy; but their object was to discover me, and now several blue-lights were burned at once on various parts of the rigging.

9. How plainly could I see her rolling in the swell! At one moment engulfed, and in the next rising clear above the wave, her bright masts and white sails glancing, the mirror of hope, in this fearful illumination; while I, covered with the breaking surge, was tossed wildly about, now on the crest, now in the trough of the sea.

10. "There he is, sir! right a-beam!" shouted twenty voices, as I rose upon a wave. "Man the braces!" was the quick, clear, and joyous reply of the trumpet; while, to cheer the forlorn heart of the drowning seaman, the martial tones of the bugle rang out, "Boarders, away!" and the shrill call of the boatswain piped, "Haul taut and belay!" and the noble ship, blazing with light, fell off before the wind.

11. A new danger now awaited me, for the immense hull of the sloop-of-war came plunging around, bearing directly down upon me; while her

increased proximity enabled me to discern all the minutiae of the ship, and even to recognize the face of the first lieutenant, as, trumpet in hand, he stood on the forecastle.

12. Nearer yet she came, while I could move only as the waves tossed me; and now the end of her flying-jib-boom is almost over my head! "Hard a-port!" hailed the trumpet at this critical moment. "Round in weather main-braces; right the helm!" The spray from the bows of the ship, as she came up, dashed over me, and the increased swell buried me for an instant under a mountain wave; emerging from which, there lay my ship, hove-to, not her length to windward!

13. "Garnet!" hailed the lieutenant from the lee gangway; "are you there, my lad?" "Ay, ay, sir!" I shouted in reply, though I doubted whether, in the storm, the response could reach him; but the thunder-toned cheering which, despite the discipline of a man-of-war, now rang from the decks and rigging, put that fear at rest, and my heart bounded with rapture in the joyous hope of a speedy rescue.

14. "All ready!" hailed the lieutenant again; "heave!" and four ropes, with small floats attached, were thrown from the ship and fell around me. None, however, actually touched me; and for this reason the success of the experiment seemed doubtful; for I could not move my unwieldy grating, and dreaded to leave it, lest, by so doing, I might in that fearful swell miss the rope, be unable to regain my present position, and drown, perhaps, between the two chances of escape.

15. I was so near to the ship that I could recognize the faces of the crew on her illuminated deck, and

hear the officers as they told me where the ropes lay; but the fearful alternative I have mentioned caused me to hesitate, until I, being so much lighter than the vessel, found myself fast drifting to leeward.

16. I then resolved to make the attempt and swim for the nearest float; and, loosening the lashings, waited until the grating rested on the crest of the advancing wave. Measuring the distance with my eye, I let go the grating, and swam, with the energy of despair, till the rope was within my grasp. No sooner did they feel my clasp tighten the floating rope, than twenty vigorous arms hauled in with steady motion. I passed the end of the rope around my body, and was soon lifted over the bulwarks, feeling profoundly grateful for my almost miraculous escape from a watery grave.

XCVI.—GOD SEEN IN NATURE.

I MARKED the Spring as she passed along,
With her eye of light and her lip of song;
While she stole in peace o'er the green earth's breast;
While the streams sprang out from their icy rest;
The buds bent low to the breeze's sigh,
And their breath went forth in the scented sky;
When the fields looked fresh in their sweet repose,
And the young dews slept on the new-born rose.

2. The scene was changed. It was Autumn's hour;
A frost had discolored the summer bower;
The blast wailed sad, 'mid the withered leaves;
The reaper stood musing by gathered sheaves;
The mellow pomp of the rainbow woods
Was stirred by the sound of the rising floods;
And I knew by the cloud, by the wild wind's strain,
That Winter drew near, with his storms, again.

3. I stood by the ocean; its waters rolled
In their changeful beauty of sapphire and gold;
And day looked down with its radiant smiles,
Where the blue waves danced round a thousand isles;
The ships went forth on the trackless seas,
Their white wings played in the joyous breeze;
Their prows rushed on 'mid the parted foam,
While the wanderer was wrapped in a dream of home.
4. The mountain arose, with its lofty brow,
While its shadow was sleeping in vales below;
The mist, like a garland of glory, lay
Where its proud heights soared in the air away;
The eagle was there, on his tireless wing,
And his shriek went up like an offering;
And he seemed in his sunward flight to raise
A chant of thanksgiving, a hymn of praise.
5. I looked on the arch of the midnight skies,
With its blue and unsearchable mysteries;
The moon, 'mid an eloquent multitude
Of unnumbered stars, her career pursued;
A charm of sleep on the city fell;
All sounds lay hushed in that brooding spell;
By babbling brooks were the buds at rest;
And the wild bird dreamed on her downy nest.
6. I stood where the deepening tempest passed;
The strong trees groaned in the sounding blast;
The murmuring deep with its wrecks rolled on;
The clouds o'ershadowed the mighty sun;
The low reeds bent by the streamlet's side,
And the hills to the thunder-peal replied;
The lightning burst forth on its fearful way,
While the heavens were lit in its red array!
7. And hath MAN the power, with his pride and his skill,
To arouse all nature with storms at will?
Hath he power to color the summer cloud?
To allay the tempest, when hills are bowed?

Can he waken the Spring with her festal wreath?
Can the sun grow dim by his lightest breath?
Will he come again, when death's vale is trod?
Who, then, shall dare murmur, "*There is no God!*"
W. G. Clark.

XCVII.—THE POWER OF HABIT.

"How use doth breed a habit in a man."
Shakespeare.

THE two men were summoned into the presence of the pasha. "I shall now decide upon the merits of your stories," observed he. "Sit down there, both of you, and agree between yourselves which of you will begin."

2. "May it please your highness, you will never be able to listen to this man Ali," observed Hussan; "You had better send him away."

"May your highness be preserved from all evil," replied Ali, "but more especially from the talking of Hussan, which is as oppressive as the hot wind of the desert."

"I have not sent for you to hear you dispute in my presence, but to listen to your stories. Ali, begin your story."

3. "Well, your highness, it was about thirty years ago, you know, that I was a little boy, you know. Well, your highness, you know"—

"I don't know, Ali; how can I know until you tell me?" observed the pasha.

4. "Well, then, your highness must know, that ever since I was born I have lived in the same street; and thirty years, you know, is a long period in a man's life. My father was a gardener; and people of

his condition, you know, are obliged to get up early, that they may be in time for the market, where, you know, they bring their vegetables for sale."

5. "This is all very true, I dare say," observed the pasha; "but you will oblige me by leaving out all those *you know's*, which I agree with your comrade Hussan to be very tedious."

"That's what I have already told him, your highness. 'Ali,' says I, 'if you can only leave out your *you know's*,' says I, 'your story might be amusing; but,' says I"—

6. "Silence with your *says I's*," exclaimed the pasha; "have you forgotten the bastinado? there seems to be a pair of you. Ali, go on with the story, and remember my injunction."

7. "Well, your highness, one morning he rose earlier than usual, as he was anxious to be first in the market with some onions, which, you know, are very plentiful; and having laden his donkey, he set off at a good round pace for the city. There, you know, he arrived at the market-place a little after the day had dawned, when, you know,"—

8. "Did you not receive my orders to leave out *you know*? Am I to be obeyed or not? Now, go on, and if you offend again, you shall have the bastinado till your nails drop off."

9. "I shall observe your highness's wishes," replied Ali. "A little after the day had dawned, you—no, he, I mean, observed an old woman sitting near one of the fruit-stalls, with her head covered up with an old dark blue capote; and as he passed by, you—she, I mean, held out one of her fingers and said: 'Ali Baba,' for that was my father's name, 'listen to good advice; leave your laden beast and

follow me.' Now, my father, you know, not being inclined to pay any attention to the old woman, replied, you know"—

10. "Take him out," exclaimed the pasha, in a rage; "give him one hundred blows of the bastinado; put him on a donkey, with his face turned toward the tail, and let the officer who conducts him through the town proclaim, 'Such is the punishment awarded by the pasha to him who presumes to say that his highness knows, when, in fact, he knows nothing.'"

11. The guards seized upon the unfortunate Ali; and, as he was dragged away, Hussan cried out, "I told you so; but you would not believe me." "Well," replied Ali, "I've one comfort; your story's not told yet. His highness has yet to decide which is best."

12. After a few minutes' pause, to recover his temper, the pasha addressed the other man: "Now, Hussan, you will begin your story; and observe that I am in rather an ill humor."

"How can your highness be otherwise, after the annoyance of that bore, Ali? I said so; 'Ali,' says I,"—

"Go on with your story," repeated the pasha, angrily.

13. "It was about two years ago, your highness, when I was sitting at the door of the fruit-shop, that a young female, who seemed above the common class, came in, followed by a porter. 'I want some melons,' says she. 'I have very fine ones, so walk in,' says I; and I handed down from the upper shelf four or five melons.

14. "'Now,' says I, 'young woman, you'll observe

that these are much finer melons,' says I, 'than you usually can procure; therefore, the lowest price that I can take,' says I, 'is'—

"Why, your *says I's* are much worse than Ali's *you know's*. Leave them out, if you please, and proceed with your story," cried the pasha, with increased ill humor.

15. "I will obey your highness, if possible. I stated the lowest price, and she lifted up her veil. 'I have an idea,' says she, as she allowed me to look upon one of the prettiest faces in the world, 'that they are to be had cheaper.' I was so struck with her beauty that I was quite speechless. 'Am I not right?' says she, smiling.

"'From you, madam,' says I, 'I can take nothing; put as many in the basket of your porter as you please.' She thanked me, and put into the basket all that I had handed down.

16. "'Now,' says she, 'I want some dates, the best and finest that you have.' I handed some down that would have been admired by your highness. 'These, madam,' says I, 'are the best dates that are to be found in Cairo.' She tasted them, and asked the price. I mentioned it. 'They are dear,' says she, 'but I must have them cheaper,' and again she lifted her veil.

17. "'Madam,' says I, 'these dates are much too cheap at the price which I have named; it really is impossible to take less. Observe, madam,' says I, 'the beauty of them; feel the weight, and taste them,' says I; 'and you must acknowledge,' says I, 'that they are offered you at a price which,' says I"—

18. "Holy Prophet!" cried the pasha, in a rage; "I will hear no more of your *says I's*. If you can

not tell your story without them, you shall fare worse than Ali." "May it please your highness, how will it be possible to know what I said, unless I point out to you what I did say? I can not tell the story without it."

17. "I'll see to that," replied the pasha, in a savage tone; and making a sign, the executioner appeared. "Now, then, go on with your story; and, executioner, after he has repeated *says I* three times, off with his head! Go on."

18. "I shall never be able to go on, your highness. Consider one moment how harmless my *says I's* are to the detestable *you know's* of Ali. That's what I always told him. 'Ali,' says I, 'if you only knew,' says I, 'how annoying you are! Why, then,' says I"—At this moment the blow of the cimeter fell, and the head of Hussan rolled upon the floor, the lips still quivering with motions which would have produced *says I's*, if the channel of sound had not been so effectually interrupted.

Adapted from Marryat.

XCVIII.—EVENING IN ITALY.

THE moon is up, and yet it is not night—
Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains; heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colors seems to be
Melted to one vast iris of the west,
Where the day joins the past eternity;
While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest.

2. A single star is at her side, and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely heaven ; but still
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
Rolled o'er the peak of the fair Rhaetian hill,
As day and night contending were, until
Nature reclaimed her order :—gently flows
The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instill
The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
Which streams upon her stream, and glassed within
it glows.
3. Filled with the face of heaven, which from afar
Comes down upon the waters ; all its hues,
From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse :
And now they change ; a paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains ; parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new color as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is gray.

Byron.

XCIX.—ESCAPE FROM A PANTHER.

ELIZABETH Temple and Louisa Grant had gained the summit of the mountain, where they left the highway, and pursued their course, under the shade of the stately trees that crowned the eminence. The day was becoming warm ; and the girls plunged more deeply into the forest, as they found its invigorating coolness agreeably contrasted to the excessive heat they had experienced in their ascent. The conversation, as if by mutual consent,

was entirely changed to the little incidents and scenes of their walk; and every tall pine, and every shrub or flower, called forth some simple expression of admiration.

2. In this manner they proceeded along the margin of the precipice, catching occasional glimpses of the placid Otsego, or pausing to listen to the rattling of wheels and the sounds of hammers, that rose from the valley, to mingle the signs of men with the scenes of nature, when Elizabeth suddenly startled, and exclaimed, "Listen! there are the cries of a child on this mountain! Is there a clearing near us? or can some little one have strayed from its parents?" "Such things frequently happen," returned Louisa. "Let us follow the sounds; it may be a wanderer starving on the hill."

3. Urged by this consideration, the females pursued the low, mournful sounds, that proceeded from the forest, with quick and impatient steps. More than once the ardent Elizabeth was on the point of announcing that she saw the sufferer, when Louisa caught her by the arm, and, pointing behind them, cried, "Look at the dog!" The advanced age of Brave had long before deprived him of his activity; and when his companions stopped to view the scenery, or to add to their bouquets, the mastiff would lay his huge frame on the ground and await their movements, with his eyes closed, and a listlessness in his air that ill accorded with the character of a protector.

4. But when, aroused by this cry from Louisa, Miss Temple turned, she saw the dog with his eyes keenly set on some distant object, his head bent near the ground, and his hair actually rising on his body,

either through fright or anger. It was most probably the latter; for he was growling in a low key, and occasionally showing his teeth, in a manner that would have terrified his mistress, had she not so well known his good qualities.

5. "Brave!" she said; "be quiet, Brave! what do you see, fellow?" At the sound of her voice, the rage of the mastiff, instead of being at all diminished, was very sensibly increased. He stalked in front of the ladies, and seated himself at the feet of his mistress, growling louder than before, and occasionally giving vent to his ire by a short, surly barking. "What does he see?" said Elizabeth; "there must be some animal in sight."

6. Hearing no answer from her companion, Miss Temple turned her head and beheld Louisa standing with her face whitened to the color of death, and her finger pointing upward with a sort of flickering, convulsed motion. The quick eye of Elizabeth glanced in the direction indicated by her friend, where she saw the fierce front and glaring eyes of a female panther fixed on them in horrid malignity, and threatening instant destruction.

7. "Let us fly!" exclaimed Elizabeth, grasping the arm of Louisa, whose form yielded like melting snow and sunk lifeless to the earth. There was not a single feeling in the temperament of Elizabeth Temple, that could prompt her to desert a companion in such an extremity; and she fell on her knees, by the side of the inanimate Louisa, tearing from the person of her friend, with an instinctive readiness, such parts of her dress as might obstruct her respiration, and encouraging their only safeguard, the dog, at the same time, by the sound of

her voice. "Courage, Brave!" she cried, her own tones beginning to tremble, "courage, courage, good Brave!"

8. A quarter-grown cub, that had hitherto been unseen, now appeared, dropping from the branches of a sapling that grew under the shade of the beech which held its dam. This ignorant but vicious creature approached near to the dog, imitating the actions and sounds of its parent, but exhibiting a strange mixture of the playfulness of a kitten with the ferocity of its race. Standing on its hind legs, it would rend the bark of a tree with its fore paws, and play all the antics of a cat, for a moment; and then, by lashing itself with its tail, growling, and scratching the earth, it would attempt the manifestations of anger that rendered its parent so terrific.

9. All this time, Brave stood firm and undaunted, his short tail erect, his body drawn backward on its haunches, and his eyes following the movements of both dam and cub. At every gambol played by the latter, it approached nigher to the dog, the growling of the three becoming more horrid at each moment, until the younger beast, overleaping its intended bound, fell directly before the mastiff. There was a moment of fearful cries and struggles; but they ended almost as soon as commenced, by the cub appearing in the air, hurled from the jaws of Brave, with a violence that sent it against a tree so forcibly as to render it completely senseless.

10. Elizabeth witnessed the short struggle, and her blood was warming with the triumph of the dog, when she saw the form of the old panther in the air, springing twenty feet from the branch of the beech to the back of the mastiff. No words of ours can

describe the fury of the conflict that followed. It was a confused struggle on the dried leaves, accompanied by loud and terrible cries, barks, and growls. Miss Temple continued on her knees, bending over the form of Louisa, her eyes fixed on the animals with an interest so horrid, and yet so intense, that she almost forgot her own stake in the result.

11. So rapid and vigorous were the bounds of the inhabitant of the forest, that its active frame seemed constantly in the air, while the dog nobly faced his foe at each successive leap. When the panther lighted on the shoulders of the mastiff, which was its constant aim, old Brave, though torn with its claws, and stained with his own blood, that already flowed from a dozen wounds, would shake off his furious foe, like a feather, and, rearing on his hind legs, rush to the fray again, with his jaws distended and a dauntless eye.

12. But age, and his pampered life, greatly disqualified the noble mastiff for such a struggle. In every thing but courage, he was only the vestige of what he had once been. A higher bound than ever raised the wary and furious beast far beyond the reach of the dog, who was making a desperate, but fruitless, dash at it, and it alighted, in a favorable position, on the back of its aged foe. For a single moment only could the panther remain there, the great strength of the dog returning with a convulsive effort.

13. Elizabeth saw, as Brave fastened his teeth in the side of his enemy, that the collar of brass around his neck, which had been glittering throughout the fray, was of the color of blood, and, directly, that his frame was sinking to the earth, where it soon lay

prostrate and helpless. Several mighty efforts of the panther to extricate itself from the jaws of the dog followed; but they were fruitless, until the mastiff turned on his back, his lips collapsed, and his teeth loosened; when the short convulsions and stillness that succeeded announced the death of poor Brave.

14. Elizabeth now lay wholly at the mercy of the beast. There is said to be some thing in the front of the image of the Maker, that daunts the hearts of the inferior beings of his creation; and it would seem that some such power, in the present instance, suspended the threatened blow. The eyes of the monster and the kneeling maiden met for an instant, when the former stooped to examine its fallen foe; next, to scent its luckless cub. From the latter examination it turned, however, with its eyes apparently emitting flashes of fire, its tail lashing its sides furiously, and its claws projecting for inches from its broad feet.

15. Miss Temple did not, or could not, move. Her hands were clasped in the attitude of prayer, but her eyes were still drawn to her terrible enemy; her cheeks were blanched to the whiteness of marble, and her lips were slightly separated with horror. The moment seemed now to have arrived for the fatal termination; and the beautiful figure of Elizabeth was bowing meekly to the stroke, when a rustling of leaves from behind seemed rather to mock the organs than to meet her ears. "Hist! hist!" said a low voice; "stoop lower, gal; your bunnet hides the creater's head."

16. It was rather the yielding of nature, than a compliance with this unexpected order, that caused the head of our heroine to sink on her bosom; when

she heard the report of the rifle, the whizzing of the bullet, and the enraged cries of the beast, who was rolling over on the earth, biting its own flesh, and tearing the twigs and branches within its reach. At the next instant, the form of Leather-stocking rushed by her; and he called aloud, "Come in, Hector; come in, you old fool; 't is a hard-lived animal, and may jump ag'in."

17. The old man maintained his position in front of the maidens most fearlessly, notwithstanding the violent bounds and threatening aspect of the wounded panther, which gave several indications of returning strength and ferocity, until his rifle was again loaded; when he stepped up to the enraged animal, and, placing the muzzle close to its head, every spark of life was extinguished by the discharge.

J. F. Cooper.

C.—CATO AND DECIUS.

DECIUS. Cæsar sends health to Cato—
Cato. Could he send it

To Cato's slaughtered friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your orders to address the senate?

Dec. My business is with Cato. Cæsar sees
The straits to which you are driven; and, as he knows
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

Cato. My life is grafted on the fate of Rome.
Would he save Cato, bid him save his country.
Tell your dictator this; and tell him Cato
Disdains a life which he has power to offer.

Dec. Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar;
Her gen'als and her consuls are no more.
Who checked his conquests and denied his triumph?
Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend?



Cato. Those very reasons thou hast urged forbid it.

Dec. Cato, I've orders to expostulate,

And reason with you as from friend to friend.

Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,

And threatens every hour to burst upon it.

Still may you stand high in your country's honors;

Do but comply, and make your peace with Cæsar;

Rome will rejoice, and cast its eye on Cato

As on the second of mankind.

Cato.

No more.

I must not think of life on such conditions.

Dec. Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,

And therefore sets this value on your life.

Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship,

And name your terms.

Cato. Bid him disband his legions,

Restore the commonwealth to liberty,

Submit his actions to the public censure,

And stand the judgment of a Roman senate;

Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

Dec. Cato, the world talks boldly of your wisdom—

Cato. Nay, more: though Cato's voice was ne'er employed

To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,

Myself will mount the rostrum in his favor,

And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

Dec. A style like this becomes a conqueror.

Cato. Decius, a style like this becomes a Roman.

Dec. What is a Roman that is Cæsar's foe?

Cato. Greater than Cæsar: he's a friend to virtue.

Dec. Consider, Cato, you're in Utica,

And at the head of your own little senate:

You don't now thunder in the capitol,

With all the mouths of Rome to second you.

Cato. Let him consider that, who drives us hither;

'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's senate little,

And thinned its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye

Beholds this man in a false, glaring light,

Which conquest and success have thrown upon him.

Did'st thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black

With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes,

That strike my soul with horror but to name them.

I know thou look'st on me as on a wretch

Beset with ills, and covered with misfortunes;

But, by the gods, I swear, millions of worlds

Should never buy me to be like Cæsar.

Dec. Does Cato send this answer back to Cæsar,

For all his gen'rous cares and proffered friendship?

Cato. His cares for me are insolent and vain:

Presumptuous man! the gods take care of Cato.

Would Cæsar show the greatness of his soul,

Bid him employ his cares for these my friends,

And make good use of his ill-gotten power

By shelt'ring men much better than himself.

Dec. Your high, unconquered heart makes you forget

You are a man; you rush on your destruction.

But I have done. When I relate, hereafter,

The tale of this unhappy embassy,

All Rome will be in tears.

Joseph Addison.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

1. Could he send it to *Cato's slaughtered friends*, it would be welcome.
2. Decius, a *style like* this becomes a Roman.
3. 'Tis *Cæsar's sword* has made *Rome's senate* little.
4. The *gods take care* of Cato.

CI.—EMMET'S LAST SPEECH.

I AM charged with being an emissary of France. An emissary of France!—and for what end? It is alleged that I wished to sell the independence of my country—and for what end? Was this the object of my ambition, and is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradictions? No! I am no emissary. My ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country—not in power, nor in profit, but in the glory of the achievement.

2. Sell my country's independence to France!—and for what? For a change of masters? No; but for “ambition!” Oh, my country! was it personal ambition that could influence me? Had it been the soul of my actions, could I not, by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself among the proudest of my oppressors? My country was my idol. To it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment; and for it I now offer up my life!

3. No, my lord! I acted as an Irishman, determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny, and from the more galling yoke of a domestic faction, which is its joint partner and perpetrator in the patricide, and whose reward is the ignominy of existing with an exterior of splendor and a consciousness of depravity. It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this doubly riveted despotism. I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth. I wished to exalt her to that proud station in the world which Providence had fitted her to fill. * * *

4. Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor. Let no man attain my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence, or that I could have become the pliant minion of power in the oppression and the miseries of my countrymen. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the domestic tyrant. In the dignity of freedom, I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and its enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse.

5. My lords, you seem to be impatient for the sacrifice. The blood for which you thirst is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim. It circulates, warmly and unruffled, through the channels which God created for nobler purposes, but which you are bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to heaven. Be ye patient! I have but a few words more to say.

6. My lamp of life is nearly extinguished. My race is run. The grave opens to receive me; and I sink into its bosom! I have but one request to ask, at my departure from this world: it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth—then, and not till then—let my epitaph be written! I have done.

Robert Emmet.

CIL—THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT.

IT was six men of Indostan
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the Elephant,
(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

2. The first approached the Elephant,
And happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
“God bless me!—but the Elephant
Is very like a wall!”
3. The second, feeling of the tusk,
Cried, “Ho!—what have we here,
So very round and smooth and sharp?
To me ’tis mighty clear,
This wonder of an Elephant
Is very like a spear!”
4. The third approached the animal,
And happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up and spake:
“I see,” quoth he, “the Elephant
Is very like a snake!”
5. The fourth reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee.
“What most this wondrous beast is like,
Is very plain,” quoth he;

"'Tis clear enough the Elephant
Is very like a tree!"

6. The fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said, "E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most;
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an Elephant
Is very like a fan!"

7. The sixth no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a rope!"

8. And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong!

MORAL.

9. So, oft in theologic wars,
The disputants, I ween,
Rail on in utter ignorance
Of what each other mean,
And prate about an Elephant
Not one of them has seen!

J. G. Saxe.

CIII.—SANCHO PANZA.

Sancho Panza, for faithful service to his master, Don Quixote, had been promised the government of an island. In the following extract, he is represented as taking possession.

SANCHO, with all his attendants, came to a town that had about a thousand inhabitants, and was one of the best where the duke had any power. As soon as he came to the gates (for it was walled), the chief officers and inhabitants, in their formalities, came out to receive him; the bells rung, and all the people gave general demonstration of their joy.

2. The new governor was then carried in mighty pomp to the great church, to give Heaven thanks; and, after some ridiculous ceremonies, they delivered him the keys of the gates, and received him as perpetual governor of the island of Barataria. In the meantime, the garb, the port, the huge beard, and the short and thick shape of the new governor, made every one, who knew nothing of the jest, wonder; and even those who were privy to the plot, who were many, were not a little surprised.

3. In short, from the church they carried him to the court of justice; where, when they had placed him in his seat, "My Lord Governor," said the duke's steward to him, "it is an ancient custom here, that he who takes possession of this famous island, must answer to some difficult and intricate question that is propounded to him; and, by the return that he makes, the people feel the pulse of his understanding, and, by an estimate of his abilities, judge whether they ought to rejoice or be sorry for his coming."

4. All the while the steward was speaking, Sancho

was staring on an inscription, in large characters, on the wall over against his seat; and, as he could not read, he asked what was the meaning of that which he saw painted there upon the wall. "Sir," said they, "it is an account of the day when your lordship took possession of this island; and the inscription runs thus: 'This day, being such a day of this month, in such a year, the Lord Don Sancho Panza took possession of this island, which may he long enjoy.'"

5. "And who is he?" asked Sancho. "Your lordship," answered the steward, "for we know of no other Panza in this island but yourself, who now sit in this chair." "Well, friend," said Sancho, "pray take notice that Don does not belong to me, nor was it borne by any of my family before me. Plain Sancho Panza is my name. Now do I already guess that your Dons are as thick as stones in this island. But it is enough that Heaven knows my meaning. If my government happen to last but four days to an end, it shall go hard but I will clear the island of these Dons, that must needs be as troublesome as so many flesh-flies.

6. "Come, now for your question, good Mr. Steward, and I will answer it as well as I can, whether the town be sorry or pleased." At the same instant two men came into the court, the one dressed like a country fellow, the other looking like a tailor, with a pair of shears in his hand.

7. "If it please you, my lord," cried the tailor, "I and this farmer are come before your worship. This honest man came to my shop yesterday; for, saving your presence, I am a tailor, and, Heaven be praised, free of my company; so, my lord, he showed me a

piece of cloth. 'Sir,' quoth he, 'is there enough of this to make a cap?' Whereupon I measured the stuff, and answered him, 'Yes, if it like your worship.'

8. "Now, as I imagined, do you see, he could not but imagine (and perhaps he imagined right enough) that I had a mind to cabbage some of his cloth, judging hard of us honest tailors. 'Prithee,' quoth he, 'look there be not enough for two caps?' Now I smelt him out, and told him there was. Whereupon the old knave, (if it like your worship,) going on to the same tune, bid me look again, and see whether it would not make *three*; and, at last, if it would not make *five*. I was resolved to humor my customer, and said it might; so we struck a bargain.

9. "Just now the man is come for his caps, which I gave him; but when I asked him for my money, he will have me give him his cloth again, or pay him for it." "Is this true, honest man?" said Sancho to the farmer. "Yes, if it please you," answered the fellow; "but, pray, let him show the five caps he has made me."

10. "With all my heart," cried the tailor; and with that, pulling his hand from under his cloak, he held up five little tiny caps, hanging upon his four fingers and thumb, as upon so many pins. "There," quoth he, "you see the fine caps this good gaffer asks for; and may I never whip a stitch more if I have wronged him of the least snip of his cloth, and let any workman be judge."

11. The sight of the caps, and the oddness of the cause, set the whole court a laughing. Only Sancho sat gravely, considering awhile, and then, "Me-

thinks," said he, "this suit needs not be long depending, but may be decided without any more ado, with a great deal of equity; and, therefore, the judgment is, that the tailor shall lose his making, and the countryman his cloth, and that the caps be given to the poor prisoners, and so let there be an end of the business."

12. If this sentence provoked the laughter of the whole court, the next no less raised their admiration; for, after the governor's order was executed, two old men appeared before him, one of them with a large cane in his hand, which he used as a staff. "My lord," said the other, who had none, "some time ago I lent this man ten gold crowns, to do him a kindness, which money he was to pay me on demand. I did not ask him for it again in a good while, lest it should prove a greater inconvenience to him to repay me, than he labored under when he borrowed it. However, perceiving that he took no care to pay me, I have asked him for my due; nay, I have been forced to dun him hard for it."

13. "But still he did not only refuse to pay me again, but denied that he owed me any thing, and said, 'that if I lent him so much money, he certainly returned it.' Now, because I have no witnesses of the loan, nor he of the pretended payment, I beseech your lordship to put him to his oath, and if he will swear that he has paid me, I will freely forgive him before God and the world."

14. "What say you to this, old gentleman with the staff?" asked Sancho. "Sir," answered the old man, "I own he lent me the gold; and, since he requires my oath, I beg you will be pleased to hold down your rod of justice, that I may swear upon it

how I have honestly and truly returned him his money."

15. Thereupon the governor held down his rod, and, in the meantime, the defendant gave the plaintiff his cane to hold, as if it hindered him, while he was to make a cross, and swear over the judge's rod. This done, he declared that it was true the other had lent him ten crowns, but that he really had returned him the sum into his own hands; and that, because he supposed the plaintiff had forgotten it, he was continually asking him for it.

16. The great governor, hearing this, asked the creditor what he had to reply. He made answer that, since his adversary had sworn it, he was satisfied; for he believed him to be a better Christian than to forswear himself, and perhaps he had forgotten that he had been repaid. Then the defendant took his cane again, and, having made a low obeisance to the judge, was leaving the court; which, when Sancho perceived, reflecting on the passage of the cane and admiring the creditor's patience, after he had studied awhile, with his hand leaning over his stomach and his forefinger on his nose, on a sudden, he ordered the old man with the staff to be called back.

17. When he returned, "Honest man," said Sancho, "let me see that cane a little. I have a use for it." "With all my heart," answered the other; "sir, here it is," and with that he gave it to him. Sancho took it, and giving it to the other old man, "There," said he, "go your ways, and Heaven be with you, for now you are paid." "How so, my lord?" cried the old man; "do you judge this cane to be worth ten gold crowns?" "Certainly," said

the governor, "or else I am the greatest dunce in the world. And now you shall see whether I have not a head-piece fit to govern a whole kingdom upon a shift."

18. This said, he ordered the cane to be broken in open court, which was no sooner done, than out dropped the ten crowns. All the spectators were amazed, and began to look on their governor as a second Solomon. They asked him how he could conjecture that the ten crowns were in the cane. He told them that, having observed how the defendant gave it to the plaintiff to hold while he took his oath, and then swore he had truly returned the money into his own hands, after which he took his cane again from the plaintiff, it came into his head that the money was lodged within the reed; from whence may be learned, that, though sometimes those that govern may be destitute of sense, yet it often pleases God to direct them in their judgment.

Cervantes.

CIV.—SELECTIONS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

I.—THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school.

And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the Justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,—
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part.

The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans—every thing.
As You Like It, Act ii. Scene 7.

II.—POLONIUS'S ADVICE.

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it, that the opposèd may beware of thee.

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice :
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy ; rich, not gaudy :
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be :
For loan oft loses both itself and friend ;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—to thine own self be true ;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Hamlet, i. 3.

III.—MAN.

What a piece of work is man ! How noble in reason ! how infinite in faculties ! in form and moving, how express and admirable ! in action, how like an angel ! in apprehension, how like a god ! the beauty of the world ! the paragon of animals !

Hamlet, ii. 2.

IV.—SLEEP.

O Sleep ! O gentle Sleep !
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?
Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody ?

O, thou dull god ! why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch,

A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude, imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamors in the slipp'ry clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial Sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown!

II. Henry IV., iii. 1.

V.—THE DEATH OF KINGS.

For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:—
How some have been deposed; some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed;
Some poisoned by their wives; some sleeping killed;
All murdered:—for within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court, and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be feared, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable; and, humored thus,

Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell, king!

Richard II., iii. 2.

VI.—REPUTATION.

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 't is something,
nothing;

'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands;

But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Othello, iii. 3.

VII.—HONOR.

Prince Henry. Why, thou owest God a death. [*Exit.*

Falstaff. 'T is not due yet; I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 't is no matter; honor pricks me on. Yea, but how if honor prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honor set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honor hath no skill in surgery, then? No. What is honor? A word. What is that word, honor? Air. A trim reckoning.—Who hath it? He that died on Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible, then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it:—therefore, I'll none of it: honor is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism.

I. Henry IV., v. 1.

VIII.—MUSIC.

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sound,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.

Merchant of Venice, v. 1.

IX.—THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness, and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we can not hear it.

Merchant of Venice, v. 1.

X.—QUEEN MAB.

Oh, then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you.
She comes

In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;

The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her wagoner, a small gray-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coach-makers.

Romeo and Juliet, i. 4.

XI.—A SWIMMER.

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs: he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swollen that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oared
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bowed,
As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

The Tempest, ii. 1.

XII.—THE END.

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

The Tempest, iv. 1.

CV.—THE VOYAGE OF THE PELICAN.

In 1577, Queen Elizabeth authorized Francis Drake to prey upon the commerce of Spain as a privateer, although the two countries were nominally at peace.

DRAKE was now in the prime of his strength, thirty-two years old, of middle height, with crisp brown hair, a broad high forehead; gray steady eyes, unusually long; small ears, tight to the head; the mouth and chin slightly concealed by the moustache and beard, but hard, inflexible, and fierce.

2. His dress, as he appears in his portrait, is a loose dark seaman's shirt, belted at the waist. About his neck is a plaited cord with a ring attached to it, in which, as if the attitude was familiar, one of his fingers is slung, displaying a small, delicate, but long and sinewy hand.

3. When at sea he wore a scarlet cap with a gold band, and was exacting in the respect with which he required to be treated by his crew. Such was Francis Drake when he stood on the deck of the Pelican. On the 15th of November, 1577, the expedition sailed from Plymouth Sound and struck across the Atlantic. They made the coast of South America on the 5th of April, in latitude 33° south.

4. The perils of the voyage were now about to commence. No Englishman had as yet passed Magellan's Straits. It was known that Magellan had gone through, but that was all. After three weeks' toil and anxiety, Drake and his companions accomplished the passage, and found themselves in the open Pacific.

5. Spring brought fair winds and smooth seas, and, running up the coast, the Pelican found in the

harbor of Valparaiso a great galleon which had come from Peru. Galleons were the fruit that Drake was in search of. He sailed in, and the Spanish seamen, who had never yet seen a stranger in those waters, ran up their flags, beat their drums, and prepared a banquet for their supposed countrymen.

6. The Pelican shot up alongside. The English sailors leaped on board. The Spaniards, overwhelmed with surprise, began to cross and bless themselves. One sprang overboard and swam ashore; the rest were bound and stowed away under the hatches while the ship was rifled. The beginning was not a bad one. Wedges of gold were found weighing four hundred pounds. The settlement which was visited next was less productive, for the inhabitants had fled, taking their valuables with them.

7. Leaving Valparaiso to recover from its astonishment, the corsairs went on and landed next at Tarapaca, where silver bullion was brought down from the mountains to be shipped for Panama. It was as when men set foot for the first time on some shore where the forms of their race have never before been seen, and the animals come fearlessly around them, and the birds perch upon their hands, ignorant as yet of the deadly nature of the beings in whom they trust so rashly.

8. The colonists of the New World, when they saw a sail approaching, knew no misgiving, and never dreamed that it could be other than a friend. The silver bars lay piled at the Tarapaca pier. By their side the weary laborers who had brought them from the mines were peacefully sleeping, or, if they heard the clash of the moving metal, supposed that their comrades had arrived for their lading.

9. There was no gratuitous cruelty in Drake; he was come for the treasure of Peru, and beyond seizing his plunder he did not care to injure the people. As the last bars were being stowed away in his boats, a train of llamas appeared bringing from the hills a second freight as rich as the first. This, too, was transferred to the Pelican. Four hundred thousand ducats' worth of silver were taken in one afternoon.

10. Arica came next—Arica, the port of Potosi, where fifty-seven blocks of the same precious metal were added to the store; and from thence they made haste to Lima, where the largest booty was looked for. They found that they had just missed it. The Cacafuego had sailed for the Isthmus a few days before, taking with her all the bullion which the mines had yielded for the season. She had been literally ballasted with silver, and carried also several precious boxes of gold and jewels.

11. Not a moment was lost. Away sped the Pelican due north with every stitch of her canvas spread. A gold chain was promised to the first man who caught sight of the Cacafuego. For eight hundred miles the Pelican flew on. At length a look-out on the mast-head cried out that he saw the chase, and claimed the promised chain. There lay the Cacafuego. If they could take her their work would be done, and they might go home in triumph.

12. She was several miles ahead of them; if she guessed their character, she would run in under the land, and they might lose her. It was afternoon; several hours remained of daylight, and Drake did not wish to come up with her till dark. The Pelican sailed two feet to the Cacafuego's one, and, dreading that her speed might rouse suspicion, he filled his

empty wine casks with water and trailed them astern.

13. The chase, meanwhile unsuspecting, and glad of company on a lonely voyage, slackened sail, and waited for her slow pursuer. The sun sank low, and at last set in the ocean, and then, when both ships had become invisible from the land, the casks were hoisted in, the Pelican was restored to her speed, and, shooting up within a cable's length of the Cacafuego, hailed to her to run into the wind. The Spanish commander, not understanding the meaning of such an order, paid no attention to it.

14. The next moment the corsair opened her ports, fired a broadside, and brought the Spaniard's mainmast about his ears. His decks were cleared by a shower of arrows, with one of which he was himself wounded. In a few moments more he was a prisoner, and his ship and all that it contained was in the hands of the English.

15. The wreck was cut away, the ship cleared, and her head turned to the sea. By daybreak even the line of the Andes had become invisible, and at leisure, in the open ocean, the work of rifling began. The full value of the plunder taken in this ship was never accurately confessed. It remained a secret between Drake and the Queen. He acknowledged to have found in the Cacafuego alone twenty-six tons of silver bullion, thirteen chests of coined silver, and almost a hundred weight of gold.

16. Drake then went on at his leisure toward the coast of Mexico, intending to follow the shore until he found a passage to the north. Another ship from China crossed him on his way, loaded with silks and porcelain. He took the best of the freight.

17. The work of plunder was nearly over. Again sailing north, the Pelican fell in with a Spanish nobleman, who was going out as governor to the Philippines. He was detained a few hours and relieved of his finery, and then Drake began to consider the best way for his country. The first necessity was a complete repair of the Pelican's hull. He put into the Bay of Canoa in Lower California. There he laid his ship on shore, set up a forge and workshop, and refitted her with a month's labor from stem to stern.

18. By the 16th of April, 1579, the Pelican was once more in order, and started on her northern course in search of the expected passage. She held on up the coast for eight hundred miles, but no signs of a passage. Not caring to run risks in exploring with so precious a cargo, Drake resolved to go no further, and expecting that the Spaniards would be on the look-out for him at Magellan's Straits, he determined on the alternate route by the Cape of Good Hope.

19. Avoiding the dangerous neighborhood of the Philippines, he made a straight course for the Moluccas, where he halted at the little island of Ternate. Starting once more they had now to feel their way among the rocks and shoals of the most dangerous waters in the world. One evening, as the black, tropical night was closing, a grating sound was heard under her keel. Another moment, she was hard and fast upon an invisible reef. The breeze was light and the water calm, or the world would have heard no more of Francis Drake and the Pelican.

20. She lay immovable till morning; but with the daylight the position was seen not to be utterly des-

perate. They threw overboard three tons of cloves, eight cannon, and certain meal and beans, and then, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the wind happily changing, they hoisted their sails, and were lifted off into the sea again.

21. The Pelican had no more adventures; and sweeping in clear, fine weather close to the Cape of Good Hope, and touching for water at Sierra Leone, she sailed in triumph into Plymouth harbor, in the beginning of October, having marked with her keel a furrow round the globe.

Adapted from J. A. Froude.

CVI.—HERCULANEUM.

An eruption of Mount Vesuvius, August 24, A. D. 79, buried the two beautiful and populous cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum beneath a thick layer of ashes and cinders. Within the last century extensive excavations have been made, and the materials there discovered have done much to illustrate the manners of the ancient Romans.

IT was a day of gloom, and strange suspense,
And feverish, and inexplicable dread,
In Herculaneum's walls. As day advanced,
Sulphurous fumes pervaded all the air:
Far distant sounds, scarce audible, came on
As of the bursting of a mighty flame.
Terror was over all men:—what to fear
They scarcely knew:—yet to the stoutest heart
The panic shudderings crept; and in the brain
Of wisest men worked dire imaginings
And shapeless horrors.

2. There was a man,
A Roman soldier, for some daring deed
That trespassed on the laws, in dungeon low

Chained down. His was a noble spirit, rough
But generous, and brave, and kind.
He had a son: it was a rosy boy,
A little faithful copy of his sire
In face and gesture. From infancy, the child
Had been his father's solace and his care.

3. Every sport
The father shared and heightened. But at length
The rigorous law had grasped him, and condemned
To fetters and to darkness. He had borne
His sentence without shrinking, like a son
Of that imperial city at whose frown
Earth's nations shook.
4. But when he took that boy within his arms,
And kissed his pale and frightened face; and felt
The little heart within his sobbing breast
Beating with quick, hard strokes, the captive's lot
He felt in all its bitterness:—the walls
Of his deep dungeon answered many a sigh
And heart-heaved groan.
5. His tale was known, and touched
His jailer with compassion;—and the boy,
Thenceforth a frequent visitor, beguiled
His father's lingering hours, and brought a balm
With his loved presence that in every wound
Dropped healing. But in this terrific hour
He was a poisoned arrow in the breast
Where he had been a cure.
6. With earliest morn
Of that first day of darkness and amaze
He came. The iron door was closed,—for them
Never to open more! The day, the night
Dragged slowly by; nor did they know the fate
Impending o'er the city. Well they heard
The pent-up thunders in the earth beneath,
And felt its giddy rocking; and the air

Grew hot at length, and thick ; but in his straw
The boy was sleeping ; and the father hoped
The earthquake might pass by ; nor would he wake
From his sound rest th' unfearing child, nor tell
The dangers of their state.

7. On his low couch
The fettered soldier sunk, and with deep awe
Listened the fearful sounds:—with upturned eye
To the great gods he breathed a prayer; then strove
To calm himself, and lose in sleep awhile
His useless terrors. But he could not sleep:
His body burned with feverish heat; his chains
Clanked loud although he moved not: deep in earth
Groaned unimaginable thunders:—sounds,
Fearful and ominous, arose and died
Like the sad moanings of November's wind
In the blank midnight.
8. Deepest horror chilled
His blood that burned before: cold, clammy sweats
Came o'er him:—then anon a fiery thrill
Shot through his veins. Now on his couch he shrunk
And shivered as in fear:—now upright leaped,
As though he heard the battle trumpet sound,
And longed to cope with death.
9. He slept at last,
A troubled, dreamy sleep. Well had he slept
Never to waken more! His hours are few,
But terrible his agony. The night
Dragged slowly by:—the hours of morning passed:
The gory sun had shown his mocking light
In the red heavens a moment, and gone back
To his deep shrine of darkness: the heavy floods
Of black and steaming rain had fallen: but they,
That miserable sire and son knew not,
And sleep was heavy on them.
10. Soon the storm
Burst forth: the lightnings glanced:—the air

And like a desert lion in the snare
Raging to break his toils,—to and fro bounds.

14. But see! the ground is opening:—a blue light
Mounts, gently waving,—noiseless:—thin and cold
It seems, and like a rainbow tint, not flame;
But by its luster, on the earth outstretched,
Behold the lifeless child!—his dress is singed,
And over his serene face a dark line
Points out the lightning's track.

15. The father saw,—
And all his fury fled:—a dead calm fell
That instant on him:—speechless, fixed he stood,
And with a look that never wandered, gazed
Intensely on the corse. Those laughing eyes
Were not yet closed, and round those pouting lips
The wonted smile returned.

16. Silent and pale
The father stands:—no tear is in his eye:—
The thunders bellow, but he hears them not:—
The ground lifts like a sea; he knows it not:—
The strong walls grind and gape:—the vaulted roof
Takes shapes like bubble tossing in the wind:—
See! he looks up and smiles;—for death to him
Is happiness. Yet could one last embrace
Be given, 't were still a sweeter thing to die.

17. It will be given. Look! how the rolling ground,
At every swell, nearer and still more near
Moves towards the father's outstretched arm his boy:—
Once he has touched his garment;—how his eye
Lightens with love and hope, and anxious fears!
Ha! see! he has him now!—he clasps him round;
Kisses his face; puts back the curling locks
That shaded his fine brow; looks in his eyes;
Grasps in his own those little dimpled hands;
Then folds him to his breast, as he was wont
To lie when sleeping; and resigned awaits
Undreaded death.

18. And death came soon, and swift,
And pangless. The huge pile sunk down at once
Into the opening earth. Walls—arches—roof—
And deep foundation stones—all mingling fell!

Edwin Atherstone.

CVII.—OCEAN CURRENTS.

EVERY atom of the boundless sea is constantly moving and changing its place—from the depth to the surface, or from the surface to the depth; from the frozen pole to the burning equator, or from the torrid zone to the Arctic Ocean; now rising in the air in the form of invisible vapors, and then again descending upon our fields in fertilizing showers.

2. The waters are, in fact, the greatest travelers on earth. They know all the secrets of the submarine world; climb the peaks of inaccessible mountains; shame the flight of the condor as he soars over the summits of the Andes; and penetrate deeper into the bowels of the earth than the miner has ever sunk his shaft.

3. Even in the torrid zone the waters of the ocean, like a false friend, are warm merely on the surface, and of almost icy coldness at a considerable depth. This low temperature can not be owing to any refrigerating influence at the bottom of the sea, as the internal warmth of the earth increases in proportion to its depth, and the waters of deep lakes, in a southern climate, never show the same degree of cold as those of the vast ocean.

4. The phenomenon can thus only arise from a

constant submarine current of cold water from the poles to the equator; and, strange as it may seem, its primary cause is to be sought for in the warming rays of the sun, which, as we all know, distributes heat in a very unequal manner over the globe.

5. Heat expands all liquid bodies, and renders them lighter; cold increases their weight by condensation. In consequence of this physical law, the waters of the tropical seas, rendered buoyant by the heat of a vertical sun, must necessarily rise and spread over the surface of the ocean to the north and south, while colder and heavier streams from the higher latitudes flow toward the equator along the bottom of the ocean, to replace them as they ascend.

6. In this manner the unequal action of the sun calls forth a general and constant movement of the waters from the poles to the equator, and from the equator to the poles; and this perpetual migration is one of the chief causes by which their purity is maintained. These opposite currents would necessarily flow direct to the north or south, were they not deflected from their course by the rotation of the earth, which gradually gives them a westerly or easterly direction.

7. The unequal influence of the sun in different parts of the globe, and the rotation of the earth are, however, not the only causes by which the course of ocean currents is determined. Violent storms move the waters to a considerable depth, and retard the flow of rivers, and thus it is to be expected that continuous winds, even of moderate strength, must have a tendency to impel the waters in the same direction.

8. The steady trade-winds of the tropical zone, and the prevailing westerly winds in higher latitudes, consequently unite their influence with that of the above-mentioned causes, in driving the waters of the tropical seas to the west, and those of the temperate zones to the east.

9. The tides, also, which, on the high seas, generally move from east to west, promote the flow of the ocean in the same direction, and thus contribute to the westerly current of the tropical seas.

10. Nor must we forget that the obstacles which the ocean currents meet on their way—such as intervening lines of coast, sand banks, submarine ridges, or mountain chains—have a great influence upon their courses, and may even give them a diametrically opposite direction to that which they would otherwise have followed.

Adapted from Hartwig.

CVIII.—HARMOSAN.

NOW the third and fatal conflict
For the Persian throne was done,
And the Moslem's fiery valor
Had the crowning victory won.

2. Harmosan, the last and boldest
The invader to defy,
Captive, overborne by numbers,
They were bringing forth to die.

3. Then exclaimed that noble captive:
"Lo, I perish in my thirst;

Give me but one drink of water,
And let then arrive the worst!"

4. In his hand he took the goblet;
But awhile the draught forbore,
Seeming doubtfully the purpose
Of the foeman to explore.
5. Well might then have paused the bravest—
For, around him, angry foes,
With a hedge of naked weapons,
Did that lonely man inclose.
6. "But what fear'st thou?" cried the caliph;
"Is it, friend, a secret blow?
Fear it not! our gallant Moslems
No such treacherous dealing know.
7. "Thou may'st quench thy thirst securely,
For thou shalt not die before
Thou hast drunk that cup of water—
This reprieve is thine—no more!"
8. Quick the satrap dashed the goblet
Down to earth with ready hand,
And the liquid sank forever,
Lost amid the burning sand.
9. "Thou hast said that mine my life is,
Till the water of that cup
I have drained; then bid thy servants
That spilled water gather up!"
10. For a moment stood the caliph
As by doubtful passions stirred—

Then exclaimed: "Forever sacred
Must remain a monarch's word.

11. "Bring another cup, and straightway
To the noble Persian give:
Drink, I said before, and perish—
Now I bid thee drink and live!"

R. C. Trench.

CIX.—THE TEACHERS OF MANKIND.

THERE is nothing which the adversaries of improvement are more wont to make themselves merry with than what is termed the "march of intellect;" and here I will confess, that I think, as far as the phrase goes, they are right. It is a very absurd, because a very incorrect, expression. It is little calculated to describe the operation in question. It does not picture an image at all resembling the proceedings of the true friends of mankind. It much more resembles the progress of the enemy of all improvement.

2. The conqueror moves in a march. He stalks onward with the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of war"—banners flying, shouts rending the air, guns thundering, and martial music pealing, to drown the shrieks of the wounded and the lamentations for the slain.

3. Not thus the school-master, in his peaceful vocation. He meditates and prepares in secret the plans which are to bless mankind; he slowly gathers round him those who are to further their execution; he quietly, though firmly, advances in his humble path,

laboring steadily, but calmly, till he has opened to the light all the recesses of ignorance, and torn up by the roots all the weeds of vice.

4. His is a progress not to be compared with any thing like a march; but it leads to a far more brilliant triumph, and to laurels more imperishable, than the destroyer of his species, the scourge of the world, ever won. Such men—men deserving the glorious title of Teachers of Mankind—I have found laboring conscientiously, though perhaps obscurely, in their blessed vocation wherever I have gone.

5. I have found them, and shared their fellowship, among the daring, the ambitious, the ardent, the indomitably active French; I have found them among the persevering, resolute, industrious Swiss; I have found them among the laborious, the warm-hearted, the enthusiastic Germans; I have found them among the high-minded, but enslaved Italians; and in our own country, God be thanked, their number everywhere abounds, and is every day increasing.

6. Their calling is high and holy; their fame is the property of nations; their renown will fill the earth in after ages, in proportion as it sounds not far off in their own times. Each one of these great teachers of the world, possessing his soul in peace, performs his appointed course, awaits in patience the fulfillment of the promises, and, resting from his labors, bequeaths his memory to the generation whom his works have blessed, and sleeps under the humble but not inglorious epitaph, commemorating “one in whom mankind lost a friend, and no man got rid of an enemy.”

Henry Brougham.

CX.—THE DIVER.

The original of the story on which Schiller founded this ballad is to be found in Kircher. Schiller has preserved all that is striking in the legend, and ennobled all that is commonplace. The name of the diver was Nicholas, surnamed the Fish. The king appears to have been either Frederic I. or Frederic II. of Sicily, and the date about 1300.

“O H, where is the knight or the squire so bold,
As to dive to the howling charybdis below?
I cast in the whirlpool a goblet of gold,
And o'er it already the dark waters flow;
Whoever to me may the goblet bring,
Shall have for his guerdon that gift of his king.”

2. He spoke, and the cup from the terrible steep,
That, rugged and hoary, hung over the verge
Of the endless and measureless world of the deep,
Swirled into the maelstrom that maddened the surge.
“And where is the diver so stout to go—
I ask ye again—to the deep below?”
3. And the knights and the squires that gathered around,
Stood silent—and fixed on the ocean their eyes;
They looked on the dismal and savage profound,
And the peril chilled back every thought of the prize.
And thrice spoke the monarch—“The cup to win,
Is there never a wight who will venture in?”
4. And all as before heard in silence the king—
Till a youth with an aspect unfearing but gentle,
'Mid the tremulous squires—stepped out from the ring,
Unbuckling his girdle, and doffing his mantle;
And the murmuring crowd, as they parted asunder,
On the stately boy cast their looks of wonder.
5. As he strode to the marge of the summit, and gave
One glance on the gulf of that merciless main,
Lo! the wave that forever devours the wave,
Casts roarily up the charybdis again;

And as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,
Rushes foamingly forth from the heart of the gloom.

6. And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
 As when fire is with water commixed and contending;
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,
 And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending;
And it never will rest, nor from travail be free,
Like a sea that is laboring the birth of a sea.
7. Yet at length comes a lull o'er the mighty commotion,
 And dark through the whiteness and still through the
 swell,
The whirlpool cleaves downward and downward in ocean
 A yawning abyss, like the pathway to hell;
The stiller and darker the further it goes,
Sucked into that smoothness, the breakers repose.
8. The youth gave his trust to his Maker! Before
 That path through the riven abyss closed again,
Hark! a shriek from the gazers that circle the shore,—
 And, behold! he is whirled in the grasp of the main,
And o'er him the breakers mysteriously rolled,
And the giant-mouth closed on the swimmer so bold.
9. All was still on the height, save the murmur that went
 From the grave of the deep, sounding hollow and fell,
Or save when the tremulous sighing lament
 Thrilled from lip unto lip, "Gallant youth, fare thee
 well!"
More hollow and more wails the deep on the ear—
More dread and more dread grows suspense in its fear.
10. If thou shouldst in those waters thy diadem fling,
 And cry, "Who may find it shall win it and wear"—
God wot, though the prize were the crown of a king—
 A crown at such hazard were valued too dear.
For never shall lips of the living reveal
What the deeps that howl yonder in terror conceal.
11. Oh, many a bark, to that breast grappled fast,
 Has gone down to the fearful and fathomless grave;

Again, crashed together the keel and the mast,
To be seen tossed aloft in the glee of the wave!
Like the growth of a storm ever louder and clearer,
Grows the roar of the gulf rising nearer and nearer.

12. And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commixed and contending;
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending,
And as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,
Rushes roaringly forth from the heart of the gloom.
13. And, lo! from the heart of that far-floating gloom,
Like the wing of the cygnet—what gleams on the sea?
Lo! an arm and a neck glancing up from the tomb!—
Steering stalwart and shoreward: O joy, it is he!
The left hand is lifted in triumph; behold,
It waves as a trophy the goblet of gold!
14. And he breathed deep, and he breathed long,
And he greeted the heavenly delight of the day.
They gaze on each other—they shout as they throng—
“He lives—lo! the ocean has rendered its prey,
And safe from the whirlpool, and free from the grave,
Comes back to the daylight the soul of the brave!”
15. And he comes, with the crowd in their clamor and glee
And the goblet his daring has won from the water,
He lifts to the king as he sinks on his knee;
And the king from her maidens has beckoned his daughter.
She pours to the boy the bright wine which they bring,
And thus spoke the Diver: “Long life to the king!
16. “Happy they whom the rose-hues of daylight rejoice,
The air and the sky that to mortals are given!
May the horror below never more find a voice,
Nor man stretch too far the wide mercy of Heaven.
Never more—never more may he lift from the sight
The veil which is woven with Terror and Night!
17. “Quick brightening like lightning the ocean rushed o’er me,
Wild floating, borne down fathom-deep from the day,

- Till a torrent rushed out on the torrents that bore me,
And doubled the tempest that whirled me away.
Vain, vain was my struggle—the circle had won me,
Round and round in its dance the mad element spun me.
18. "From the deep then I called upon God—and he heard me;
In the dread of my need, he vouchsafed to mine eye
A rock jutting out from the grave that interred me;
I sprung there, I clung there—and Death passed me by.
And, lo! where the goblet gleamed through the abyss,
By a coral reef saved from the far Fathomless:
19. "Below, at the foot of that precipice drear,
Spread the gloomy and purple and pathless Obscure!
A silence of Horror that slept on the ear,
That the eye more appalled might the Horror endure!
Salamander, snake, dragon—vast reptiles that dwell
In the deep—coiled about the grim jaws of their hell.
20. "Dark crawled, glided dark the unspeakable swarms,
Clumped together in masses, misshapen and vast;
Here clung and here bristled the fashionless forms;
Here the dark-moving mass of the hammer-fish passed;
And, with teeth grinning white and a menacing motion,
Went the terrible shark, the hyena of ocean.
21. "There I hung, and the awe gathered icily o'er me,
So far from the earth, where man's help there was none!
The one human thing, with the goblins before me—
Alone—in a lonesomeness so ghastly—alone!
Deep under the reach of the sweet living breath,
And begirt with the broods of the desert of death.
22. "Methought, as I gazed through the darkness, that now
It saw—a dread hundred-limbed creature—its prey!
And darted, devouring; I sprang from the bough
Of the coral, and swept on the horrible way;
And the whirl of the mighty wave seized me once more—
It seized me to save me, and dash to the shore."
23. On the youth gazed the monarch, and marveled; quoth he:
"Bold diver, the goblet I promised is thine;

And this ring will I give, a fresh guerdon to thee—
Never jewels more precious shone up from the mine—
If thou 'lt bring me fresh tidings, and venture again,
To say what lies hid in the *innermost* main."

24. Then outspake the daughter in tender emotion:
"Ah! father, my father, what more can there rest?
Enough of this sport with the pitiless ocean;
He has served thee as none would, thyself hast confessed.
If nothing can slake thy wild thirst of desire,
Let thy knights put to shame the exploit of the squire!"
25. The king seized the goblet, he swung it on high,
And, whirling, it fell in the roar of the tide;
"But bring back that goblet again to my eye,
And I'll hold thee the dearest that rides by my side;
And thine arms shall embrace as thy bride, I decree,
The maiden whose pity now pleadeth for thee."
26. And heaven, as he listened, spoke out from the space,
And the hope that makes heroes shot flame from his eyes;
He gazed on the blush in that beautiful face—
It pales—at the feet of her father she lies!
How priceless the guerdon!—a moment, a breath,
And headlong he plunges to life and to death!
27. They hear the loud surges sweep back in their swell,
Their coming the thunder-sound heralds along!
Fond eyes yet are tracking the spot where he fell,
They come, the wild waters, in tumult and throng,
Roaring up to the cliff—roaring back as before,
But no wave ever brings the lost youth to the shore!

Bulwer's Translation from Schiller.









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